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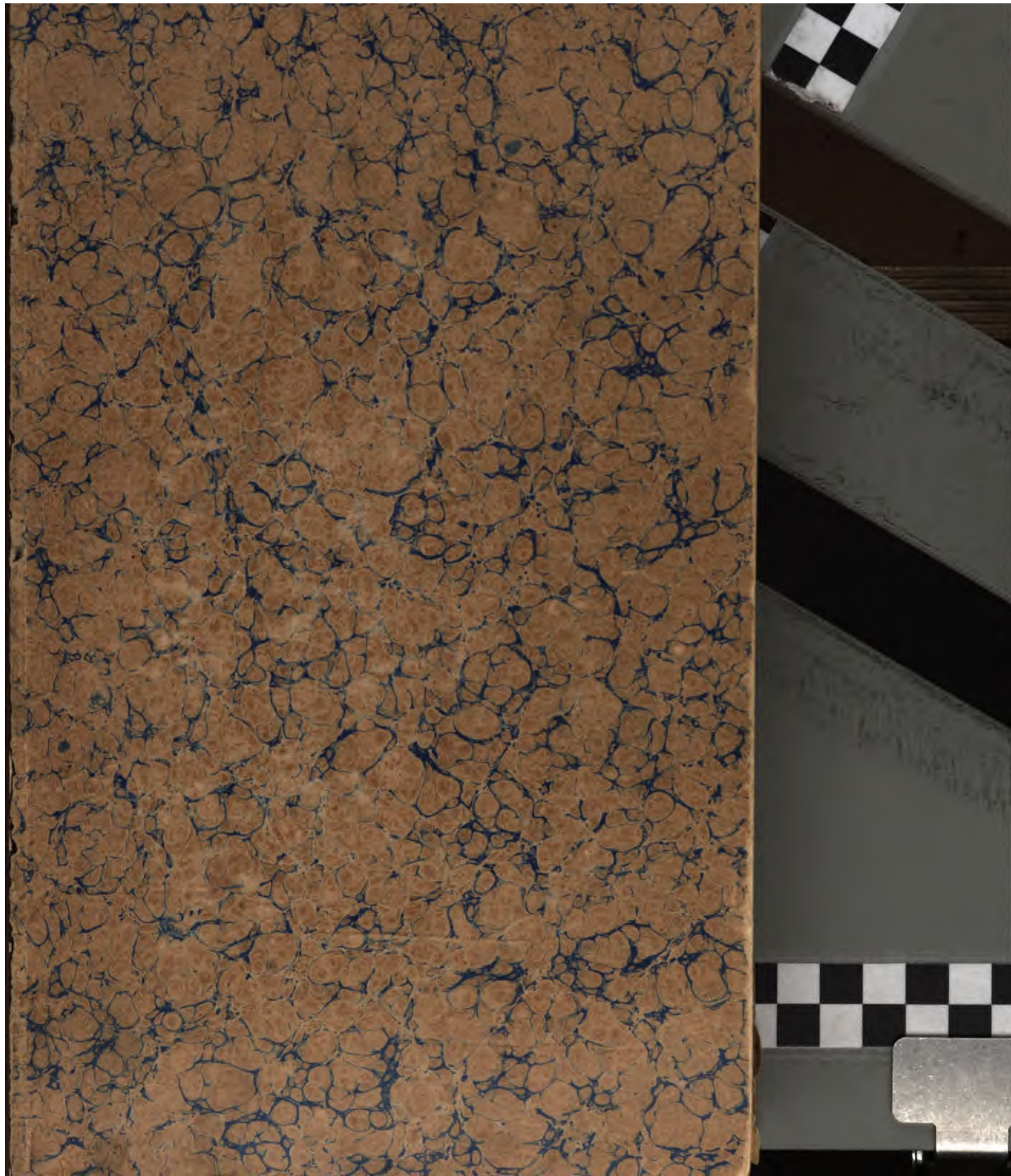
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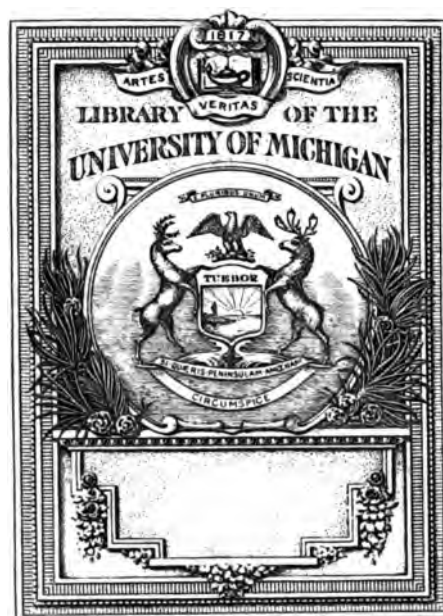
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1740-1784

H I S T O R Y
O F T H E
WESTMINSTER ELECTION,
CONTAINING
EVERY MATERIAL OCCURRENCE,
FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT
ON THE FIRST OF APRIL,
TO THE
FINAL CLOSE OF THE POLL, ON THE 17th OF MAY.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED
A SUMMARY ACCOUNT
O F T H E
PROCEEDINGS OF THE LATE PARLIAMENT,
So far as they appear connected with the EAST INDIA Business, and the Dismission of the
PORTLAND ADMINISTRATION,
W I T H
Other Select and Interesting Occurrences at the Westminster Meetings,
Previous to its Dissolution on the 25th Day of *March*, 1784.

TO WHICH IS NOW ADDED
A Complete HISTORY of the SCRUTINY, and the PROCEEDINGS
of the HOUSE of COMMONS thereon.

T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

BY LOVERS OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

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Patriotism to Britannia

Vide Shakespeares Tempest

DEDICATION

TO

Her Grace the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE.

THE generous and decided part your Grace took in the late Election for the City of Westminster, through a long and till now unheard of contest, where an unconstitutional exertion of the governing power has been directed against the interest of a popular cause and a popular Candidate, claims from a free and spirited people those thanks, the most acceptable to a great mind, the thanks of gratitude, unmixed with servility—the plaudits of the soul, unfullied by depravity. Such are the acknowledgments, Madam, the Editors of the following Work make for themselves and those numerous independent Electors, who, animated by the example of your Grace's friendly and patriotic exertions in Mr. Fox's cause, stood forward in the conflict, and nobly braved every difficulty in support of a man unequalled in abilities, and whose political conduct and integrity of heart have ever been the admiration of his friends, and the dread and envy of those set up in opposition to him.

The success which has crowned your Grace's endeavours, and the united efforts of the free Electors of this most respectable City, both exerted to oppose a Ministerial Faction, has not been more glorious in the event, than splendid in its progress. The struggle throughout has been warm and animated. The passions of the people have been forcibly appealed to, through the medium of Court Influence on the one hand, and a great patriotic combination on the other. Much is

it to the honour of Westminster, that she has again prevailed over a power, but too generally successful, since the mode of attack is so well suited to the instant *wants* of individuals. On the present occasion, however, a majority of the most respectable inhabitants of this City have set an example of disinterested probity; and with the lower and useful ranks of life, the industrious mechanic, dependent on manual labour for subsistence, shewn to the present age and to posterity, that the considerations of gratitude to a man, who, as their Representative in Parliament, had, on all occasions, supported their privileges against the encroachments of opulence and power, outweighed every baser motive of self-interest, and determined their conduct in the exercise of a most important franchise, so as to bestow dignity and consequence on the Candidate they approved, and at the same time, honour and respectability on those who gave their suffrages. Surrounded with their laurels, and *great* in their CONQUEST, they retain in their remembrance the obligations they owe to your Grace, and feel with a grateful sensibility every sentiment of respect and admiration! We can, Madam, speak for *thousands*; and have the happiness daily to be witnesses to some new encomium on your Grace's eminent virtues, or some fresh refutation of the malicious assertions of those who have proved themselves on this occasion inveterate enemies to unfulfilled virtue, greatness of mind, and self-approving innocence!

The malevolent and indelicate falsehoods, published by Mr. Fox's opponents through the channel of an infamous and prostituted Newspaper, in order to support a sinking cause, may probably sometimes have met your Grace's perusal. We doubted not, however, at the time such Publications came forth, but that your Grace, guarded by that virtue and dignity, arising not more from rank than superiority of mind, would smile at the envious shaft levelled at your Grace's internal peace; and if a sigh *was* produced, it would be that alone which bespeaks compassion for the depravity of mankind.

A nation

A nation of refinement such as England is, or at least pretends to be, ought to execrate, instead of encouraging the propagation of lies, told in *indecent* language, and scandal, without even wit to veil its malicious deformity. Barefaced assertion, and uncontrouled malignity have for some time past distinguished some of our prints. We blush for our country, when we reflect on the figure we must make in the eyes of Foreigners who visit the Metropolis, and know any thing of the English language. What must be their opinion of a people, who, in their dress, buildings, and amusements, display a taste and refinement inferior to no kingdom in the world, yet seem lost to those sensations which harmonise the soul, and best bespeak true elegance and genuine virtue? Such of those illustrious Foreigners, who occasionally attend the British Court, and are honoured by your Grace's acquaintance, must read with astonishment the illiberal publications and slanderous *innuendo's* circulated during the late Election, for the base purpose of promoting an invidious attack upon the Rights of the Citizens of Westminster, in endeavouring to make even Virtue herself shrink at the blasted breath of hireling Furies: By such base means, did a desperate faction hope to deter your Grace from your generous purpose, and thus strove to create in your breast the apprehension of losing a part of that unfulled reputation, at this moment the envy of but too many, who, in their attempts to imitate your Grace's elegant attainments, neglect to observe and to practise those great and eminent virtues, which add lustre to Nobility, and distinguish every action of your life.

That your Grace should be reflected on because of your friendly exertions to display the popularity of a character, eminent for political excellence, is not to be wondered at. Mr. Fox's great abilities have created him numerous enemies, both private and public; and whoever stood up to defend him against a phalanx of malicious opposers, might expect something more than censure. At Elections,
 illiberal

illiberal abuse too frequently distinguishes parties, and sets one *Man* against another. But it has remained for the friends and supporters of the *immaculate Mr. William Pitt's* Administration to *abuse* excellence in the other sex on such an occasion, and set civility, dignity, and truth at defiance.

It seems indeed to require all that female worth, elegance, and dignity so conspicuous in her Grace of DEVONSHIRE, to apologize for her country, and, in some measure, to do away the rudeness and brutality of those who sacrifice public decency at the shrine of party spirit, and direct the attack of malevolence against some of the first and most illustrious characters of the age and nation. However such conduct on the part of certain disappointed individuals may be approved or condemned, the effects of their malice reach not beyond the circumscribed few who thought to profit by the slander they would have spread. The English nation, Madam, has long ago fixed the excellence of your character, and glory in a native, descended from a line of illustrious ancestors, not more noble than she is beautiful—not more beautiful than she is virtuous, nor less virtuous than she is great and splendid; the amiable Consort to the present head of the House of Cavendish, a name dear to Englishmen, and seen on the Records of Parliament for ages past, enrolled with the Deeds of Patriotism, and intimately connected with those annals of our history, which speak of the actions of great and good Ministers—supporting the Rights of the People, and adding to the riches and splendor of the country. We could with inexpressible pleasure dwell for pages on the great political advantages derived to this kingdom, through the successful exertions of this illustrious family. But the splendor of the Hero, and the greatness of the Statesman, descended from this branch of our Nobility, already shine in history, and would acquire no additional lustre from our weak powers of description.—We must be satisfied, by expressing our ardent wish,
that

that the State may continue to receive support from a House not less dignified by rank and princely possessions, in respect to fortune, than it is remarkable for probity—firmness—and genuine patriotism.

That his Grace of Devonshire may long continue to give his voice in the Senate against oppression, and to promote the good of a Kingdom, which as an Hereditary Lord of Parliament, he was born to defend, must be the prayer of every individual subject in the realm.—Placed so far above dependence, and commanding a revenue few Princes can boast, his attachment to the popular interest, must ever be a circumstance, most devoutly to be wished, and ought ever to be gratefully acknowledged. Whilst the fortune and consequence, attached to a DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, unites itself with the cause of the people, a wicked Minister may be made to tremble in his seat, and Tyranny to dread the exertions of so formidable an opponent.—We hope Heaven will long preserve to his country, Madam, the illustrious Nobleman whose titles you share, and so eminently deserve! In thus expressing ourselves, we are confident from the pattern your Grace has set of conjugal love and fidelity (yielding to none in the kingdom) that we shall be understood indirectly to wish your Grace a happiness nearest to your heart, the preservation of a personage so valued by his Relatives, and so beloved by his Countrymen.

With profound Respect,

We beg leave to subscribe ourselves,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most devoted humble Servants,

The Editors.

PREFACE to the READER.

THERE never was, perhaps, an apology for the subject and arrangement of a *Work* more necessary than on the present occasion: The volume we now lay before the Public is a book of VARIATIONS, and contains, probably, more information than instruction. The occurrences recorded are singular and curious; whimsical, serious, and ridiculous; a broken narrative, yet we presume to say, a regular history. The reader, however, on considering the subject, will, we hope, excuse the medley appearance it makes.—KING, Lords, and Commons—Majorities, Minorities, Debates, and Dissolution, in SUPERIOR TYPE. *Westminster Meetings, Quarrels, Negotiations, Advertisements, Hand Bills, &c. &c. &c.* mobbing it along in small and crowded letter. In the midst the GREAT SEAL is held up, and claims the reader's notice. Next, Mr. Pitt and Grocers Hall, feasting and parade, with other illustrious matter of this kind. A succeeding page introduces HOOD and WRAY, Covent Garden, and Confusion!—then FOX, MAN OF THE PEOPLE, and men of various descriptions; Constables, Justices of Peace, Armed Force, and Murder! Paragraph follows next, serious and comic; point and counter-point; Hood and Wray, VERSUS Fox and Laurel. Following the Laurel, not unhappily indeed, the Muse, with her waiting maids, comes forward and closes the procession. Here we may aptly inform the reader, that in the poetical part of our miscellany he will find by the production, that sometimes the Muse herself composed, and sometimes one or more of her humble attendants. Indeed, in revising our collection in form, we discover here and there certain appearances that give us reason to suspect some of these attendants to be no other than scullion-boys in disguise, who, possibly having an intrigue with those a little above them in situation, had formed the desperate plan of slipping on a female dress over their own dirty linen, and most gallantly determined to follow their mistresses in this expedition from Parnassus, even unto the “Place of Cabbages.” To be serious, we are afraid that many will think our Covent Garden something like its great prototype, not so clean swept as it ought to be.—In truth, we are far from being satisfied in this respect: We can, notwithstanding, assure the reader, that we commenced our work with a determined resolution

tion of weeding out every obnoxious plant, nor have we spared great pains to effect our purpose. If, after all, the reader should find objectionable matter, we hope he will shew a little candour, and reflect, how imperceptibly we might be led astray from our original design of elegant selection. " Evil communication (he will be pleased to remember) corrupteth good manners," and we may truly say that we have been obliged to keep bad company. Under the necessity of treading dirty ground, no wonder some of the soil should stick to our feet. Our late compiling situation may be compared, as to its effects on the mental faculties, with those of the chymist, as to smelling. At the outset of his business he feels incommoded with the fumes of his still;—a few days pass, and it becomes less intolerable;—a few more, he hardly is sensible of inconvenience;—at last the time arrives, when he endures the opposite of sweet as well as sweet itself, and is surprized when told by a stranger, that his shop is disagreeable. This may prove to be our case. We at first, indignant, threw away composition unfit for the public eye, and continued so to do (in our apprehension at least) all through the Work; yet not unlikely the stranger, on visiting our shop, will complain that he cannot bear it, and leave us in disgust. Be this as it may, at the moment we write our apology, we are sensible it is too late to repent; the book is printed, and must now take its chance. We intended not to offend, and shall deeply regret the occasion, if offence, either against Justice or Delicacy, be attributed to premeditated design. The errors of the head claim to be forgiven, when depravity at the heart finds not an habitation. In the selection made of the Caricature Prints, regard to Decency has entirely guided us. To those who may cavil at our apparent partiality in giving to the public such alone as principally tend to ridicule the opponents of Mr. Fox, and so few against him, we shortly reply, that the indelicacy with which the partizans of Hood and Wray constantly thought proper to display their ideas, render their productions unfit for the public eye, and would disgrace our Work if inserted in it. But yet another objection arises.—The designs of the least indelicate are universally puerile and ridiculous;—the satire intended appears obscure, or, if found out at all, is flat and inapplicable. We boldly assert this as the truth, and doubt not but the artist at least, if not the public in general, will acquit us of party prejudice in this respect. Our readers will perceive the subjects of those given are various and pointed; many of them were published pending the Election, and some previous to that time. All, however, without exception, have relation to occurrences that come within the limits of our history.—The paragraphical
part

part of our miscellany, in the opinion of some, may be thought trifling and unnecessary; but as we deemed ourselves engaged to give a complete collection of pointed Electioneering Intelligence, we could not with satisfaction to our own minds pass by the daily vehicles of information. Besides the facts related in the newspapers, we met here and there with some excellent prosaical Epigram, well pointed to the subject in hand. In many places the reader will meet with notes, that serve either to refute or illustrate. If, in this management of annotation, we have betrayed a partiality to Mr. Fox, we hope to find credit for our candour in here declaring ourselves firm in his cause, and ready to defend it upon principle. His conduct merits our approbation, and has our warmest praise. But it is not the Westminster Electors alone, who are interested in Mr. Fox's success; the kingdom throughout have their eyes upon him, and know his consequence to the State. The unprejudiced part of his Majesty's subjects know and declare how necessary his abilities are to his country, and hope soon to see him again in an official capacity. The faction that displaced him have not, we dare affirm, the confidence of the nation. If they continue long in power, the authority retaining them must be founded on other views than those of popular accommodation. The unfair means by which the present Administration stepped into place, will be remembered with indignation, when the phrenzy of the people is effectually done away. The Minister already sees his popularity decline, and reads no where his panegyric but in a few newspapers that are paid for the service, and libel him with praise. His late taxes are generally odious and oppressive. The Commutation Tea Duty, made good by the additional Tax on Windows, is a national vexation, and submitted to by none but with serious complaint.

It is not in our plan here to go into a ministerial history of Mr. Pitt and his followers; this subject we have fully expatiated upon in a separate quarto pamphlet to be published in a very few days, and intended to bind up with this Work, (to which it has reference,) at the option of the purchaser.

The Editors of two Morning Papers will, we doubt not, wince at our remarks on their publications and conduct during the time of the Election; but we are prepared to meet their censure, and will defend our principles. The scandal and abuse they poured forth against the great and amiable Patroness of Mr. Fox's cause and party, we hope, for the credit of England, has now the execration of a discerning public. We have retained a few instances of their illiberality in the volume before us, to keep
alive

alive the public attention towards certain characters, who were interested in preventing the operations of friendly generosity, exerted in a popular cause, by an illustrious female character, in whose mind is eminently conspicuous every great and noble sentiment, with all those other requisites so truly fascinating and valuable in the sex, when united, as in her GRACE OF DEVONSHIRE, with extreme beauty, elevated rank, and splendid fortune.

E R R A T A.

IN the course of the work the reader will in places observe a few typographical errors ; they are, however, so obvious, we have thought a particular statement unnecessary, since the error takes not from the grammatical sense, and is generally confined to the misplacing a single letter. In a work of this heterogeneous kind, we hope such mistakes will be candidly overlooked, or generously forgiven.

A SUMMARY ACCOUNT

OF THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE LATE PARLIAMENT,

*From its Meeting on the 11th Day of November, 1783, to its Dissolution
on the 25th Day of March, 1784, so far as relates to the India Bills,
and the Dismission of the late Ministry.*

HOUSE OF LORDS.

NOVEMBER 11, 1783.

HIS Majesty came to the House, and being in his robes, seated on the Throne with the usual solemnity, the Usher of the Black Rod was sent with a message, commanding the attendance of the House of Commons; and the Commons being come, his Majesty was pleased to deliver the following most gracious speech:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ I HAVE the satisfaction to inform you, that Definitive Treaties of Peace have been concluded with the Courts of France and Spain, and with the United States of America. Preliminary Articles have been also ratified with the States General of the United Provinces. I have ordered these several Treaties to be laid before you; and am happy to add, that I have no cause of doubt, but that all those Powers agree with me in my sincere inclination to keep the calamities of war at a great distance.

“ The objects which are to be brought under your deliberation will sufficiently explain my reasons for calling you together after so short a recess. Enquiries of the utmost importance have been long and diligently pursued, and the fruit of them will be expected. The situation of the East India Company will require the utmost exertions of your wisdom, to maintain and improve the valuable advantages derived from our Indian possessions, and to promote and secure the happiness of the native inhabitants of those provinces.

B

“ The

“ The season of peace will call upon you for an attention to every thing, which can recruit the strength of the nation, after so long and so expensive a war. The security and increase of the revenue, in the manner least burthenome to my subjects, will be amongst your first objects. In many essential parts it has suffered; dangerous frauds have prevailed; and alarming outrages have been committed. Exertions have not been wanting to repress this daring spirit, nor pains to enquire into its true causes. In any instances in which the power of Government may not be equal to its utmost care and vigilance, I have no doubt that the wisdom of my Parliament will provide such remedies as may be found wanting, for the accomplishment of purposes in which the material interests of this nation are so deeply concerned.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

“ I have ordered the estimates of the expences for the year to be laid before you. From these you will perceive the reduction which I have made in all the establishments, which appear to me to be brought as low as prudence will admit; and you will participate with me in the satisfaction which I feel in this step towards the relief of my subjects.

“ At the end of a war, some part of its weight must inevitably be borne for a time. I feel for the burthens of my people; but I rely on that fortitude, which has hitherto supported this nation under many difficulties, for their bearing those which the present exigencies require, and which are so necessary for the full support of national credit.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ In many respects our situation is new; your counsels will provide what is called for by that situation, and your wisdom will give permanence to whatever has been found beneficial by the experience of ages. In your deliberations you will preserve that temper of moderation, which the importance of their objects demands, and will, I have no doubt, produce; and I am sure that you are unanimous in your desire to direct all those deliberations to the honour of my Crown, the safety of my Dominions, and the prosperity of my People.”

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

November 18.] Mr. Fox proposed his India Bill, and on the 20th presented it to the House, when it was read for a first time. On the 27th it was read a second time, and opposed going into a Committee by Mr. Pitt, but the House divided on the motion of Mr. Pitt for adjourning the question.

Ayes	-	-	229
Noes	-	-	120

Majority for the Commitment 109

December 1.] Mr. Fox made a motion for the House to resolve itself into a Committee, agreeable to the determination of the 27th of November, when the question being put, there appeared

For Mr. Fox's motion	217
Against it	103
Majority	114

December

December 8.] Being appointed for the third reading, the House divided on the question.

Ayes	-	-	208
Noes	-	-	104.
			<hr/>
Majority	-	-	106

Mr. Fox then gave notice that he should attend on the next day at three o'clock, to carry the bill up to the Lords.

The following is an exact Copy of that celebrated Bill.

A BILL for vesting the Affairs of the EAST INDIA COMPANY, in the Hands of certain COMMISSIONERS, for the Benefit of the PROPRIETORS, and the PUBLIC.

WHEREAS disorders of an alarming nature and magnitude have long prevailed, and do still continue and increase, in the management of the territorial possessions, the revenues, and the commerce, of this kingdom in the East-Indies; by means whereof the prosperity of the natives hath been greatly diminished, and the valuable interests of the nation in the said territorial possessions, revenues, and commerce, have been materially impaired; and would probably fall into utter ruin, if an immediate and fitting remedy were not provided:

Be it therefore enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the government and management of the territorial possessions, revenues, and commerce, of the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies, by the Directors and Proprietors of the said Company, or either of them; and all and singular the powers and authorities of the said Directors and Proprietors, or of any special, or general, or other Court thereof, in the ordering and managing the said possessions, revenues, and commerce; and all elections of Directors of the said United Company; be and are hereby declared to be discontinued, for and during the continuance of this act; any charter, law, or statute, to the contrary notwithstanding.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That for the better governing, ordering, and managing the said territorial possessions, revenues, and commerce, the Right Honourable William Earl Fitzwilliam, the Right Honourable Frederick Montagu, the Right Honourable George Legge, commonly called Lord Viscount Lewisham, the Honourable George Augustus North, Sir Gilbert Elliot; Baronet, Sir Henry Fletcher, Baronet, and Robert Gregory, Esq. shall be, and they are hereby constituted and appointed Directors of the United Company, and shall be, and they are hereby constituted Members of the said Company; and that the said Directors hereby appointed, or any three of them, shall have, use, possess, and exercise, all and singular the powers and authorities which have been, at any time heretofore, vested in or lawfully exercised by the said Directors hereby discontinued, or Proprietors, of the said United Company; and all such further and other powers and authorities, and under such directions, and subject to such limitations and restrictions, as in this act, or in any other act, the provisions whereof are not hereby altered or repealed, are contained, for the government and management of the said territorial possessions, revenues, and commerce, of the said United Company, or in any wise relative thereto.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the said Directors hereby appointed shall, and they are hereby authorized and impowered, immediately from and after the commencement of this act, to enter into and upon, and to possess themselves of all lands, tenements, houses, warehouses, and other buildings whatever, of or belonging to the said United Company; and also to take into their custody and possession all books, records, documents, charters, acts, instruments, letters, and other papers whatsoever, and also all ships and vessels, goods, wares, merchandizes, money, securities for money, and all other effects whatsoever, of or belonging to the United Company, in trust for, and for the benefit of the Proprietors thereof, and to have, hold, possess the same, in like manner as were they held and possessed by the Directors hereby discontinued, subject to such charges, claims, and demands, as do or may affect the same; which Directors so discontinued, and all other officers and servants of the said United Company, are hereby enjoined, immediately upon the requisition of the said Directors hereby appointed, signified under their hands and seals, or the hands and seals of any three of them, to deliver to them, or to such person or persons as they shall for that purpose appoint, all such lands, tenements, houses, warehouses, buildings, books, records, documents, charters, acts, instruments, papers, ships, vessels, goods, wares, and merchandizes, money, securities for money, and all other effects whatsoever.

And for the sole purpose of ordering and managing the commerce of the said United Company, under and subject to the orders and directions of the said Directors hereby appointed, be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That Thomas Cheap, Esq. George Cumming, Esq. Richard Hall, Esq. John Harrison, Esq. Joseph Sharp, Esq. John Michie, Esq. John Smith, Esq. George Tatem, Esq. and James Moffat, Esq. being Proprietors, each of them of two thousand pounds capital stock in the said United Company, at least, shall be assistant Directors, for the purpose last aforesaid; and shall, from time to time, without requisition, and also as often as they shall be thereunto required, render an account of their proceedings to the said Directors hereby appointed; and in all matters and things whatsoever, shall pursue and follow such orders and directions, as they shall from time to time receive from such Directors.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That in case any vacancy or vacancies shall happen in the office of the said Directors hereby appointed, by death, resignation, removal, or otherwise, such vacancy or vacancies shall be filled by his Majesty, under his sign manual, within twenty days after notice of such vacancy or vacancies shall have been given to one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That in case any vacancy or vacancies shall happen in the office of the said assistant Directors, by death, resignation, removal, or otherwise, such vacancy or vacancies shall be filled by the majority of the Proprietors of the said United Company, qualified in the manner required by an act of the thirteenth year of his present Majesty, intituled, "An Act for establishing certain regulations, for the better management of the affairs of the East India Company, as well in India as in Europe;" which Proprietors, at such election of any assistant Director, shall not vote by ballot, or in any other covert or concealed manner, but in open court, for that purpose only specially summoned; and every such Proprietor, in giving his or her vote, shall subscribe his or her name in a book to be prepared for that purpose, under the name of the person for whom he or she shall vote.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That if five of the said Directors hereby appointed, who shall be present at any meeting, shall, upon enquiry, and after examination into the conduct and behaviour of the said assistant Directors, find that any of them is guilty of neglect or misdemeanor in the execution of his said office, or of wilful disobedience of any order or orders of the said Directors hereby appointed, they are hereby authorized and impowered to remove and displace such assistant Directors;

Directors; entering in their journals their reasons respectively, for removing or displacing such assistant Director, signed with their respective names.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the said William Earl Fitzwilliam shall be, during his continuance as a Director by virtue of this act, Chairman of the board of Directors, and the said Right Honourable Frederick Montagu, Deputy Chairman thereof; and if the said Chairman shall die, resign, or be removed from such office of Director, at any time during the continuance of this act, then and in that case the said Deputy Chairman shall succeed to the office of Chairman of the said board of Directors; and if the said Deputy Chairman being become Chairman of the said board of Directors, shall also die, resign, or be removed from the said office of a Director, then and in that case, and also in every other case of a vacancy in the office of a Chairman of the said board of Directors, the said Directors hereby appointed shall choose and elect one of themselves to supply such vacancy; and if a vacancy, either by succession or otherwise, shall at any time happen in the said office of Deputy Chairman of the said board of Directors, established by this act, the said Directors hereby appointed, shall in like manner, choose and elect one of themselves to supply such vacancy.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the said Chairman of the said board of Directors, or in his absence, the said Deputy Chairman, shall have power to call or summons any extraordinary meeting of the said Directors hereby appointed, at such time or times as he shall think expedient; and may, at any meeting whatever, of such Directors, if he shall think fit, propose the business to be first considered by such Directors at such meeting; and in case of an equal division of voices on any question whatever before the said board of Directors shall have the casting voice: provided always, that nothing herein contained shall prevent the majority of such Directors present at any meeting, from adjourning their meetings to such time or times as they shall think proper.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That it shall not be lawful for the said Directors hereby appointed, or any of them, upon any question whatever, to vote by ballot, or in any other covert manner; and that in any difference of opinion, except as to the election to offices of persons not having before been in the service of the said United Company, the said Directors (as well the majority as those who shall dissent) shall each of them enter, on the journals of the said Directors, his reasons for his vote, signed with his name, or his adherence to the reasons entered by any other Director.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That no person furnishing the said United Company with shipping, or with any article of their investment outwards, either from Great Britain, or from such ports and places as the Company's ships have occasion to touch at in their way to India, or with any naval or military stores, or concerned in buying and selling any commodity of the said United Company's importation, shall be capable of being a Director or assistant Director for the execution of this act.

And be it also enacted by the authority aforesaid, That no person shall be capable of being a Director, or assistant Director, for the execution of this act, against whom the charge of any corrupt practice, peculation, or oppression in India, doth or shall appear in the records of the said United Company within the space of two years before the time of his nomination, or shall be made upon oath before the said Directors hereby appointed within the space of two years before the time of his nomination, until such Directors, or three of them, shall have examined into the same, and shall have severally declared that they have examined into the said charge, and do in their conscience believe such person not guilty of the said charge; or that they do, upon the said examination, find the said charge not of sufficient importance to exclude the said person from the said office of Director, or assistant Director, as the case may be; and that they have entered upon their journals their reasons for such their opinion.

And

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That no person who hath been, now is, or shall hereafter be, in the service of the said United Company in India, shall be capable of being a Director, or assistant Director, for the execution of this act within the space of two years from the time of his last return from India.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the said Directors hereby appointed shall, once in every six months, lay before the Proprietors of the said United Company, in a general Court to be for that purpose assembled, an exact state of the debts and credits of the said United Company; the first cost and charges of their investments, outward and inward; with the sums of money in India applicable to an investment, according to the last accounts received therefrom; an account of the shipping; an account of the produce of the sales; and the state of the warehouses at home and abroad.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the said Directors hereby appointed shall, within twenty days after the commencement of every session of Parliament, lay before the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury (who are hereby authorized and required, without loss of time, to lay the same before both Houses of Parliament) an account of the produce of the territorial and other revenues of the said United Company in India; and also estimates of the civil, military, and naval establishment there; together with a state of the bond and other debts due from the said United Company in India; and also the state of the trade, laid by the said Directors before the said Proprietors at their then last general court.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the said Directors hereby appointed, or the major part of them, shall have full power and authority to remove, displace, suspend, appoint, confirm, or restore, all and every person or persons whatsoever, from or to any office, station, or capacity whatsoever, civil or military, in the service of the said United Company, or within the limits of the said United Company's charters, or any of them, or any way concerned in the management of their affairs within this kingdom, or in India, whether any such person or persons shall have been nominated or appointed in and by any act or acts of Parliament, or howsoever otherwise nominated or appointed; except as is herein provided and established, as to the appointment and removal of such Directors themselves, and of the said assistant Directors.

And for the more speedy and effectual punishment of offences committed in India, by persons employed in the service of the said Company, be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That whenever any charge of corruption, peculation, oppression, extortion, receipt of presents, usury, breach of orders, or other grievous offence, shall be exhibited or made before the Governor-General and Council of Bengal, or the President and Council of any of the Presidencies or settlements abroad, of the said United Company, and transmitted from thence to the Court of Directors, hereby discontinued, or to the said Directors hereby appointed, against any of the said Governors, Presidents, or Members of the Council, of any of the said Presidencies or settlements of the said United Company, or others, in any office, station, or employment, civil or military, in the said United Company's service; or which shall be exhibited or made by any of the native Princes, dependent upon, or under the protection of the said United Company, against any such person or persons; the said Directors, hereby appointed, shall, within twenty days after the same shall be received, enter in an examination of such charge; and if, upon, or in consequence of such examination, such Directors shall not think proper either to recall or order a prosecution against such person so charged, each and every such Director, making such examination as aforesaid into such charge, shall enter in writing, and subscribe with his name, in the journals of such Directors, his opinion on the validity and importance of such charge, with his specific reasons, on the particular case, for not recalling the person so charged, or for not ordering a prosecution upon such charge.

And

And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, That before any person or persons whatsoever, who have been, are, or shall hereafter be, in the service of the said United Company, in any office, station, or employment whatsoever, civil or military, in any of the Presidencies or settlements of the said United Company abroad; and who have been, or are, or shall be, in Great Britain after such service abroad; and against whom any charge shall appear upon any of the Company's records, or shall have been made to the said Court of Directors hereby discontinued, or General Court of Proprietors, or shall be made or exhibited to the said Directors hereby appointed; shall be permitted by the said Directors hereby appointed to return to any part of India, either in the same, or in any other office, station, or employment, in the service of the said United Company; and also, before the said Directors hereby appointed shall confirm the appointment, or suffer the departure from Great Britain, for India, of any person or persons who may have been, or shall be appointed to any office, station, or employment whatsoever, in the service of the said United Company, and against whom any such charge shall appear, or shall have been made, or shall be made as aforesaid; and also before the said Directors, hereby appointed, shall themselves appoint any person, having before been in the service of the said United Company, to any office, station, or employment whatsoever, in the said United Company's service, and against whom any such charge shall appear, or shall have been made, or shall be made as aforesaid; the said Directors hereby appointed shall, and they are hereby required to make a full and particular examination and inquiry into the conduct of every such person, relative to the said service, and the subject matter of such charge; and shall enter on their journals their reasons for permitting any such person to return, or confirming the appointment, and permitting the departure, of any such person, or for themselves appointing any such person (as the case may be) notwithstanding such charge,

And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, That in case of any disputes, differences, or controversies whatsoever, which have arisen, and are depending, or which shall or may hereafter arise, between the Governor-General and Council of Bengal; or between any of the Presidents of any other of the settlements of the said United Company, and their respective Councils; or between any of the subordinate Chiefs and their Councils; or between the Government of one settlement and the Government of any other settlement; or between any of the Governors or presiding powers of any of the subordinate settlements; the said Directors hereby appointed shall, within twenty days after the receipt of any official account of any such dispute, difference, or controversy, enter upon an examination and inquiry into the same; and shall, within three months thereafter, either come to a definitive decision thereupon, or enter upon their journals their reasons, signed with their respective names, for not coming to such definitive decision.

And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, That if at any time the Governor-General and Council of Bengal, or the President and Council of any of the principal or subordinate settlements, shall require the direction or opinion of the said Directors hereby appointed, on any matter whatsoever for the government of such Governor-General and Council, or President and Council, or for the settlement or accommodation of any matter in dispute, or likely to come into dispute, between or among them, or any of them; the said Directors shall return an answer, opinion, or direction, to such requisition, within three months after receiving the letter or letters containing the same, or enter upon their journals their reasons, signed with their respective names, for not sending the same within the time aforesaid.

And be it enacted, by the authority aforesaid, That if at any time complaint shall be made of any breach of treaty, injury, wrong, or grievance, done or committed against any native Prince in India, by any of the Governments of the said United Company's settlements, or any officer or other person, civil or military, in the service of the said United

United Company; or if any such breach of treaty, injury, wrong, or grievance, shall (without complaint being made thereof) appear upon any part of the correspondence relating to the said United Company's affairs; the said Directors hereby appointed shall, as speedily as may be, inquire into such breach of treaty, injury, wrong, or grievance; and shall begin their examination into the same, by reading and considering any treaties, agreements, or assurances, subsisting between the said United Company and such native Prince, or any way relative to him, if any such there shall be, or any orders which may have been given by the Court of Directors hereby discontinued, or General Court of Proprietors, relating to such native Prince; and the said Directors hereby appointed shall do full and complete justice to such native Prince for such breach of treaty, injury, wrong, or grievance, and on every material article and head of charge (if there be more than one) specifically, and not upon the whole of such charge in gross.

And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, That three, and not less, of the said Directors, shall form a Board for executing this act, or any of the powers thereof, or any other powers vested in or committed to, or which shall be vested in or committed to, such Directors, and the major part of the said Directors present shall determine, except where the voices shall be equally divided, and then the Chairman, or, in his absence, the Deputy Chairman, shall have two voices, or the casting voice.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That all the correspondence of the said Directors hereby appointed, with all persons whatsoever in the service of the said United Company, shall be signed by the Secretary of such Directors, by order of the Board.

And whereas by virtue of the charter of the said Company, and the regulations which have from time to time been made for the better government of the said Company, it is required, that certain acts should be done or consented to, and that certain accounts should be signed by a particular number of the Directors, hereby discontinued, be it therefore enacted, by the authority aforesaid, That in all cases whatsoever, where any act, matter, or thing is directed to be done or consented to, or any accounts or writing to be signed by the Directors hereby discontinued, or to be done or consented to, or signed by any particular number of such Directors, such act, matter, or thing shall, from and after the commencement of this act, be done or consented to, and such accounts or writing shall be signed by three of the Directors hereby appointed.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the said Directors hereby appointed, and assistant Directors, and each and every of them, during the continuance of this act, shall be utterly incapable of taking, holding, or exercising, any office, station, or employment whatsoever, in the service of the said United Company; and shall also be incapable of taking, holding, or exercising any other place of profit from the Crown, during pleasure.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That it shall, and may be lawful for his Majesty to remove any of the said Directors hereby appointed, or assistant Directors upon an address of either House of Parliament.

And whereas a doubt may arise, whether the place of Director, when the same shall be held by any person, to be appointed by his Majesty, in manner herein-before provided, be not within the provision of an act of the sixth year of the reign of Queen Anne, intituled, "An Act for the security of her Majesty's person and government, and of the succession to the Crown of Great-Britain in the Protestant line," although the said place shall have been created and erected by authority of Parliament: be it therefore enacted, and declared by the authority aforesaid, That such office shall not be deemed and taken to be within the intent and purview of the said act; nor shall any person accepting and holding the same, by an appointment from his Majesty, under his royal sign manual

manual, be thereby disqualified from being elected, or sitting and voting as a Member of the House of Commons.

And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, That there shall be allowed and paid for and to each of the assistant Directors, for so long time as he shall continue in the office, a clear yearly salary of five hundred pounds, payable by half yearly payments; and that the respective payments of the said salaries shall be stated and allowed in the account of the disbursements for the management of the affairs of the said United East-India Company.

And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, That this Act and all the provisions herein contained, shall commence and take effect from and immediately after this act shall have received his Majesty's royal assent, and shall continue, and be in full force for and during the space of four years.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

December 9.] A Petition was presented to the House by the East India Company, praying to be heard by Counsel against the said bill, and on a motion being made it was agreed to. They were accordingly heard on the 15th, when a debate ensued in consequence of the motion for adjournment, made by the Duke of Chandos, and opposed by the Duke of Portland, who said "the motion meant to protract time. Much art had been used to impede the progress of the present bill, and no means were left unattempted, however unjustifiable (alluding to the private conferences a noble Earl, out of office, had with a Great Personage) to prevent its passing into a law." At one o'clock in the morning the House divided on the question of adjournment, when there appeared,

Contents	-	-	69
Proxies	-	-	18—87
Non Contents	-	-	57
Proxies	-	-	22—79

Majority against the Duke of Portland 8

December 16.] Counsel were called to the bar of the House on behalf of the Proprietors, against the above-mentioned bill; at nine the Counsel finished, and the debate was adjourned to

December 17.] The order of the day for committing the East India bill being read, it was opposed by Earl Gower, and on a division there appeared,

Contents	-	-	57
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Non Contents	-	-	74
Proxies	-	-	21—95
Majority	-	-	<u>19</u>

Upon which the bill was lost.

C

HOUSE

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

December 17.] Mr. Baker said, that from some matters which were of public notoriety, he should propose to the consideration of the House some thing of the highest and the most important consequence. It was of that nature which required very serious deliberation, as it concerned the dearest interests of the people. Therefore, prior to this important business, he should move, "That the Speaker do send the Serjeant
 " with the Mace to the avenues and rooms leading to the House, to
 " collect such Members as were there, and require their attendance
 " in their places."

Mr. Fox seconded the motion, and that form being gone through,
 Mr. Baker read the following Resolutions :

Resolved,

" That it is now necessary to declare, that to report any opinion,
 " or pretended opinion of his Majesty, upon any bill, or other pro-
 " ceeding depending in either House of Parliament, with a view to
 " influence the votes of the Members, is a high crime and misdemeanor,
 " derogatory to the honour of the Crown, a breach of the fundamen-
 " tal privileges of Parliament, and subversive of the Constitution of
 " this country."

Resolved,

" That this House will, upon Monday morning next, resolve itself
 " into a Committee of the whole House, to consider the state of the
 " nation."

Lord Maitland made a few pointed observations in respect to the rumour of Earl Temple having used his Majesty's name to influence the Members of the other House, and of the consequences that followed in respect to the India bill. His Lordship said, that on the fate of the present motion depended the existence of a free Parliament, and all that was dear to Englishmen ; and that as he considered it to be a most proper one, he rose to second it.

Mr. Erskine, in a very able speech, argued very pointedly on the rumour, and contended for its being good ground for enquiry, and a reason why Parliament should take the alarm, and make provision against the worst.

Mr. Arden spoke vehemently for the order of the day.

Lord

Lord George Cavendish against it. At length the question was put on the order of the day :

Ayes	-	-	80
Noes	-	-	153

Majority	-	73
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Mr. Baker's motions was then put and carried without a division.

Mr. Erskine then moved the following Resolution :

Resolved,

“ That it is necessary to the most essential interests of the kingdom,
 “ and peculiarly incumbent to this House, to pursue with unremitting
 “ attention the consideration of a suitable remedy for the abuses which
 “ have prevailed in the Government of the British dominions in the
 “ East Indies, and that this House will consider as an enemy to his
 “ country, any person who shall presume to advise his Majesty to
 “ prevent, or any manner interrupt, the discharge of this import-
 “ ant duty.” The House divided,

For the motion	-	137
Against it	-	73

Majority	-	64
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December 19.] This day the following Officers of State were commanded by his Majesty to resign their respective employments, viz. Lord North, Mr. Fox, the Duke of Portland, Colonel Fitzpatrick, Lord Stormont, Lord Cholmondeley, and Lord Ludlow, &c. &c.

THE ADJOURNMENT.

December 19.] Mr. Baker, understanding that it was the intention of a certain gentleman, that the House should sit on Saturday, contrary to their usual mode of proceeding, observing that he had his objections to admitting a measure so contrary to the established rule of Parliament, and therefore he moved, “ that the House should, at its rising, adjourn until Monday.”

Mr. Dundas objected to Monday, and proposed an adjournment only till to-morrow, to proceed to the Land-tax bill.

Mr. Fox, in a speech of considerable length, argued with his usual ability in favour of the proposition for adjourning until Monday, and observed, that “ rumours were sent abroad, confessedly to declare the

interference of the Crown with a bill under consideration of Parliament; and those rumours were corroborated by not one person, friend or relation, standing up to disavow their truth, or to clear the high characters which were charged with the criminality. The alarm had spread, and was now grown of the most serious nature indeed. The Ministry was changed, the Constitution was violated—not in the change of that Ministry, but in the mode by which it was effected. A little bit of paper handed from a certain person to a certain person, and held up in the House of Lords, set the representative body of England at defiance. The Commons, alarmed for their privileges, appear determined to support themselves against all such arbitrary proceedings, and seeing the little phalanx raised against them, and headed by, in their own House, a rash young man, they consider, and must consider, themselves bound by every tie to their country, every regard to their constituents, and every love to their Sovereign, to stand up in their own defence, assert their rights, and save the empire. The advisers acted in secret, as they ever have done, and pursued one invariable line of continual condemnation to the system of liberty.”—The House being very clamorous, the question was put, and the gallery cleared; but, on the Ayes for Mr. Dundas’s motion being desired to go outside the bar, and there appearing of about 300 members but 50 inclinable to support the Ministry, Mr. Dundas withdrew his motion, and left Mr. Fox and his friends to enjoy a complete victory over this first parliamentary effort of the new Administration.

The House then adjourned to Monday.

RESIGNATION OF EARL TEMPLE.

December 22.] Mr. Grenville (brother to Earl Temple) begged to call the attention of the House for a few moments, in a matter that nearly concerned his noble relation. The vote passed on Friday night [*Dec. 19.*] by the House, so far as it respected the character of Lord Temple, was of a very serious consideration. Menaces had been personally applied, which carried with them such an avowed and open attack on the noble Lord, that it was become indispensibly requisite to take up the subject by the nobleman to whom they were applied. Lord Temple therefore waited on his Sovereign, and resigned into his hands those seals of office, with which he had been lately intrusted; and he did this, that the House of Commons and the world might see he intended

tended not to avail himself under the dignity or influence of office, to prevent investigation of his public conduct, or that the name of Secretary of State should screen him for any action he had committed as a private man.

Mr. Fox replied, that if the honourable gentleman had been in his place, and attended to what had passed on the occasion alluded to, he would have found that there was not any such thing as a menace held out. There was a conversation, indeed, about an enquiry into the state of the nation; a rumour that some person, not ostensible in office, had given improper advice to his Majesty; but that the charge laid against the supposed criminal could not be brought by legal evidence home to a conviction of the fact, although there was a general concurrence of matters, uncontradicted by the noble Lord's friends, which left not, in the minds of the House and the public, a single doubt but things were as they had been represented. It being evident that the guilt could not be brought home in legal form, the noble relation of the Honourable Gentleman derived no great merit in seeking a trial undivested of the honours and the influence of office. It was not, therefore, to be supposed that the Earl's resignation of the seals of office, in the slightest instance, was to be admitted as an evidence in favour of his innocence; nor should it prevent the business of the day, or alter the purpose for which the House met. It was not for the noble Lord to send this message down to the Commons that he had resigned; for that would prove of little consequence, either in respect to the rumour that had gone abroad, or in respect to the Address to the Throne, which would be moved, if the House went into a Committee. There was one certain road to innocence, and that was an open denial of the charge. Let the noble Lord come forward, and on his honour declare that he did not *advise*, and then the House and the Public would acquit him: but the manoeuvre of the resignation of his office, was no proof that he was not guilty of that which was laid to his charge.

A motion was then made by Mr. Erskine for an Address to his Majesty, advising him not to prorogue or dissolve the Parliament, which, on the question being put, was carried without a division.

December 24.] The following Address, as moved in the House of Commons, was this day presented by the Speaker, &c. to his Majesty in the drawing-room at St. James's.

That

“ That his Majesty’s most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons
 “ of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, think themselves bound
 “ in duty humbly to represent to his Majesty, that alarming reports
 “ of an intended dissolution of Parliament have gone forth.

“ That his Majesty’s faithful Commons, acknowledging the wisdom of the constitution, in trusting to the Crown that just and legal prerogative, and fully confiding in his Majesty’s Royal wisdom and paternal care of his people, for the most beneficial exercise of it, desire, with great humility, to represent to his Majesty the inconveniencies and dangers which appear to them, from a consideration of the state of the nation, likely to follow from a prorogation or dissolution of the Parliament, in the present arduous and critical conjuncture of public affairs. The maintenance of the public credit, and the support of the revenue, demand the most immediate attention. The disorders prevailing in the government of the East-Indies, at home and abroad, call aloud for instant reformation ; and the state of the East India Company’s finances, from the pressing demands on them, require a no less immediate support and assistance from Parliament.

“ That his Majesty’s faithful Commons are at present proceeding with the utmost diligence upon these great objects of government, as recommended to their attention by his gracious speech from the Throne, but which must necessarily be frustrated and disappointed by the delay attending a dissolution, and most especially the affairs of the East Indies, by the assembling of a new Parliament, not prepared, by previous enquiry, to enter with equal effect upon an object involving long and intricate details, which his Majesty’s faithful Commons have investigated for two years past, with the most laborious, earnest, and unremitting attention.

“ That his Majesty’s faithful Commons, deeply affected by these important considerations, impressed with the highest reverence and affection for his Majesty’s person and government, and anxious to preserve the lustre and safety of his government, do humbly beseech to suffer his faithful Commons to proceed on the business of the session, the furtherance of which is so essentially necessary to the prosperity of the public ; and that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to hearken to the advice of his faithful Commons, and not to the secret advices of persons who may have private interests of their

“ their own, separate from the true interest of his Majesty and his people.”

To which his Majesty returned the following answer :

“ It has been my constant object to employ the authority entrusted to me by the constitution, to its true and only end—the good of my people; and I am always happy in concurring with the wishes and opinions of my faithful Commons.

“ I agree with you in thinking that the support of the public credit and revenue, must demand your most earnest and vigilant care. The state of the East-Indies is also an object of as much delicacy and importance, as can exercise the wisdom and justice of Parliament. I trust you will proceed in those considerations, with all convenient speed, after such an adjournment as the present circumstances may seem to require. *And I assure you I shall not interrupt your meeting by any exercise of my prerogative, either of prorogation or dissolution.*”

The House of Commons having adjourned until the 12th of January, the order of the day, to enter on the state of the nation, being called for, a debate took place; and on the question being put there appeared,

Ayes	-	-	232
Noes	-	-	193

Majority against the Ministry 39

The Speaker having quitted the chair, the House went into a *Common* on the state of the nation.

Mr. Hussey, Chairman.

Mr. Fox, after a short preface, stating the necessity of coming to some specific resolution to prevent the present Ministry from making an improper use of their power the short time they had to exist, moved,

“ That it was the opinion of the Committee, that any person in his Majesty’s Treasury, Exchequer, Pay Office, Bank of England, or any person whatever, entrusted with the public money, paying away, or causing to be paid, any sum or sums of money, voted for the service of the present year, in case of a dissolution or prorogation of Parliament, before a bill, or bills, were brought in for the appropriation of such sums, would be guilty of a high crime

“ crime and misdemeanor, highly derogatory to the honour of the
 “ House, and contrary to the faith of Parliament.”

The motion was put and carried without a division.

Mr. Fox then, after a short preface, moved, “ That it is the opi-
 “ nion of the Committee, that there should be laid before them an
 “ account of all sums of money expended for the use of the public
 “ service, between the 19th of December, 1783, and the 12th of
 “ January, 1784, specifying each sum, and for what expended.”

Mr. Fox said, the reason for making such a motion might appear
 rather extraordinary, but as extraordinary measures had been taken by
 the present Ministry to come into power, it required extraor-
 dinary motions to prevent them doing mischief now they were in
 power.

Mr. Pitt said a few words on the subject, but as the prior motion
 had been carried, he could not see, he said, any particular harm that
 could accrue from the present one passing also.

The motion was then put and agreed to.

Mr. Fox then informed the Committee he had another motion to
 make, which was,

“ That the Mutiny Bill be read a second time on the 23d of Fe-
 “ bruary 1784.”

The reason, he said, for putting it off to such a period, was to
 give Ministers time to consider of it; and, at the same time, to al-
 low a sufficient space to pass it in before the 25th of March, at which
 time it would be wanted.

Mr. Pitt said, he could see no end it could answer to tie down the
 Mutiny Bill to be read on a specific day, for the Mutiny Bill not being
 in the House, answered every end he should imagine that the Hon.
 Gentleman wished. After a short conversation, the motion was put
 and carried.

The Earl of Surrey then rose, and stated to the House, that the
 situation of our affairs, both at home and abroad, were such as re-
 quired men of abilities and integrity to fill high offices of state, and at
 the same time they should be such persons as possessed the confidence
 of that House and the public, he should therefore move,

“ That it is the opinion of the Committee, that in the present
 “ situation of his Majesty’s dominions, it is highly necessary that such
 “ an administration should be formed, as possessed both the confidence
 “ of that House and the public.”

Sir

Sir Peter Burrell, in a short but elegant speech, seconded the motion.

Mr. Pitt said a few words, and was answered by Mr. Erskine; after which the motion was put and carried.

The Earl of Surrey then stated to the House, that from what had happened in the other House of Parliament, and what had been urged by an honourable General that day, of a Lord of the Bedchamber endeavouring to bias his vote, made it necessary for him to move,

“ That it is the opinion of the Committee, that the late changes
“ were preceded by extraordinary rumours, dangerous to the Consti-
“ tution, inasmuch as the sacred name of Majesty had been unconsti-
“ tutionally used for the purpose of affecting the deliberations of Par-
“ liament, and the appointments that followed were accompanied
“ by circumstances new and extraordinary, and such as were evi-
“ dently calculated not to conciliate the affections of that House.”

Sir P. Burrell seconded the motion.

Mr. Dundas opposed the motion; insisted upon it that it was by no means the fact, and that he would take the sense of the Committee upon it; for which purpose he moved, that the Chairman do leave the Chair, report a progress, and ask leave to sit again.

A smart debate then ensued, in which Mr Pitt, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Dundas opposed the original motion; and Lord Surrey, Mr. Lee, and Mr. Sheridan as warmly supported it.

At SEVEN O'CLOCK in the morning the question was loudly called for, and the Committee divided on the motion that the Chairman do leave the Chair.

Noes	-	-	-	196
Ayes	-	-	-	142

Majority against the Ministry - - 54

January 15.] On this day Mr. Pitt proposed his new India Bill, when leave was given to bring in the same.

January 16.] Mr. Pitt presented his Bill, and the heads of it were read. He then moved, it should be read a second time on the Wednesday following, which was negatived without a division; it was then ordered for Friday the 23d. The House having formed itself into a Committee on the state of the nation, the following motion was made by Lord C. Spencer, and seconded by Mr. Baker:

D

Resolved,

Resolved,

“ That it is the opinion of this Committee, it having been
 “ declared by this House, that in the present situation of his Maje-
 “ sty’s dominions, an Administration should be formed, which
 “ possessed the confidence of this House, and the public; and the
 “ present Administration being formed under circumstances new and
 “ extraordinary, such as were not calculated to conciliate the affec-
 “ tions, or engage the confidence of this House; and his Majesty’s
 “ present Ministers still holding high and responsible offices, after
 “ such a declaration, is contrary to true constitutional principles, and
 “ injurious to his Majesty and his people.”

After a very warm debate, the question was put, and the Committee divided.

For the motion	205
Against it	184

Majority against the Minister 21

January 23.] Mr. Pitt moved “ that the India bill be read a second
 “ time,” and it was agreed to. On the question being put, that the
 bill be committed, the House divided as follows :

Noes	-	222
Ayes	-	214

Majority for throwing out the Minister’s bill 8

The following is a Copy of Mr. Pitt’s India Reform Bill.

A BILL for the better Government and Management of the Affairs of the EAST INDIA COMPANY.

For the better government and security of the Territorial Possessions of this kingdom in the East Indies, be it enacted by the King’s Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That it shall and may be lawful to and for the King’s Majesty, his heirs, and successors, by any commission to be issued under the Great Seal of Great Britain, to nominate and appoint such persons as his Majesty shall think fit, being of his Majesty’s Most Honourable Privy Council, of whom the Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department for the time being, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the time being, shall be two, to be, and who shall accordingly be, Commissioners for the affairs of India.

And be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That any number, not less than of the said Commissioners, shall form a Board for executing the several powers which, by this or any other act, shall be vested in the Commissioners aforesaid.

And be it further enacted, That the said Secretary of State, and, in his absence, the said

said Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in the absence of both of them, the senior of the said other Commissioners, according to his rank in seniority of appointment, as one of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, shall preside at and be President of the said Board; and that the said Commissioners, or any of them, shall have, and they are hereby invested with, the superintendence and controul over all the British territorial possessions in the East Indies, and over the affairs of the United Company of Merchants trading thereto, in manner herein after directed.

And be it further enacted, That in case the members present at the said Board shall at any time be equally divided in opinion, in respect to any matter depending before them, then, and in every such case, the then President of the said Board shall have two voices, or the casting vote.

And be it further enacted, That it shall and may be lawful for the King's Majesty, his heirs and successors, from time to time, at his and their will and pleasure, to revoke and determine the commission aforesaid, and from time to time to cause any new commission or commissions to be sealed as aforesaid, for appointing any other person or persons, being of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, of whom the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the time being, shall always be two, to be Commissioners and Members of the said Board, when and so often as his Majesty, his heirs or successors, shall think fit, so that the number of Commissioners therein to be named shall in no wise exceed the aforesaid number of

Provided always, and be it further enacted, That the office or place of a Commissioner or Member of the said Board, hereby erected, shall not be deemed or taken to be a new office or place, within the intent and purview of an act of the sixth year of the reign of Queen Anne, intituled, "An act for the security of her Majesty's person and government, and of the succession of the crown of Great Britain in the Protestant line."

And be it further enacted, That the said Board shall be fully authorized and empowered, from time to time, to check, superintend, and controul, all acts, operations, and concerns, which in any wise relate to the civil or military government or revenues of the territories and possessions of the said United Company in the East Indies.

And be it further enacted, That the said Secretary of State for the time being, shall nominate and appoint a Secretary to attend upon the said Board, who shall be subject to dismissal, at the pleasure of the said Board; and that the said Secretary shall enter, or cause to be entered, in books, all proceedings whatsoever to be had by or before the said Board; and shall be paid such salary as his Majesty shall, by warrant under his sign manual, direct.

Provided always, and be it further enacted, That the members of the said Board, before they shall proceed to act in the execution of any of the powers or authorities to them given by this act (save only the power of administering the oath after mentioned) shall severally take and subscribe the following oath: (that is to say)

"I. A. B. do faithfully promise and swear, that as a Commissioner or Member of the Board for the Affairs of India, I will give my best advice and assistance for the good government of the British possessions in the East-Indies; and will execute the several powers and trusts reposed in me, according to the best of my skill and judgment, without favour or affection, prejudice or malice, to any person whatsoever."

Which said oath any of the Members of the said Board shall and are hereby empowered to administer; and the said oath shall be entered by the said Secretary amongst the accounts of the said Board, and be duly subscribed and attested by the Members thereof,

thereof, at the time of their taking and administering the same to each other respectively.

And, to the intent that the said Board may be duly informed of all transactions of the said Company, in respect to the management of their concerns in the East-Indies, be it further enacted, That all the Members of the said Board shall, at all convenient and reasonable times, have access to all papers and muniments of the said United Company, and shall be furnished with such extracts or copies thereof as they shall from time to time require; and that the Court of Directors of the said United Company shall, and they are hereby required and directed, to deliver to the said Board copies of all minutes, orders, resolutions, and other proceedings, of all general and special Courts of Proprietors of the said Company, and of the said Court of Directors, within days after the holding of such respective Courts; and also copies of all dispatches which the said Directors shall receive from any of their servants in the East Indies, immediately after the arrival thereof; and also copies of all letters, orders, and instructions whatsoever, relating to the civil or military government or revenues of the British territorial possessions in the East-Indies, proposed to be sent or dispatched, by the said Court of Directors, to any of the servants of the said Company in the East-Indies, days at the least before the time proposed for sending or dispatching the same respectively; and that the said Court of Directors of the said United Company shall, and they are hereby required to pay due obedience to, and shall be governed and bound by, such orders and directions as they shall from time to time receive from the said Board, touching the civil or military government and revenues of the territories and possessions of the said United Company in the East-Indies.

And be it further enacted, That, within days after the receipt of such copies last mentioned, the said Board shall return the same to the said Court of Directors, with their approbation thereof, subscribed by of the Members of the said Board, or their reasons at large for disapproving the same; together with instructions from the said Board to the said Court of Directors in respect thereto; and that the said Court of Directors shall thereupon dispatch and send the letters, orders, and instructions, so approved or amended, to their servants in India, without further delay; and no letters, orders, or instructions, until after such previous communication thereof to the said Board, shall at any time be sent or dispatched by the said Court of Directors, to the East Indies, on any account or pretence whatever.

And be it further enacted, That in case the said Board shall send any orders or instructions, which, in the opinion of the said Court of Directors, shall relate to points not connected with the civil or military government and revenues of the said territories and possessions in India, then, and in any such case, it shall be lawful for the said Court of Directors to apply, by petition, to his Majesty in Council, touching such orders and instructions; and his Majesty in Council shall decide whether the same be, or be not, connected with the civil or military government and revenues of the said territories and possessions in India; which decision shall be final and conclusive.

And be it further enacted, That as soon as the office of any one of the Counsellors of the Presidency of Fort William in Bengal shall become vacant, by death, by removal, or resignation, the vacancy so happening shall not be supplied by the said Court of Directors, but the said Supreme Government shall from thenceforward consist of a Governor-General and Supreme Counsellors only; and that the Commander in Chief of the Presidency of Fort William in Bengal for the time being, shall have voice and precedence in Council next after the said Governor-General, any thing in any former act of Parliament contained to the contrary notwithstanding.

And be it further enacted, That the government of the several Presidencies and settlements of Fort St. George and Bombay, shall, after the commencement of this act, consist

consist of a Governor or President, and Counsellors only, of whom the Commander in Chief in the said several settlements for the time being shall be one, having the like precedence in Council as in the Presidency of Fort William in Bengal.

And be it further enacted, that from and after the nomination and appointment of the several Commanders in Chief in the said Presidencies or settlements of Fort William, Madras, or Bombay, shall be, and the same are hereby vested in his Majesty, his heirs and successors, any law, usage, or custom, to the contrary notwithstanding.

And be it further enacted, That it shall and may be lawful for his Majesty, his heirs and successors, to nominate and appoint any person or persons to succeed to the said office of Commander in Chief in the said several Presidencies or settlements; and the persons so nominated and appointed shall respectively succeed to the said offices of Commanders in Chief respectively, in like manner as if they had been appointed upon or after a vacancy or vacancies.

Provided always, and be it enacted, That the persons to be appointed to succeed to the office or place of Commander in Chief in the said Presidencies or settlements, upon any vacancy thereof respectively as aforesaid, shall and may, if his Majesty, his heirs or successors, shall by such appointment so direct, have military command and authority next and immediately after the Commander in Chief of such Presidencies or settlements respectively.

And be it further enacted, That it shall and may be lawful to and for the King's Majesty, his heirs and successors, by any writing or instrument under his or their Sign Manual, countersigned by the said Secretary of State, to remove or recall the present future Governor-General of Fort William at Bengal, or any of the Members of the Council of Fort William aforesaid, or any of the Governors or Presidents, and Members of the Councils, of the Presidencies or settlements of Fort St. George and Bombay, or of any other British settlement in India, for the time being; and to vacate and make void all and every or any appointment or appointments, as well absolute as provisional, of any person or persons to any of the offices or places as aforesaid; and that all and every the powers and authorities of the respective persons so removed or recalled, or whose appointment shall be so vacated, shall cease and determine, at or from such respective time or times as in the said writing or writings shall be expressed and directed:-----Provided always, that a duplicate or copy of every such writing, attested by the said Secretary of State for the time being, shall, within days after the same shall be signed by his Majesty, his heirs, or successors, be transmitted or delivered, by the said Secretary of State, unto the Chairman or Deputy Chairman for the time being, of the said United Company, to the intent that the Court of Directors of the said Company may be apprized thereof.

And be it further enacted, That whenever any vacancy or vacancies of the office of Governor-General or President, or of any Member of the Council (other than the Commander in Chief) shall happen in any of the Presidencies aforesaid, either by death, resignation, or recall, as aforesaid, then, and in such case, the Court of Directors of the said United Company shall proceed to nominate and appoint a fit person or persons to supply such vacancy or vacancies, subject to the approbation of his Majesty, his heirs, and successors; and within days next after any such nomination and approbation shall be made, the same shall be signified, by the Chairman or Deputy Chairman of the said Court of Directors, to his Majesty, his heirs, or successors; and in case his Majesty, his heirs, or successors, shall approve the said nomination and appointment, then the person or persons so nominated shall be constituted and appointed to the office or place, offices or places, for which he or they shall have been so respectively nominated, and shall so continue, from the time of his or their taking the same upon him

him or them, until he or they shall resign the same, or be removed or recalled therefrom by his Majesty, his heirs, or successors, and so *toties quoties*: And in case the person or persons so nominated and appointed by the said Court of Directors, shall not be approved by his Majesty, his heirs, or successors, then, within days after his Majesty, his heirs, or successors, shall have caused to be signified to the Chairman or Deputy Chairman of the Court of Directors, that his Majesty, his heirs, or successors, doth or do not approve of such person or persons, the said Court shall proceed to nominate and appoint some other person or persons to the said office or place, offices or places, respectively, subject to the approbation or disallowance of his Majesty, his heirs, and successors, in such and in the same manner as is herein-before directed or prescribed, and so *toties quoties*, until some person or persons shall be nominated and appointed, who shall be approved by his Majesty, his heirs, or successors.

Provided always, and be it further enacted, That in case, and so often as the Court of Directors shall not, within the space of to be computed from the day whereon the notification of the vacancy, or of his Majesty's disapprobation of any person by them nominated as aforesaid, shall have been received by the said Court of Directors, proceed to supply the same, then and in any such case, and so often as the same shall happen, it shall be lawful for his Majesty, his heirs and successors, to constitute and appoint, by writing under his or their Royal Sign Manual, such person or persons as his Majesty, his heirs and successors, shall think proper, to succeed to and supply the respective office or place, offices or places, so vacant, or from which any person or persons shall be so recalled or removed, or whose appointment or appointments shall have been vacated and made void as aforesaid; and that every person or persons, so constituted and appointed, shall have and be invested with the same powers, privileges, and authorities, as if he or they had been nominated and appointed by the said Court of Directors, and approved by his Majesty, his heirs and successors.

And be it further enacted, That no resignation to be made of the offices of the Governor General, or Governor or President of any of the subordinate settlements, or Commander in Chief, or Member of the respective Councils of the said Presidencies in India, shall be deemed or construed to be legal or valid, or shall be accepted as such, unless the same be made by an instrument in writing under the hand and seal of the officer or person resigning the same.

And be it further enacted, That no order or resolution of any General Court of the Proprietors of the said United Company shall be available to revoke or rescind, or in any respect to affect, any act, order, resolution, matter, or proceeding, of the said Court of Directors, by this act directed or authorized to be made or done by the said Court, after his Majesty's pleasure shall have been signified upon the same, in the manner herein-before directed, any law or usage to the contrary notwithstanding.

And be it further enacted, That so much and such parts of an act, made in the twenty-first year of the reign of his present Majesty, as directs the Court of Directors of the said United Company to deliver to the Commissioners of the Treasury, or to the High Treasurer for the time being, or to one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, copies of any letters or orders relating to the management of the revenues, or the civil and military affairs of the said Company; and also all such powers and authorities given to or vested in Proprietors and Directors of the said United Company, or in any General or Special Court thereof respectively, in and by any act of Parliament or Charter, as are contrary or repugnant to this act, or any thing therein contained, shall be, and the same are hereby discontinued, for and during the continuance of this act, any thing contained in any such act or charter, or any custom or usage to the contrary notwithstanding.

And

And be it further enacted, That this act shall take place and have commencement, in Great Britain, immediately after and shall take place and have commencement, in the several Presidencies aforesaid, and in the territories thereunto belonging, from the and shall remain and continue in force for the space of years.

And be it further enacted, That this act shall be deemed and taken to be a public act.

NEW INDIA BILL.

Mr. Fox rose, and after stating to the House, that the necessity of the times called for something speedily to be done for the government of India, concluded with moving, " that leave be given to bring in a bill for the better government of India."

Sir Grey Cooper seconded the motion.

Leave was given, and Mr. Fox was ordered to prepare and bring in the same.

January 26.] Mr. Eden moved the following Resolution :

" That it is the opinion of this House, That his Majesty's Answer contained assurances, upon which the House firmly relied, that his Majesty would not, by prorogation or dissolution of Parliament, interrupt the House in their considerations of proper measures for retrieving the affairs of the East India Company, and for supporting the public credit and revenues of the kingdom, objects which his Majesty, in his said most gracious Answer, had declared to be, in his opinion, such as demand the immediate and unremitting attention of Parliament."

Mr. Marham seconded this motion.

Mr. Pitt, after declaring the motion improper, and dissenting from it, said, " Gentlemen might set their minds at ease, for he did not give, nor meant to give any advice to his Majesty to dissolve the present Parliament."

The question was then put, and carried without a division.

A Coalition of Parties having been expected to be formed, the following authentic Account is given of the Proceedings at the St. Alban's Tavern.

On January the 26th, a meeting was held at the St. Alban's Tavern, for the purpose of recommending an union of parties, when an Address was agreed to and signed by fifty-three Members of the House of

of Commons, and presented by a Committee to the Duke of Portland and the Right Honourable William Pitt. The purport of the Address was as follows :

“ WE whose names are hereunto signed, Members of the House
 “ of Commons, being fully persuaded that the united efforts of those
 “ in whose integrity, abilities, and constitutional principles we have
 “ reason to confide, can alone rescue this country from its present
 “ distracted state, do join in most earnestly intreating them to com-
 “ municate with each other on the arduous situation of public
 “ affairs, trusting that by a liberal and unreserved intercourse between
 “ them, every impediment may be removed to a cordial co-opera-
 “ tion of great and respectable characters, acting on the same public
 “ principles, and intitled to the support of independent and dis-
 “ interested men.

“ And we depute the Honourable Thomas Grosvenor, the Honour-
 “ able Charles Marsham, Sir William Lemon, and Thomas Powys, Esq.
 “ to present this Representation and Requisition to his Grace the Duke
 “ of Portland, the Right Honourable Lord John Cavendish, the Right
 “ Honourable William Pitt, and the Right Honourable Charles James
 “ Fox, in our names.”

To which the following answers were returned :

The Duke of Portland returned for answer :—“ That he should
 “ think himself happy in obeying the commands of so respectable a
 “ meeting ; but the greatest difficulty to him, and he imagines
 “ still greater to Mr. Pitt, was Mr. Pitt’s being in office.”

Mr. Pitt’s answer was ;—“ That he will be ready to pay attention
 “ to the commands of so respectable a meeting, and co-operate with
 “ their wishes, to form a stronger and more extended administration,
 “ if the same can be done with principle and honour.”

On Tuesday the 27th, the gentlemen met at the said tavern, when
 there appeared to be seventy members, and the above answers being
 read, they came to the following resolutions :

Resolved,

“ That the thanks of this meeting be given to his Grace the Duke
 “ of Portland, and the Right Honourable William Pitt, for the atten-
 “ tion they have respectively declared themselves ready to pay to the
 “ requisitions presented to them in our names.”

Resolved Secondly,

“ That in anxious expectation of a cordial co-operation of great and
 “ respectable characters acting on the same public principles, we beg
 “ leave

“leave to express our most earnest wish, that some explanation may be
“had between the Duke of Portland and Mr. Pitt on any difficulty in
“that way of confidential intercourse.”

Resolved Thirdly,

“That we do not presume to point out the mode in which such
“mutual explanation may be obtained, studiously avoiding any in-
“terference on our part, which may impede or counteract whatever
“steps are taken towards that communication which it is our object
“to effect.”

Resolved Fourthly,

“That the Chairman be desired to communicate the Resolutions to
“his Grace of Portland and Mr. Pitt.”

The Resolutions being communicated to Mr. Pitt, he returned the following answer :

“Mr. Pitt having received from so respectable a meeting an inti-
“mation of their wishes, that some explanation may be had between
“the Duke of Portland and himself, on any difficulties in the way
“of confidential intercourse, begs to assure Mr. Grosvenor (the Chair-
“man) that there are no difficulties on his part in the way of an
“immediate intercourse with the Duke of Portland on the subject of
“an union, consistent with honour and principle, which he agrees
“with the gentlemen of the meeting in thinking of the greatest im-
“portance in the present state of the country. If, on his Grace’s
“part, there are any objections to such intercourse, Mr. Pitt wishes
“to have them stated, and will immediately give a direct answer
“with regard to them.”

The Duke of Portland returned the following answer addressed to the Chairman :

S I R,

Devon-House, Thursday, January, 29, 1784.

“As you have so very obligingly communicated to me the assurances
“you have received from Mr. Pitt, ‘that there are no difficulties on
“his part in the way of an immediate intercourse between him and
“me on the subject of an union of parties, and that he is ready to
“give an immediate and direct answer to any objections which I
“may have to such intercourse,’ my sincere inclination to concur in
“the wishes of the very respectable meeting, of which you so
“worthily fill the chair; and my anxious desire to see such an Ad-
“ministration formed, upon a solid and secure basis, as may restore
“harmony to this distracted empire, and may be entitled to a con-

E

“fidence

“ fidence and support of every true friend of his country, make it
“ necessary for me to trouble you with a repetition of the reasons
“ which I assigned to you and other gentlemen, who delivered me the
“ representation and requisition of your meeting of the 26th of Ja-
“ nuary, for declining an immediate interview with Mr. Pitt, on the
“ present arduous situation of public affairs.

“ I had the honour of stating to you, I did not think it possible
“ that such a meeting would tend to forward the desirable end we all
“ wish, as long as M. Pitt remained in his ministerial capacity, not-
“ withstanding the Resolution of the House of Commons of the
“ 16th instant. Under these circumstances the embarrassment seems
“ mutual and difficult to be got over, but if any expedient can be
“ devised for removing it, I shall be extremely ready to confer with
“ Mr. Pitt, and to contribute every faculty in my power to promote
“ the object of our joint wishes.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ With great respect,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed)

“ PORTLAND.”

Thomas Grosvenor, Esq. Chairman.

Thursday the 29th. The gentlemen met, and there being above
eighty Members present, they came to the following resolution :

Resolved,

“ That the Chairman be requested to return our thanks to the
“ Duke of Portland and Mr. Pitt, for the additional favour they have
“ now given of their attention to our wishes.

“ To express our cordial satisfaction to find they agree in opinion
“ with this meeting, that an union is of the highest importance,
“ and is the object of their joint wishes.

“ To insinuate to them, that after these declarations, we are the
“ more strongly confirmed in our hope and expectation, that by the
“ intervention of mutual friends, some expedient may be advised,
“ which may tend to remove the difficulty, which is stated to be the
“ most material obstacle to a communication between them, on the
“ subject of a cordial and permanent union.

(Signed)

T. GROSVENOR, Chairman.”

St

St. Alban's Tavern, Saturday, January 31, 1784.

At a meeting held by the gentlemen (Members of the House of Commons) who assembled from time to time, with a view to conciliate differences, and to forward an union of the contending parties, in Parliament, the following letters to the Chairman of the meeting were received and read.

“ Mr. PITT has already had the honour of stating to Mr. Grosvenor, that there are no difficulties on his part in the way of an immediate intercourse for the purpose of effecting an union consistent with honour and principle. With regard to the embarrassment stated by the Duke of Portland in his Grace's letter, referred to in the resolutions of the meeting, arising from Mr. Pitt's remaining in his ministerial capacity, it is an embarrassment which Mr. Pitt cannot remove, by resignation, in order to negotiate. In these circumstances, Mr. Pitt has it not in his power to suggest any expedient, but is very desirous of learning, whether the Duke of Portland can propose any thing which his Grace considers as such; and he begs at the same time to add, that his present ministerial capacity is no obstacle to his discussing every point that relates to the desirable object in question, as freely and openly as he could do in any other situation.”

Berkely-square, 31st Jan. 1784.

S I R,

Devon-House, Saturday, 31 January, 1784.

“ I am extremely sorry that Mr. Pitt appears so positively to decline suggesting any expedient on his part, to remove the difficulties which obstruct the conference you desire. I believe you will agree, that the continuance of the present Ministry, and the honour of the House of Commons, are not very easily reconcileable.

“ It was the sense of those difficulties, and my earnest desire of complying with the opinion of gentlemen whose sentiments claim my highest respect, that induced me to suggest the possibility of an expedient which you will easily discern would not depend upon me. The recollection of similar events in two successive years led me to flatter myself that there was a middle way between the actual resignation of Ministers, and the neglect of what appeared on the Journals of the House of Commons. I hoped that Mr. Pitt would have adverted to those events, and I trust they will yet have

“ due weight with him. I shall most certainly rejoice in any proposition that can promise to lay a basis for the tranquility and settlement which are the objects of our common wishes.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ With great truth and regard,

S I R,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed)

“ PORTLAND.”

Thomas Grosvenor, Esq. Chairman.

St. Alban's Tavern, Monday, Feb. 2, 1784.

At a meeting of the gentlemen, Members of the House of Commons, who assembled from time to time, with a view to conciliate differences, and to forward an union of the contending parties in Parliament, the following letters were read ;

February 1, 1784, Berkeley-square.

“ Mr. Pitt being sincerely desirous that there should not continue any obstacle in the way of such an intercourse as has been wished for, regrets that it is not in his power to suggest expedients to remove the difficulty felt by the Duke of Portland. He does not understand precisely what is the middle way which his Grace seems to allude to ; the events in the two years to which his Grace refers, appear to Mr. Pitt to have been only modes of resignation, and such a measure, in order to enter into a negotiation, is what the present Ministry, as has been already declared, cannot agree to. Whenever any expedient is directly stated, Mr. Pitt will be happy to give every explanation upon it.”

S I R,

Devon-House, Monday morning, Feb. 2, 1784.

“ I very sincerely regret, that the expedient to which I referred should be thought unapplicable to the difficulties I had stated ; I certainly suggested it as a mode of resignation, but as a mode of resignation the least embarrassing to Government in the ordinary functions of office, and at the same time as a proof of a disposition to consult the honour of the House of Commons, as it stands pledged by the resolution of the 16th of January. This last is a preliminary, which as a friend to the *spirit of the constitution*, I must think myself bound invariably to require.

“ With

“ With respect to myself, I am willing to hope that I have not
 “ been mistaken in the conception I formed of your wishes, by
 “ supposing that it was with Mr. Pitt that you were desirous I
 “ should have a *liberal* and *unreserved intercourse*, and not with
 “ the *head* of an Administration, to which I was merely to bring
 “ an *accession of strength*. But Mr. Pitt’s message places him in an-
 “ other character; and your own good sense will readily suggest to
 “ you, that it was *impossible* for me to suppose that your expecta-
 “ tions extended to a confidential conference with him, as the repre-
 “ sentative of the present Administration.

“ If I had done this, I must have fallen in your esteem (which,
 “ I assure you, is a very serious object to me) as I should have shewn
 “ myself insensible of what is due to the House of Commons.

“ I have unreservedly submitted to you my ideas of the extent of
 “ your expectations. In conformity with those expectations, (Mr.
 “ Pitt having uniformly declined to suggest any expedient on *his*
 “ part) I took the liberty of suggesting an expedient, which I thought
 “ might put us into a situation, in which the intercourse you wished
 “ might take place with *propriety*.

“ I shall be happy to find that my propositions have met with your
 “ approbation; but, in every grant, I hope that my anxiety to me-
 “ rit the partiality you have shewn me, will entitle me to its conti-
 “ nuance. I have the honour to be,

“ with great regard and esteem,

“ S I R,

“ your most faithful and obedient servant,

(Signed)

“ PORTLAND.”

Thomas Grosvenor, Esq.

February 2.] Mr. Grosvenor, in the House of Commons, after re-
 marking that his exertions, and those he acted with, in favour of that
 friendship and harmony, without which no nation can exist, had not
 been attended with success, moved,

“ That it is the opinion of this House, that in the present arduous
 “ and critical situation of affairs, it is necessary to have the exertions
 “ of a firm, efficient, extended, and *united Administration*, entitled
 “ to the confidence of this House and the People; and such as may
 “ have a tendency to put an end to the unfortunate divisions which
 “ at present distract this country.”

Mr.

Mr. James Luttrell seconded the motion, and it was carried without a division.

Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, then moved,

“ That it is the opinion of this House, that the continuance of the present Ministry in power, is an obstacle to the formation of such an Administration as is likely to have the confidence of this House and the people.”

Mr. Minchin seconded the motion.

About twelve o'clock the question was put, and the House divided,

Ayes	-	223
Noes	-	204

Majority against the Minister 19

Motion concerning the Removal of Administration.

February 3.] Mr. Coke, after expressing his disapprobation of the conduct of the present Administration, and regretting the alarming predicament which the country was in for want of a strong and efficient Ministry, begged that the Clerk would read the resolutions which the House had yesterday come to, concerning that matter. The Clerk then read as follows :

“ That it is the opinion of this House, that in the present arduous and critical situation of affairs, it is necessary to have the exertions of a firm, efficient, extended, and united Administration, entitled to the confidence of this House and the People; and such as may have a tendency to put an end to the unfortunate divisions which at present distract this country.”

“ That it is the opinion of this House, that the continuance of the present Ministry in power, is an obstacle to the formation of such an Administration as is likely to have the confidence of this House and the People, and as would have a tendency to put an end to the present divisions that distract the country.”

Mr. Coke then moved, “ That a copy of these resolutions be presented to his Majesty by such Members of the House as are of his Majesty's Privy Council, as expressive of the sense of the House of Commons, on the present alarming situation of public affairs.”

Mr. Welbore Ellis seconded the motion.

At

At twelve o'clock, the question was put, when there appeared for it,

Ayes	-	-	211
Noes	-	-	187

Majority	-	-	24
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In consequence of the foregoing resolutions, the House of Lords on *February 4.*] Came to the following several counteracting resolutions, moved by Lord Effingham, who said, before he read the motion that included the whole of what he meant to propose, he should first desire the Clerk to read the act of the 21st of George the Third, which he did as follows :

“ An act for the establishing an agreement with the East India Company for the payment of 400,000*l.* for the use of the public, in full discharge of all claims on the Company until March 1, 1781, in respect of their territorial acquisitions and revenues, &c.”

Section 26. “ And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That during the continuance of this Act, it shall not be lawful for the said United Company, or their successors, or any of their officers or servants on their account, to accept or otherwise bind the said Company, or their successors, for the payment of any bills of exchange, drawn by any of their officers or servants, at any of their Presidencies in the East Indies, for any sum exceeding the sum of three hundred thousand pounds, exclusive of certificates, to the amount of eight thousand pounds, to the commanders and officers of each of the Company's ships, in the space of one year, without the content and order first had and obtained of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury for the time being, or any three or more of them, or of the High Treasurer for the time being, who are hereby respectively authorised to give such consent, or to make such order thereon, as they shall judge expedient; and every acceptance or engagement made contrary to the true meaning and intent of this Act, shall be null and void to all intents and purposes :”

The noble Lord then desired that a resolution of the House of Lords in the year 1704 might be read, which was in the following words :

Resolved.

“ That it is unconstitutional, and contrary to law for any one branch of the Legislature to assume to itself a right of making any resolutions

“ resolutions which should impede or put a stop to the executive
 “ power of Government as by law established.” The noble Earl then
 desired the resolutions of the House of Commons to be read, which
 were as follows :

December 24, 1783.—(House of Commons.)

Resolved,

“ That the Commissioners of the Treasury ought not to give their
 “ consent to the acceptance of any Bills drawn, or to be drawn from
 “ India, until it shall be made appear to this House, that sufficient
 “ means can be provided for the payment of the same, when they
 “ respectively fall due, by a regular application of the clear effects
 “ of the Company, after discharging in their regular course the cus-
 “ toms, and other sums due to the public, and the current de-
 “ mands upon the Company, or until this House shall otherwise
 “ direct.”

January 16, 1784.—(House of Commons.)

Resolved,

“ (That it having been declared to be the opinion of this House, that,
 “ in the present situation of his Majesty’s dominions, it is peculiarly
 “ necessary, that there should be an Administration which has the
 “ confidence of this House, and the public ; and that the appoint-
 “ ment of his Majesty’s present Ministers were accompanied by cir-
 “ cumstances new and extraordinary, and such as do not conciliate
 “ or engage the confidence of this House) the continuance of the
 “ present Ministers, in trusts of the highest importance and responsi-
 “ bility, is contrary to constitutional principles, and injurious to the
 “ interests of his Majesty and his people.”

Taking all these matters together, and considering the present state of
 affairs, Lord Effingham deemed it incumbent on their Lordships at so
 alarming a crisis, to address the Throne in support of the just, legal, and
 constitutional prerogatives of his Majesty. The King, he said, had
 an undoubted right to appoint his Ministers, and to continue them in
 office so long as he deemed their conduct right, and so long as there
 was no specific charge made against them by Parliament for miscon-
 duct in their public trust. The right honourable gentleman high in
 office, who had been of late much the subject of public conversation,
 and against whom all those resolutions of the House of Commons
 were levelled, stood high in the estimation of the public, and in the
 confidence of his Sovereign. A compliment might be paid with jus-
 tice

tice to his shining abilities, and to his conduct in office; and such panegyric might be mentioned, because the right honourable gentleman was not present. [Here Mr. Pitt, who stood behind the throne, retired, and did not return until the noble Earl had finished.] His Lordship, after paying many compliments to the new First Lord of the Treasury, stated to the House, that the first resolution he should move would be,

Resolved,

“ That for any *one* branch of the Legislature to assume to itself a right of making any resolutions which should impede, or put a stop to the exercise of a power vested in any body of men by Act of Parliament, is unconstitutional.”

If that should meet with their Lordships’ approbation, he meant to move another Resolution, which was,

“ That it is contrary to the letter and spirit of the Constitution for either House of Parliament to pass any Resolution, which may tend to deprive the Crown of its just prerogative in nominating its own servants, or to desire the removal of the executive servants of the Crown, when no charge of neglect or misconduct has been alleged against them.”

His Lordship said, after these motions were agreed to, he should propose an Address to the Throne, grounded upon them. He concluded with moving his first Resolution; at a quarter past eleven the House divided—

Contents	-	-	-	79
Proxies	-	-	-	21—100
Non Contents	-	-	-	44
Proxies	-	-	-	9—53

Majority - - - 47

The other Resolutions were then put, and carried without a division.

February 5. On this day an Address was presented to his Majesty by the House of Lords, to the following purport:

TO THE KING.

“ WE acknowledge, with great satisfaction, the wisdom of our happy Constitution, which places in your Majesty’s hands the undoubted authority of appointing to all the great offices of executive government.

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“ government. We have the firmest reliance in your Majesty's
“ known wisdom and paternal goodness, that you will be anxious to
“ call into, and continue in your service, men the most deserving of
“ the confidence of the Parliament and the public in general.”

“ In this confidence, we beg leave to approach your Majesty with
“ our most earnest assurances that we will, upon all occasions, sup-
“ port your Majesty in the just exercise of those prerogatives which
“ the wisdom of the law has entrusted to your Majesty, for the pre-
“ servation of our lives and properties, and upon the due and unin-
“ terrupted exercise of which must depend the blessings which the
“ people derive from the best of all forms of government.”

To which his Majesty returned the following answer :

“ My Lords,

“ I thank you for this dutiful and loyal address; and I desire you
“ will rest assured that I have no object in the choice of Ministers,
“ but to call into my service men the most deserving of the confi-
“ dence of my Parliament, and of the public in general.

“ I cannot too often repeat my assurances, that my constant study
“ in the exercise of every prerogative entrusted to me by the Consti-
“ tution, is to employ it for the welfare of my people.”

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ROYAL ANSWER.

Lord Viscount Hinchinbrooke reported to the House, that his Ma-
jesty had been waited on with the resolution of the House on Tuesday
last, and had been graciously pleased to give for answer, “ That he
would take them into his consideration.”

February 16.] The House came to the following Resolutions,
moved by Lord Beauchamp, and seconded by Sir Grey Cooper, which
passed without a division.

1. “ That this House hath not assumed to itself any right to sus-
“ pend the execution of the law.

2. “ That it is constitutional and agreeable to usage, for the House
“ of Commons to declare their sense and opinions, respecting the
“ exercise of every discretionary power, which, whether by act of
“ Parliament or otherwise, is vested in any body of men whatever
“ for public service.

3. “ That

3. " That it is a duty peculiarly incumbent upon this House, entrusted by the constitution with the sole and separate grant of the public money, to watch over, and by their timely admonitions and interference, to endeavour to prevent the rash and precipitate exercise of any power however vested, which may be attended with any danger to public credit, or with heavy losses to the revenue and consequently burthens upon the people.

4. " That the Resolution of the 24th of December last, which declared the sense and opinion of this House, " That the Commissioners of the Treasury ought not to give their consent to the acceptance of any bills drawn or to be drawn from India, until it shall be made appear to this House, that sufficient means can be provided for the payment of the same, when they respectively fall due, by a regular application of the clear effects of the Company, after discharging in their regular course the customs and other sums due to the public, and the current demands upon the Company ; or until this House shall otherwise direct,"—was constitutional, founded in a sense of duty towards the people of this kingdom, and dictated by a becoming anxiety for the preservation of the revenue and the support of the public credit.

5. " That if this House had, in the unsettled state of the East India Company, which was and still is under the consideration of Parliament, in order to form some provisions for the relief of that Company and the security of the public, neglected to pass the said resolution of the 24th of December, to guard against a new charge, to a very considerable amount being rashly incurred before any means of answering it had been stated or provided ; they would have been justly and highly responsible to their constituents for the increase of those evils and difficulties which are already too severely felt.

6. " That this House will, with the utmost moderation, but with the most decided firmness, maintain inviolably the principles of the constitution, and will persevere in the diligent and conscientious discharge of the duties which they owe to their constituents, and to their posterity, equally solicitous to preserve their own privileges, and to avoid any encroachments on those of either of the other branches of the Legislature."

February 18.] Mr. Pitt informed the House, " That his Majesty, after considering the present situation of public affairs, had not dis-

" missed his Ministers, nor had those Ministers resigned." This opinion he gave officially to the House, as one in his Majesty's confidence, and the House were to understand it as the Royal opinion.

February 20.] A motion was made by Mr. Powys, and seconded by Sir Horace Mann,

" That this House, impressed with the most dutiful sense of his Majesty's paternal regard for the welfare of his people, relies on his Majesty's royal wisdom to take such measures by removing the obstacle to the formation of such an Administration as this House has declared necessary, and may tend to give effect to the wishes of his faithful Commons, which have been most humbly represented to his Majesty, and which his Majesty has been graciously pleased to assure this House, that he will take into his consideration."

The House divided,

Ayes	-	197
Noes	-	177

Majority against the Ministry ————20

During the division, several Members in the lobby desired Mr. Fox to bring forward directly (as Ministry had *dared* him to it) the same resolution in form of an Address to the Throne.

Mr. Fox promised he would; and on the Speaker resuming his seat, he, after a short preface, moved the same resolution in form of an Address.

Mr. Fox then moved, " That the Address be presented by the whole House.

Mr. Marsham seconded it, and on the question being put, it was carried without a division.

Mr. Fox then moved, " That such of the Members as were of his Majesty's Privy Council do wait on his Majesty to know when he would receive the Address," which was also carried.

The foregoing Resolutions were then drawn up in form of an Address, and the same was, on the 27th February, presented by the whole House. To which his Majesty returned the following Answer :

" Gentlemen,

" I am deeply sensible how highly it concerns the honour of my Crown, and the welfare of my people, which is the object always nearest my heart, that the public affairs should be conducted by a firm, efficient, united, and extended administration, entitled to the confidence of my people, and such as may have a tendency to
" put

“ put an end to the unhappy divisions and distractions in this country. Very recent endeavours have already been employed, on my part, to unite in the public service, on a fair and equal footing, those whose joint efforts appear to me most capable of producing that happy effect: these endeavours have not had the success I wished. I shall be always desirous of taking every step most conducive to such an object; but I cannot see that it would, in any degree, be advanced, by the dismissal of those at present in my service.

“ I observe, at the same time, that there is no charge, or complaint, suggested against my present Ministers, nor is any one or more of them specifically objected to; and numbers of my subjects have expressed to me, in the warmest manner, their satisfaction in the late changes I have made in my councils. Under these circumstances, I trust, my faithful Commons will not wish that the essential offices of executive government should be vacated, until I see a prospect that such a plan of union as I have called for, and they have pointed out, may be carried into effect.”

The House having returned, and being resumed, Lord Beauchamp moved, “ that the consideration of the King’s Answer should be postponed until Monday March 1,” which was seconded by Mr. Minchen,—put and carried *nem. con.*

He then moved, “ that the House do adjourn to the same day;” on the question there appeared,

Ayes	-	-	175
Noes	-	-	168
Majority	-	-	7

March 1.] This day there was another meeting of the Country Gentlemen at the St. Alban’s Tavern, when the Hon. Charles Marsham and Mr. Powys stated to the company the circumstances of the negotiation, which they had conducted for some days past, and which had unhappily concluded with as little success as the former endeavours of that body. They said, that when the Duke of Portland delivered his final answer, that he could not meet Mr. Pitt, until he had shewn a disposition to comply with the wishes of the House of Commons, either by an actual or virtual resignation; and that Mr. Pitt had peremptorily declared, that he would do neither the one nor the other as a preliminary to negotiation. It was thought that an expedient might be found to clear the ground, and bring them to an interview, without

without any concession of principle, but only by a concession of mode. With this view it was, that a message was sent from his Majesty to the Duke of Portland, intimating "his Majesty's earnest desire, that "his Grace should have a personal conference with Mr. Pitt, for the "purpose of forming a *new Administration* on a *wide basis*, and on *fair* "and *EQUAL* terms."—This message was considered by the Duke of Portland as a removal of the previous obstacle, since, though it was not a declaration on the part of Mr. Pitt, it was tantamount to a virtual resignation. The Preliminaries of the conference were next to be considered; and here an objection presented itself, which called for the explanation of a term in the message.—His Grace could have no objection to the word *fair*—it was a general term, and he and Mr. Pitt might in framing the arrangement mutually, discuss what they considered to be fair; but the other term in the message, the word *equal*, was a more specific and limited term; it might be construed variously, and his Grace thought it necessary, as a preliminary to negotiation, that Mr. Pitt should explain precisely what he meant by the word *equal*. In answer to this, Mr. Pitt said, in a message, that there was no occasion, in his mind, of entering into any explanation of the term, as it could be best explained in a personal conference. The Duke of Portland replied to the negotiators, that it was impossible for him to agree to any personal conference on a preliminary message, the terms of which the author refused to explain. Mr. Pitt persevered in his resolution not to explain the word, and here the negotiation broke off. On this statement of the case Mr. Marsham and Mr. Powys delivered their sentiments, and a Resolution was prepared and adopted by the Meeting to the following effect:

"That it was the sense of that body, that parties in the present
 "circumstances of the country, when an union on a broad and com-
 "prehensive basis was declared on all hands to be necessary, should
 "not suffer *verbal* objections, and matters of ceremony and explana-
 "tion, to prevent them from meeting it; that it would not be either
 "dishonourable or improper in them to concede such points; and that
 "that Meeting should declare its approbation of those who manifested
 "the greatest readiness in making such concession."—This resolution was communicated to both parties before the meeting of the House of Commons.

Upon

Upon the meeting, Mr. Fox, after moving, that his Majesty's answer to the address from the House should be read, the same being read by the Clerk, moved,

" That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, most
 " humbly to represent to his Majesty the satisfaction his faithful
 " Commons derive from the late most gracious assurances we have
 " received, that his Majesty concurs with us in opinion, that it con-
 " cerns the honour of his Crown, and the welfare of his people, that
 " the public affairs should be conducted by a firm, efficient, extend-
 " ed, united administration, entitled to the confidence of his people,
 " and such as may have a tendency to put an end to the unhappy di-
 " visions and distractions of this country.

" To acknowledge his Majesty's paternal goodness, in his late most
 " gracious endeavours to give effect to the object of our late dutiful
 " representation to his Majesty.

" To lament that the failure of these his Majesty's most gracious
 " endeavours should be considered as a final bar to the accomplishment
 " of so salutary and desirable a purpose; and to express our concern
 " and disappointment, that his Majesty has not been advised to take
 " any further step towards uniting in the public service, those whose
 " joint efforts have recently appeared to his Majesty most capable of
 " producing so happy an effect.

" That this House, with all humility, claims it as their right,
 " and, on every proper occasion, feels it to be their bounden duty to
 " advise his Majesty in the exercise of his undoubted prerogative in
 " the choice of Ministers, and to express to his Majesty, when the
 " persons whom he may please to call into the public service have not
 " the confidence of this House, without being bounden to signify spe-
 " cific reasons for their opinion.

" And to express to his Majesty their humble hope, that on a re-
 " consideration of their late Address, such a plan of union as his Ma-
 " jesty hath called for, and we have pointed out, may, by the re-
 " moval of the present Ministers, yet be carried into effect."

Mr. Fox made an apology for moving the Address as it might be supposed, by those who knew him not, that he had personal motives in so doing; but when the House considered what his situation in office must be in coming in again, he supposed no man would envy him that situation.

Lord

Lord Surrey seconded the motion.

On a division, there appeared for the Address,

Ayes	-	201
Noes	-	189

Majority 12

Mr. Fox then moved, "That such of the Members as were of the Privy Council should wait on his Majesty, to know when he would be pleased to receive the Address." Afterwards he moved, "That it should be presented by the whole House," which was agreed to."

March 4.] On this day, the House met merely for the purpose of doing the private business, previous to their attending his Majesty. At three o'clock, the House was adjourned for an hour, during which time the Speaker, accompanied by several Members, went to St. James's to present the following Address:

TO THE KING.

" WE your Majesty's faithful Commons, approach your Throne most humbly to represent to your Majesty the satisfaction your faithful Commons derive from the late most gracious assurances we have received, that your Majesty concurs with us in opinion, that it concerns the honour of your Crown, and the welfare of your people, that the public affairs should be conducted by a firm, efficient, extended, united Administration, entitled to the confidence of your people, and such as may have a tendency to put an end to the unhappy divisions and distractions of this country.

" We acknowledge your Majesty's paternal goodness, in your late most gracious endeavours to give effect to the object of our late dutiful representation to your Majesty,

" We lament that the failure of this your Majesty's most gracious endeavours should be considered as a final bar to the accomplishment of so salutary and desirable a purpose; and to express our concern and disappointment, that your Majesty has not been advised to take any farther step towards uniting in the public service those whose joint efforts have recently appeared to your Majesty most capable of producing so happy an effect.

" Your faithful Commons, with all humility, claim it as their right, and, on every proper occasion, feel it to be their bounden
" duty

“ duty to advise your Majesty touching the exercise of any branch of
 “ your royal prerogative.

“ We submit it to your Majesty’s royal consideration, that the
 “ continuance of an Administration, which does not possess the con-
 “ fidence of the representatives of the people, must be injurious to
 “ the public service.

“ We beg leave further to say, that your faithful Commons can
 “ have no interest distinct and separate from that of our constituents,
 “ and that we therefore feel ourselves called upon to repeat those
 “ loyal and dutiful assurances we have already expressed of our re-
 “ liance on your Majesty’s paternal regard for the welfare of your
 “ people, that your Majesty would graciously enable us to execute
 “ those important trusts which the Constitution has vested in us,
 “ with honour to ourselves and advantage to the public, by the for-
 “ mation of a new Administration, appointed under circumstances
 “ which may tend to conciliate the minds of your faithful Commons,
 “ and give energy and stability to your Majesty’s Councils.

“ Your Majesty’s faithful Commons, upon the maturest delibera-
 “ tion, cannot but consider the continuance of the present Ministers
 “ as an unwarrantable obstacle to your Majesty’s most gracious
 “ purpose, to comply with our wishes in the formation of such an
 “ Administration as your Majesty, in concurrence with the unanimous
 “ Resolution of your faithful Commons, seems to think requisite in
 “ the present exigences of this country. We feel ourselves bound to
 “ remain firm in the wish expressed to your Majesty in our late hum-
 “ ble Address, and do therefore find ourselves obliged again to be-
 “ seech your Majesty, that you would be graciously pleased to lay
 “ the foundation of a strong and stable government, by the previous
 “ removal of your present Ministers.”

To which his Majesty returned the following Answer :

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

“ I have already expressed to you how sensible I am of the advan-
 “ tage to be derived from such an Administration as was pointed out
 “ in your unanimous Resolution ; and I assure you that I was desi-
 “ rous of taking every step most conducive to such an object. I
 “ retain the same sentiments—but I continue equally convinced that
 “ it was an object not likely to be obtained by the dismissal of the
 “ present Ministry. I must repeat that no charge of complaint, nor
 “ any specific objection is yet made against any of them.”

“ If there was any such ground for their removal at present, it
 “ ought to be equally a reason for not admitting them as a part of
 “ that extended and united Administration which you state to be re-
 “ quisite.

“ I did not consider the failure of my recent endeavours as a final
 “ bar to the accomplishment of the purpose which I have in view, if it
 “ could have been attained on those principles of fairness and equality,
 “ without which it can neither be honourable to those who are con-
 “ cerned, nor lay the foundation of such a strong and stable Govern-
 “ ment, as may be of lasting advantage to the country. But I know
 “ of no further steps which I can take that are likely to remove the
 “ difficulties which obstruct that desirable end.

“ I have never called in question the right of my faithful Com-
 “ mons to offer me their advice, on every proper occasion, touching
 “ the exercise of any branch of my prerogative. I shall be ready at
 “ all times to receive it, and give it the most attentive consideration :
 “ they will ever find me disposed to shew my regard to the true
 “ principles of the Constitution, and take such measures as may best
 “ conduce to the satisfaction and prosperity of my people.”

March 5.] Sir George Yonge moved, “ That the order of the
 day for going into a Committee on the *Mutiny* Bill be then read.”

Mr. Fox opposed it, upon the ground that it would be improper to
 proceed upon it until the Royal Answer had been taken into consid-
 eration, which was fixed for Monday. He therefore moved, “ That
 “ the House do on Monday next form itself into a Committee on the
 “ said Bill.”

The House divided for the motion of adjourning the order of the
 day to Monday.

For the question	171
Against it - -	162

Majority against the Minister - 9

March 8.] Mr. Fox moved,

“ That an humble Representation be presented to his Majesty, most
 “ humbly to testify the surprize and affliction of this House, on re-
 “ ceiving the Answer which his Majesty's Ministers have advised to
 “ the dutiful and seasonable Address of this House, concerning one
 “ of the most important acts of his Majesty's government.

“ To

“ To express our concern, that when his Majesty’s paternal goodness has graciously inclined his Majesty to be sensible of the advantage to be derived from such an Administration as was pointed out in our Resolution, his Majesty should still be induced to prefer the opinions of individuals to the repeated advice of the representatives of his people, in Parliament assembled, with respect to the means of obtaining so desirable an end.

“ To represent to his Majesty, that a preference of this nature is as injurious to the true interests of the Crown, as it is wholly repugnant to the spirit of our free Constitution: That systems, founded on such a preference, are not, in truth, entirely new to this country: That they have been the characteristic features of those unfortunate reigns, the maxims of which are now justly and universally exploded; while his Majesty and his royal progenitors have been fixed in the hearts of their people, and have commanded the respect and admiration of all the nations of the earth, by a constant and uniform attention to the advice of their Commons, however adverse such advice may have been to the opinions of the executive servants of the Crown.

“ To assure his Majesty, that we neither have disputed, nor mean in any instance to dispute, much less to deny, his Majesty’s undoubted prerogative of appointing to the executive offices of State such persons as to his Majesty’s wisdom may seem meet; but at the same time that we must, with all humility, again submit to his Majesty’s Royal wisdom, that no Administration, however legally appointed, can serve his Majesty and the public with effect, which does not enjoy the confidence of this House: That in his Majesty’s present Administration we cannot confide; the circumstances under which it was constituted, and the grounds upon which it continues, have created just suspicions in the breasts of his faithful Commons, that principles are adopted and views entertained unfriendly to the privileges of this House, and to the freedom of our excellent Constitution: That we have made no charge against any of them, because it is their removal, and not their punishment, which we have desired; and that we humbly conceive we are warranted, by the ancient usage of this House, to desire such removal, without making any charge whatever: That confidence may be very prudently withheld, where no criminal process can be properly instituted: That although we have made no criminal

“ charge against any individual of his Majesty’s Ministers, yet, with
 “ all humility, we do conceive that we have stated to his Majesty
 “ distinct objections, and very forcible reasons against their conti-
 “ nuance : That with regard to the propriety of admitting either the
 “ present Ministers, or any other persons, as a part of that extended
 “ and united Administration which his Majesty, in concurrence with
 “ the sentiments of this House, considers as requisite ; it is a point
 “ upon which we are too well acquainted with the bounds of our
 “ duty to presume to offer any advice to his Majesty, well knowing
 “ it to be the undoubted prerogative of his Majesty to appoint his Mini-
 “ sters, without any previous advice from either House of Parliament ;
 “ and our duty humbly to offer to his Majesty our advice, when such
 “ appointments shall appear to us to be prejudicial to the public service.
 “ To acknowledge, with gratitude, his Majesty’s goodness, in not
 “ considering the failure of his recent endeavours as a final bar to the
 “ accomplishment of the gracious purpose which his Majesty has in
 “ view ; and to express the great concern and mortification with which
 “ we find ourselves obliged to declare, that the consolation, which
 “ we should naturally have derived from his Majesty’s most gracious
 “ disposition, is considerably abated, by understanding that his Ma-
 “ jesty’s advisers have not thought fit to suggest to his Majesty any
 “ farther steps to remove the difficulties which obstruct so desirable
 “ an end.

“ To recall to his Majesty’s recollection, that his faithful Commons
 “ have already submitted to his Majesty, most humbly, but most
 “ distinctly, their opinion upon this subject ; that they can have no
 “ interests but those of his Majesty and of their Constituents ;
 “ whereas it is needless to suggest to his Majesty’s wisdom and
 “ discernment, that individual advisers may be actuated by very dif-
 “ ferent motives.

“ To express our most unfeigned gratitude for his Majesty’s royal
 “ assurances, that he does not call in question the right of this House
 “ to offer their advice to his Majesty on every proper occasion, touch-
 “ ing the exercise of any branch of his royal prerogative, and of his
 “ Majesty’s readiness at all times to receive such advice, and to give
 “ it the most attentive consideration.

“ To declare, that we recognize in these gracious expressions, those
 “ excellent and constitutional sentiments, which we have ever been
 “ accustomed to hear from the Throne, since the glorious era of the
 “ Revolution,

“ Revolution, and which have peculiarly characterised his Majesty
 “ and the Princes of his illustrious House; but to lament that these
 “ most gracious expressions, while they inspire us with additional af-
 “ fection and gratitude towards his Majesty’s Royal Person, do not a
 “ little contribute to increase our suspicions of those men, who have
 “ advised his Majesty, in direct contradiction to these assurances, to
 “ neglect the advice of his Commons, and to retain in his service an
 “ Administration, whose continuance in office we have so repeatedly
 “ and so distinctly condemned.

“ To represent to his Majesty, that it has anciently been the prac-
 “ tice of this House, to with-hold supplies until grievances were re-
 “ dressed; and that, if we were to follow this course in the present
 “ conjuncture, we should be warranted in our proceeding, as well by
 “ the most approved precedents, as by the spirit of the Constitution
 “ itself; but if, in consideration of the very peculiar exigencies of the
 “ times, we should be induced to wave for the present the exercise,
 “ in this instance, of our undoubted, legal, and constitutional mode
 “ of obtaining redress, that we humbly implore his Majesty not to
 “ impute our forbearance to any want of sincerity in our complaints,
 “ or distrust in the justice of our cause.

“ That we know, and are sure, that the prosperity of his Majesty’s
 “ dominions in former times has been, under Divine Providence,
 “ owing to the harmony which has for near a century prevailed un-
 “ interruptedly between the Crown and this House: That we are
 “ convinced that there is no way to extricate this country from its
 “ present difficulties, but by pursuing the same system to which we
 “ have been indebted, at various periods of our history, for our suc-
 “ cesses abroad, and which is at all times so necessary for our tran-
 “ quility at home: That we feel the continuance of the present Ad-
 “ ministration to be an innovation upon that happy system: That
 “ we cannot but expect from their existence, under the displeasure
 “ of this House, every misfortune naturally incident to a weak and
 “ distracted government: That if we had concealed from his Majesty
 “ our honest sentiments upon this important crisis, we should have
 “ been in some degree responsible for the mischiefs which are but
 “ too certain to ensue.

“ That we have done our duty to his Majesty and our constituents,
 “ in pointing out the evil, and in humbly imploring redress: That
 “ the blame and responsibility must now lie wholly upon those who
 “ have

“ have presumed to advise his Majesty to act in contradiction to the
 “ uniform maxims which have hitherto governed the conduct of his
 “ Majesty, as well as every other Prince of his illustrious House,
 “ upon those who have disregarded the opinions and neglected the ad-
 “ monitions of the representatives of his people; and who have
 “ thereby attempted to set up a new system of executive administra-
 “ tion, which, wanting the confidence of this House, and acting in
 “ defiance to our resolution, must prove at once inadequate by its
 “ inefficiency to the necessary objects of government, and dangerous
 “ by its example to the liberties of the people.”

At half past twelve o'clock the House divided, when there appeared
 for the motion,

Ayes	-	-	-	191
Noes	-	-	-	190

Majority	-	-	-	1
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This day [*March 8*] there was another meeting of the Country Gentle-
 men at the St. Alban's Tavern, for the purpose of trying one effort more
 to bring the Duke of Portland and Mr. Pitt together. The ground of
 this last endeavour was, that as Mr. Pitt in his answer to the request
 of the Duke of Portland, to explain the meaning of the preliminary
 term “*equal*,” before they should meet to negotiate an union, said
 that the term would be best explained in a personal conference, they
 thought it their duty, as the last effort, to try to prevail on his Grace
 to agree to meet Mr. Pitt for the express purpose of hearing his expla-
 nation of this term in his preliminary message. The Duke of Port-
 land, by his letter, consented to the meeting, which was broke off
 on the old ground of objection; upon which the Country Gentlemen
 determined to support Mr. Fox's motion for the Representation to
 the King, since all prospect of union was at an end.

March 9.] The order of the day was read for the House to go
 into a Committee on the Mutiny Bill, on which the Speaker quitted
 the chair, and the House resolved itself into a Committee, Sir George
 Howard in the chair.

Sir George Yonge moved, “ That these words be inserted, ‘ from the
 “ 24th of March, 1784, until the 24th of March, 1785,” on which
 the motion was put and agreed to. On the 15th it passed the
 House of Lords, and on the 24th received the Royal Assent.

March

March 12.] On a motion for a Parliamentary Reform, made by Mr. Sawbridge, and seconded by Mr. Alderman Newnham, the House divided.

Noes	-	-	141
Ayes	-	-	93

Majority against a Reform 48

HOUSE OF LORDS. PROROGATION.

March 24.] His Majesty being seated on the Throne, the Commons were sent for, and being come with their Speaker, his Majesty gave the Royal Assent to seventeen public and six private Bills, after which his Majesty made the following most gracious Speech from the Throne :

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ In a full consideration of the present situation of affairs, and of the extraordinary circumstances which have produced it, I am induced to put an end to this session of Parliament: I feel it a duty, which I owe to the constitution and to the country in such a situation, to recur as speedily as possible to the sense of my people, by calling a new Parliament.

“ I trust that this measure will tend to obviate the mischiefs arising from the unhappy divisions and distractions which have lately subsisted; and that the various important objects which will require consideration may be afterwards proceeded upon with less interruption and with happier effect.

“ I can have no other object, but to preserve the true principles of our free and happy Constitution, and to employ the powers entrusted to me by law, for the only end for which they were given, the good of my people.”

Then the Earl of Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, Speaker of the House of Lords, by his Majesty's command, said,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ It is his Majesty's royal will and pleasure, that this Parliament be prorogued to Tuesday the 6th day of April next, to be then here
“ holden ;

“ holden ; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Tuesday
“ the 6th day of April next.”

D I S S O L U T I O N.

MARCH 25.

By the K I N G,

A P R O C L A M A T I O N,

For dissolving this present Parliament, and declaring the calling of
another.

G E O R G E R.

“ WHEREAS we have thought fit, by and with the advice of our
“ Privy Council, to dissolve this present Parliament, which now
“ stands prorogued to Tuesday the sixth day of April next. We
“ do, for that end, publish this our Royal Proclamation, and do
“ hereby dissolve the said Parliament accordingly ; And the Lords
“ Spiritual and Temporal, and the Knights, Citizens, and Burgessees,
“ and the Commissioners for Shires and Burghs of the House of
“ Common, are discharged from their meeting and attendance
“ on Tuesday the said sixth day of April next. And we being
“ desirous and resolved as soon as may be, to meet our people, and
“ to have their advice in Parliament, do hereby make known to all
“ our loving subjects, our Royal will and pleasure to call a new Par-
“ liament. And do hereby further declare, that, with the advice of
“ our Privy Council, we have, this day, given our order to our
“ Chancellor of Great Britain to issue our writs, in due form, for
“ calling a new Parliament ; which writs are to bear teste on *Friday*
“ *the twenty-sixth of this instant March*, and to be returnable on *Tues-*
“ *day the eighteenth day of May following*.

“ Given at our Court at the Queen’s House, the 25th day of
“ March, 1784, in the 24th year of our reign.”

G O D save the K I N G.

As



Arch 26th by W. Humphrey N° 227 Strand. 1784.

[illegible]

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As the different Meetings of the Electors of Westminster, for the Purpose of addressing his Majesty on the Removal of the late Portland Administration, form a Kind of Key to subsequent Election Manœuvres, we have thought it expedient to insert the following Chain of Events that occurred in this Business, previous to the Dissolution of Parliament.

On Thursday evening, the 29th of January, 1784, at six o'clock, summonses were issued for calling a meeting of the Court of Burgesses for the next day at twelve o'clock at noon, at Guildhall, Westminster.—At which meeting the following Address was unanimously agreed to:

To the KING's Most Excellent Majesty.

The humble Address of the Dean, High Steward, Deputy Steward, two Chief Burgesses, Burgesses, Assistant Burgesses, and other Householdors of the City and Liberty of Westminster.

Most Gracious Sovereign,

" We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Dean, High Steward, Deputy Steward, two Chief Burgesses, Burgesses, Assistant Burgesses, and other Householdors of the City and Liberty of Westminster, beg leave to approach your Throne with the most zealous assurances of loyalty to your person, family, and government.

" It was with the utmost concern that we beheld an attempt made by your Majesty's late Ministers to deprive a great Commercial Company of their chartered rights, by the bill brought into Parliament, which, had it passed into a law, would have been a dangerous precedent, and created a new executive power unknown to the Constitution of this country.

" We most sincerely thank your Majesty for the dismissal of those Ministers from their employments, and assure your Majesty that we have great confidence in the principles of the present Administration; and that whilst they pursue measures conducive to the honour of the Crown, and the true interests of their country, they may safely rely on the support of the people."

In consequence of the above resolution, copies of the above Address were, late on Friday evening circulated in different parts of Westminster for signature; hand-bills were dispersed on Saturday morning, informing the inhabitants that the Address was left for that purpose at the Guildhall; and though the notice was so short, and Sunday intervened, yet by Monday at eleven o'clock it was signed by 2834 householders of Westminster.

This Address was afterwards presented at St. James's by the Deputy High Steward of Westminster, the High Steward, his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, having apologized for his non-attendance on account of illness.—Sir Cecil Wray accompanied the Deputy High Steward to Court on this occasion.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

To the Worthy Independent Electors of the City of Westminster,

The Monthly Meeting of the Independent Electors of Westminster being fixed for this day, the 5th of February, the honour of your company is earnestly requested at the Shakespeare Tavern, Covent Garden, at eight o'clock in the evening.

S T E W A R D S.

Lord Edward Bentinck,
Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart.
Thomas Byron, Esq.

Mr. Hodgson,
Mr. Mr. Gregory, and
Mr. Blackmore.

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WEST-

WESTMINSTER MEETING.

February 6.] Last night there was the most numerous meeting ever held of the Electors of Westminster, at the Shakespeare Tavern, and we can with justice say, it was equally respectable. Among the number present were the following Peers and Commoners:

The Honourable Mr. Fox, Lord George Henry Cavendish, Lord Derby, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Edward Bentinck, Lord Robert Spencer, Lord Surrey, Honourable Mr. John Townshend, Sir Charles Bunbury, Sir Godfrey Webster, Sir Cecil Wray, Sir John Ramsden, Sir Richard Ryecroft, Sir Henry Featherstone, General Burgoyne, Colonel Fitzpatrick, Colonel Stanhope, Colonel Hartley, Major Hartley, Mr. Hartley, Mr. Byng, Mr. Jervoise Clarke Jervoise, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. John Lee, Mr. Beckford, Mr. Crewe, Mr. Pelham, and Mr. Burke.

Sir Cecil Wray was called on to explain his conduct relative to the part he had taken in presenting the smuggled Address, said to contain the sentiments of the Dean and Burgesses of Westminster. He declared, that he thought it his duty at all times when called on by his constituents to obey them; but with respect to the Address in question, he never saw it until he was in the Presence Chamber at St. James's. He had said in the House of Commons it was signed by 4000 Electors; but he found on enquiry it was signed only by 2800 persons; but whether they were Electors he was not certain. He was then called on to know whether he thought that Address spoke the sense of a majority of his constituents? After some hesitation, he said it contained *his* sense and he believed it did *that* of his constituents. The company present seemed not to relish the part he had taken, and expressed their disapprobation in *not the most polite manner*.

When Mr. Fox came in he was called on by Mr. Baldwin to know the reason why he did not attend to carry up that Address, and to explain to the company whether he was applied to for the purpose?

Mr. Fox said, so far from being called on to carry up the Address; unless by common rumour, he never heard of it until Sir Cecil Wray mentioned it in the House of Commons; and however it might appear, he must confess the *obscurity of the Court* was such, that he did not know where it was held. He knew the Dean perfectly well; and he could assure the company, that he not only declared his ignorance, but his *disapprobation* of the transaction. The High Steward (the Duke of Newcastle) was also at too great a distance to know any thing of the matter; therefore the Address, said to be of the Dean and Burgesses, had neither the consent of either the Dean or High Steward. The right honourable gentleman afterwards entered very minutely into in a recapitulation of his conduct, and appealed to the company whether it met with their approbation.

An Elector wished to put the question to the company, *whether they approved of Sir Cecil Wray's conduct?* On which Mr. Fox very politely remarked, that his worthy colleague being then absent*, it would not be fair or just to arraign his conduct; for which purpose he could wish the gentleman to withdraw his question; but he still persisting, Mr. Byng exhorted the Elector to consider that it was unusual in any place to discuss a person's character without his being present, or having had notice to assemble his friends. He desired the gentleman to consider, that a conduct of that sort would be exactly similar to what Mr. Fox and his friends reprobated; it would be the exact steps that were used to censure his conduct in Middlesex, but which he had, by exertion, entirely defeated. He requested, that all the proceedings of Mr. Fox's friends might be *open and manly*, and not *dark and secret*, like his enemies.

The gentleman seeing the impropriety of the measure, very readily withdrew it.

Mr. Sheridan remarked, that it had been hinted as a proper measure to procure a counter Address to the smuggled one presented, and to have it *handed about* to be signed; he thought such a step would not be so open and manly as to call by public advertisement.

* Sir Cecil had left the Court before this question was put.

a meeting for the purpose; and therefore, with the consent of the company he would move for one, and then it would be seen whether his right honourable friend's conduct was such as his enemies were daily insinuating.

The Earl of Surrey, Earl of Derby, Mr. Burke, and several others spoke; the meeting broke up, after coming to the following Resolutions:

Resolved unanimously,

“ That it is the opinion of this meeting, that any Address, assuming signatures without the express consent of the parties, attained by private solicitation without public notice, is contrary to the usual, open, and constitutional mode of addressing the Throne, and is an imposition on the country.

Resolved unanimously,

“ That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the parliamentary conduct of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox has been consonant to the practice and principles of the Constitution, as established at the glorious Revolution; and such as to entitle him to the continuance of the perfect esteem and confidence of his constituents.”

Thomas Byron, Esq. having taken the Chair, it was resolved unanimously,

“ That a General Meeting of the Electors of the City of Westminster be called by public advertisement in all the papers, to be held in Westminster Hall, on Tuesday next, at twelve o'clock, in order to consider of an humble Address to his Majesty, upon the present state of public affairs.”

They chose the following gentlemen as Stewards for the next meeting:

General Burgoyne,	Mr. Harrope,
Colonel Stanhope,	Mr. Kendall,
Jervoise Clerk Jervoise	Mr. Austin.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of the Electors of Westminster, assembled at the Shakespeare Tavern, Covent Garden, on Thursday February 5, 1784,

THOMAS BYRON, Esq. in the Chair,

The following Resolutions were proposed, and passed unanimously.

Resolved, that it is the opinion of this meeting, that any Address, assuming signatures without the express consent of the parties, or obtained by private solicitation without public notice, is contrary to the usual, open, and constitutional mode of addressing the Crown, and an imposition on the country.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the parliamentary conduct of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox has been consonant to the practice and principles as established at the glorious Revolution, and such as to entitle him to the continuance and perfect esteem and confidence of his constituents.

THOMAS BYRON, Chairman.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

At a meeting of the Independent Electors of Westminster, on Thursday night, the 5th of February, at the Shakespeare Tavern, Covent Garden,

THOMAS BYRON, Esq. in the Chair,

It was, among various other motions, unanimously resolved, That a general meeting of the Electors of the city of Westminster, be called by public advertisement in all the newspapers, to be held at Westminster Hall, on Tuesday next, at twelve o'clock, in order to consider of an humble Address to his Majesty, upon the present state of public affairs.

THOMAS BYRON, Chairman.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

It being found, on enquiry, that it is absolutely impossible to have the Hall on the day above mentioned, or for some days afterwards, the Chairman finds himself under the necessity of fixing on some other place, or on a later day, of which due notice shall be given in the public papers.

February 6th, 1784.

THOMAS BYRON, Chairman.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

General Meeting of the Electors of Westminster.

The sittings of the courts of justice having made it necessary to postpone the meeting of the Electors of Westminster, as originally proposed, for Tuesday the 10th instant, notice is hereby given, that the said meeting will be held on Saturday next, the 14th, at twelve o'clock, being the first day in which the Hall will be disengaged, when the Independent Electors are requested to attend, in order to consider of an humble Address to his Majesty, on the present critical situation of public affairs.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

The moment the resolves of the meeting at the Shakespeare, on Thursday night last, were made known, many Electors of Westminster, who had taken an active part in the late Address to his Majesty, determined to attend the meeting called for on Tuesday next, in Westminster Hall, in order to avow and justify every step they had taken in that business.

In consequence of a mistake being discovered, the Chairman of the Shakespeare meeting has revoked the invitation for Tuesday, intending to fix on some other place, or to put it off to a later day.

This it is trusted, will not prevent the Electors of Westminster from meeting in the Court of Requests, Westminster Hall, to-morrow, the 10th instant, by half after eleven, in order publicly and temperately to consider of measures proper to be taken in the present unhappy situation of affairs.

MANY ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

To the Worthy Electors of the City of Westminster.

As it appears to be the determination of the friends of the general meeting of the Electors of Westminster, to be held fairly and openly in Westminster Hall, on Saturday next, at twelve o'clock, to take no notice of the scurrilous and inflammatory hand-bills, circulated by the supporters of the late Address from the High Steward and Court of Burgeses, an impartial Elector desires only to draw the attention of the candid and independent inhabitants of this city to the different conduct of the two parties. By one side, a general and public meeting, agreeable to the usage and practice in this city, is appealed to, and the first day on which Westminster Hall can be had (the only proper place for such a meeting) is fixed on. By the other side, a new and extraordinary device is practised, of privately voting an Address from the High Steward of Westminster, the Dean, and a certain Court of Burgeses, who or what they are no man knows! On one side again we hear of no violence in the proceeding, but, on the contrary, a decent and

and respectful advertisement, calling impartially on all the Electors, is put forth, and every thing is done, at the meeting where it originates, to discourage tumult, and to protect from insult those who differ in opinion from that meeting. On the other side, a partial and anonymous meeting is attempted to be obtained by a trick in the Court of Requests; the most abusive and inflammatory hand-bills are sent about, and the declared object is, that a smuggled Address, obtained by private management, shall be supported by direct and open tumult. It would be an affront to the good sense of the Electors of Westminster to ask which party proceeds in the fairest manner, or on which side there seems a consciousness of a rotten cause?

February 10th, 1784.

AN IMPARTIAL ELECTOR.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

At a very numerous and most respectable public meeting of the Electors of the City and Liberties of Westminster, holden (in pursuance of a public advertisement) this 10th day of February, 1784, in the Court of Requests in Westminster Hall,

Sir CECIL WRAY, Bart. in the Chair,

1st. Resolved (with less than ten dissentients)

“ That the following Address to his Majesty, (moved by Lord Viscount Mahon, and seconded by Sir Robert Smythe, Bart.) be approved of by the meeting :

To the KING's Most Excellent Majesty,

The humble Address of the Electors of the City and Liberties of Westminster.

Most gracious Sovereign,

“ We your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster, beg leave to approach your Throne with the most zealous assurances of loyalty to your person, family, and government.

“ It was with the utmost concern that we beheld an attempt made by your Majesty's late Ministers to deprive a great commercial company of their chartered rights, by the bill brought into Parliament; which, had it passed into a law, would have been a dangerous precedent, and created a new executive power unknown to the Constitution of this country.

“ We most sincerely thank your Majesty for the dismissal of those Ministers from their employments, and assure your Majesty, that we have great confidence in the principles of the present Administration; and that whilst they pursue measures conducive to the honour of the Crown, and the true interests of their country, they may safely rely on the support of the people.”

2d. Resolved (with less than ten dissentients)

“ That the cordial thanks of this meeting be given to Sir Cecil Wray, Bart. our worthy Representative, for his steady, uniform, upright, and patriotic conduct in Parliament; and that he be requested to present the Address of the Electors of Westminster to his Majesty.

3d. Resolved (with less than ten dissentients)

“ That the Westminster Committee be continued, and have full power to make all regulations relative to the same; and that the following persons be added to the said Committee :

[The names of one hundred persons were then read, and unanimously approved of.]

4th. Resolved (unanimously)

“ That we will unremittingly persevere in our exertions to procure an effectual and

substantial reform of Parliament, in order that the Commons House of Parliament may have a common interest with, and may speak the voice of the people.

5th. Resolved (unanimously)

"That this meeting be adjourned (to Westminster Hall) to Saturday morning next."

CECIL WRAY, Chairman.

WESTMINSTER MEETING.

February 10.] By an *anonymous* call on the inhabitants, to assemble in the Court of Requests, the place was filled, at eleven o'clock yesterday, by those who were said to support the House of Lords against the House of Commons. Perhaps the annals of all the meetings that ever were held in England, did not produce so motley a groupe--so noisy an assembly--or one less respectable for its company. There were persons of every description, Lords, Chandlers, Baronets, Glaziers, Knights, Shoe-boys, Pickpockets, &c. &c. &c. mixed among a considerable number of the Electors. Lord Mahon opened the business, by a speech which was not heard with patience, so that it was impossible to discover what the noble Lord said. He sprung with amazing agility from the Hustings, somewhat in imitation, but not with quite so much grace as the younger Vestris. He roared as loud as his lungs would permit, and they are none of the weakest, yet not a sentence could distinctly reach the ears of his auditors. Indeed the majority appeared to be so much prepossessed against the meeting, that the noble Lord's articulation was drowned in hisses, groans, and that emphatic syllable of disapprobation, off! off! off! Those who were immediately next the hustings, insisted, after the meeting broke up, that his Lordship *did* make a speech--that it was a *fine one*---and that all was tolerable concord, *three deep* from the Speaker; but every person else in the Court of Requests were of a different opinion, and could plainly hear and see that the sense of the persons present, though solicited by the friends of the *secret influence* party, was against this *ministerial* meeting; for ministerial it certainly was, and not constitutional, or else the Lords of the Bedchamber, and the Northumberland interest, who supported it, could have prevailed on some person to stand forward with his name, and take away that stigma of *anonymous*, which marked the notice by which the people were called together. The noble Lord, in the warmth of his fraternal zeal for the administration of his brother-in-law, had the misfortune, in one of his oratorical springs from the Hustings, to break a lamp which was above his head; and the sound which the two globular balloons made together, echoed through the Hall.

Lord Mountmorres met with as little success in his attempt to gain the attention of the auditors, though he laid the *root* to the *ax*, to use his own expression, most forcibly indeed. But, all would not do; he was hooted and hissed, even more than his predecessor, and given to understand, that in case of a vacancy, there are not the slightest hopes of his succeeding to the honour of sitting in Parliament for the city of Westminster.

Sir Cecil Wray followed the noble Lord; but the tumult, by this time, had so much increased, and the word *off* was so loudly sounded, that it was not possible to hear what excuse the honourable gentleman had to offer for taking part with the *secret influence*, and deserting the patriotic majority in the House of Commons. Mr. Keith Stewart and Mr. Pultney severally attempted to gain some attention, but the people would not hear them; and, therefore, to put an end to the clamour, a voice came forward, which said *adjourn to Saturday*; and the meeting was therefore adjourned to Saturday, being the day on which the Electors are to meet by an authenticated, not an anonymous, call from Mr. Byron.

The friends of this heterogenous assembly, after it broke up, gave out that an address was unanimously voted, and that it lay at certain houses to be signed; but the fact

is literally as above, and it is necessary to tell the inhabitants the true state of the matter, lest they might be deceived into signatures, of which they would afterwards be ashamed.

It is hoped, for the honour of this populous part of the empire, that there will be no more such attempts to mislead the judgment of the populace, and create riots through the metropolis, in calling the inhabitants together by anonymous advertisements.

It is necessary to mention, that the heads of the meeting adjourned to a small chamber in an adjacent Coffee-house, where they passed the address (which was hooted out of the Hall) almost *nemine contradicente*; and in that concordant shape it will be offered to the public.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

To the Independent Electors of Westminster.

The very numerous and respectable public meeting, on Tuesday last, at the Court of public Request, having come to several important resolutions, (which have since appeared in the public papers) and having adjourned to Saturday next, the 14th day of February in Westminster Hall.

The Electors are earnestly requested to attend at Westminster Hall early in the forenoon To-morrow, in order to support the true and genuine sense of the people, expressed in those proceedings, with firmness and moderation.

As your worthy Representative, Sir Cecil Wray, was called to the chair in the Court of Requests, would it not be highly proper to call him again to the chair in Westminster Hall?

To the Independent Electors of Westminster.*

You are called upon to assemble next Saturday in Westminster Hall, to consider of an Address to his Majesty upon the present state of public affairs. A fellow citizen begs leave to address upon this occasion a few lines to your good sense, to your cool dispassionate judgment.

Of all the features which mark the political character of the English nation, the most striking and remarkable is, a perpetual jealousy of prerogative. In all the variety of civil struggles in which this country has been engaged, the present is the first moment that even the colour of a pretext has been afforded for asserting, that the people of England are leagued with the Crown and the Lords in favour of prerogative, in direct opposition to *their own Representatives*, who are legally and moderately exerting themselves to bring about a reasonable, a temperate, and a constitutional exercise of it.

The fears of the nation upon this score are even grown into a proverb.

Ask an Englishman what sort of Judge, of Crown Lawyer, of Minister he most dreads; his uniform answer is, a *prerogative* Judge, a *prerogative* Lawyer, a *prerogative* Minister. Is then a *prerogative King* of so little danger to us, that we are all at once to forget those jealousies which seemed to have been twisted with our existence, and to fall into a miraculous fondness for that prerogative which our ancestors have shed their dearest blood to check and to limit? Let the people of England once confederate with the Crown and the Lords in *such a conflict*, and who is the man that will answer for one hour of legal liberty afterwards?

Can the people confide in his Majesty's secret advisers? I say *no*. And I demand one instance in the twenty-three years of this *wretched reign*, where a regard to the liberty of the people can be traced in any measure of the *secret system*. On the contrary I affirm, that every act of that system has been pointedly hostile to public freedom, and

* This hand-bill was distributed throughout Westminster previous to the General Meeting. demonstrates

demonstrates a settled design in the Court cabal to overturn the liberties of the nation. Can we confide in the House of Lords? With the same certainty I answer directly *no*. I appeal to facts, and challenge any man to produce one instance in the disgraceful times I have alluded to, of a *single* resolution being adopted by that House in opposition to the Court. The worst Ministers that ever cursed the country have had decided majorities in it up to the hour of their political dissolution; and it happens that *the most* odious, unpopular, and execrable measures of the whole reign have had by far the *greatest* majorities in that reverend Assembly. These are strong terms, but there is before my eyes a mass of facts to bear me out.

What was the conduct of the Crown and the Lords about fourteen years ago, when indeed you had cause of discontent against your Representatives? In answer to your petitions the King told you, that the law had been the rule of his conduct, and he would abide by his faithful Commons. And the Lords, upon the same occasion, treated you not only with indifference, but with express contempt. At that time, the House of Commons was the fordid instrument of the Court, and then its character was supported by the Crown and the Lords. But now that the Commons have manifested a spirit of probity and independence, of firmness and moderation, not excelled in any period of our history, they are to be run down by the infamous agents of the *secret system*; and in these circumstances it is, that the King's Ministers arrogate to themselves a popularity in the nation in direct opposition to the national Representatives.

This deception is supported from the circumstance of a few Addresses in their favour having been lately carried to the Throne. I need not tell you that procuring Addresses is a stale trick, which you all know the wretchedest Ministers that ever disgraced this country have never failed occasionally to promote. His Majesty's present servants have in this point been far less successful than any of their predecessors. In Middlesex a direct counter Address was carried in the very meeting called by the Ministry to smuggle a false representation of the opinion of that respectable county. As to that which Sir Cecil Wray delivered, purporting to be *your* Address, your indignation, I am sure, anticipates me in saying, that a grosser insult upon (perhaps) the most distinguished body of Electors in England, and indeed a more impudent imposition upon the public, was never before attempted. The same impotent fraud was perpetrated in the city of York, which you all know has terminated in the confusion of its authors, and the disgrace of the Ministry. As however this Administration is juggling the world with a false picture of the public sentiments, every man of sense and spirit should speak his mind freely; and it is to give you the opportunity of doing so, that you are called to meet in Westminster Hall next Saturday.

Preparatory to our determination upon that day, let us take a brief view of those subjects which should influence our conduct. That the late Ministry were overturned by a gross violation of the Constitution, is a fact admitted by all the world. In truth, *they* were displaced for the purpose of appointing the *present* Ministry; for to talk of the *India* Bill as the cause of the change, is a mere farce. Upon the outset of this Ministry the nation saw it could not hope for one hour's existence, otherwise than by destroying the integrity of the Commons. Accordingly they entered upon the widest plan of parliamentary corruption, upon a system of the basest bribery that can be found in the annals of the world.

By private rewards and public emoluments, by offices, honours, titles, promises of titles, and every species of undue influence, they gained over some members, but the majority of the House, in a spirit of probity and honour almost unexampled, despised their dirty arts, and told them in plain terms, that an Administration so constituted should *never* have their support.

The Ministers then demanded a trial upon a specific measure, and actually staked their situations upon the fate of Mr. Pitt's India Bill. Now mark what followed; Mr. Pitt's

Pitt's Bill was thrown out. Yet the very men, who committed their ministerial existence upon the issue of that measure, still remain unmoved and unaffected, although by their own sentence they stand condemned. Driven from all constitutional resources, they now make a desperate stand upon a pretence of popularity in the nation, and in open terms avow that which is the well known aim of the secret system; to draw, if possible, the Representatives into disrepute with the nation. Their first attempt was to destroy the characters of public men. Their ultimate and grand object to ruin the reputation of the House of Commons.

If I ask you what is the first virtue of a Parliament, you will say, independence. Has the present House given any proof of this virtue? Let us see how the matter stands, and judge fairly from public facts. Beside the reforms and retrenchments they have accomplished, and besides their matchless struggle in the present case against *secret influence*, this House of Commons has overturned two Administrations, against all the powers of government, against the sanguine support of the Crown, and a decided majority in the Lords--*for the Lords never desert any Ministry but the favourites of the people*. Examine the majority of the Lower House. Look into their characters. Judge for yourselves, whether such men are capable of yielding to be the ladder of any man's ambition. Scrutinize them closely, and you will find, I say, no more than bare truth, when I affirm that the history of Parliament does not exhibit a more pure, independent, respectable majority upon any public measure whatever. I do not say, that every individual is of this character, any more than I would say, that *every* man who supports the Ministry is a knave. Some few honest men certainly vote with them; but this I assert, that the most base, the most sordid, the most infamous class of men in the House are enlisted under the banners of Administration, or rather (and indeed it is the truest way of stating it) the Ministry have ranged themselves under the banners of the most base, the most sordid, and the most infamous class of men in that House.

It is evident that his Majesty's secret advisers have reckoned *too much* upon the badness of human nature. They had never risked this desperate effort, had they any idea that the powers of the Treasury and the talents of Robinson would have failed them. Happily however for the national character and the honour of humanity they have failed. The preliminaries in all attempts to seduce the Members is an exaction of secrecy. If this were not the case, and that men might be permitted to reveal all they know, the real truth is, that the affair of Lord Galloway with General Ross, of the Duke of Newcastle with Mr. Mellish, and even of Lord Temple with the Peers, would be innocence itself, compared with the other profligate abominable arts practised upon the Members of the House of Commons by the agents of the present Administration.

— Here let us pause awhile and calmly view our situation. That the House of Commons was the servile tool of the Court has been the general cry of the English nation. Is it then I ask you, fit, that for one moment, the imposition should be suffered to pass, that the present Ministry deserve the smallest portion of the public confidence, when they stand condemned by an House of Commons, who, under all the terrors of a dissolution of Parliament at this season of the year, in despite of all the arts of the Court, in defiance of threats, in contempt of corruption, seduction, wheedling, and every possible mode of working them into pliancy, have nobly opposed this unprincipled and shameful system?

As to those who are called the rivals for power, I shall say but little, because the question turns very little indeed upon that point. With regard to Mr. Fox, in whose actions *you* are more immediately interested, the greatest glory of his life, in my opinion is, that he has ever been the destined object of the hatred and persecution of this odious faction which surrounds the Throne, which stains the character of our public counsels, and sullies the name of royalty. Nor is it the least of your sureties for Mr. Fox's fidelity

lity to the cause of the people, that he has no hopes of refuge in the Court, nor any prospect of being of any consequence in his country, except upon popular grounds.

As to his India Bill, the true way to judge of it is by analogy. Compare it with that monster in polity Mr. Pitt's bill, and you will find that upon the scale of comparison it is perfection itself. Relative to the Receipt Tax, which is a subject of dissatisfaction with some of you, you cannot surely be such gudgeons as to look to the present Ministry with a favourable eye upon that subject. The principal Members of the present Administration, have been its strenuous supporters. Lord Thurlow was the man, and indeed the only man, who treated the petition of the Merchants of London against that Tax with marked contempt; and the conduct of Mr. Pitt, upon that occasion, is really worthy of a separate remark. That Gentleman well knew the state of the country, and the necessity of efficient taxes. For him to oppose it, would have been too gross. He voted for, and, declared it an admirable tax. But seeing that it might be made a good instrument of public clamour, observe how he acts. He contrives, at the same moment that himself supports the Tax, to have his trusty brother-in-law, Lord Mahon, that drum-major of faction, to beat the alarm, and raise a cry against it. His conduct yesterday in the House of Commons was still more extraordinary. Several Members demanded of Mr. Pitt his opinion upon this Tax. With a disgraceful duplicity he refused for a long time to give any answer. Why? because he knew *you* were to meet next Saturday, and thought his silence upon the subject of this tax might be a good bugbear. The House saw his paltry cunning, and insisted upon an answer;—then he declared himself *an advocate for the tax* *. These are essential points to which it becomes you to attend.

If, however, there are any of you who still retain prejudice upon this or upon any other point, judge whether the moment to give them operation is when your Representative, in conjunction with the purest and best men in England, is struggling to preserve the Constitution upon the same principles that sustained it since the Revolution. Is your mind made up, because you may dislike the Coalition or the Receipt Tax, to surrender your legal rights to *midnight ruffians with dark lanterns*? And will you from pique or from whim, or from fordid motives, ever lend your sanction to that Court faction, that vile cabal, whose base stratagems, whose tyranny and treachery would annihilate, if possible, the very sound of civil liberty?

There is another point to which I would direct your attention. Admitting, for argument sake, that the present Administration stood upon a constitutional bottom—I submit it to your cool and sober reason, do you think that it is competent to manage this country in its present disastrous state? That Mr. Pitt is possessed of considerable talents, is certain. Not one of his friends, however, in the warmest moments of their idolatry, have ventured to compare his abilities with those of Mr. Fox. The rest of the Ministry provoke nothing but ridicule. Review the different offices of government, and then say, whether so motley a group ever before invested the King's Cabinet. Allowing then to this young gentleman every merit that a rational man can allow him, I ask you if you think it *possible* for any person at his time of life, and so inexperienced, to govern this country? The genius of the greatest man at the best is limited, and no office can confer miraculous endowments. Mr. Fox has been accused of inordinate ambition. Good God! Are men stupid, or blind, or mad, when they urge such a charge, to pass by Mr. Pitt, who in the third year of his public life assumes a station, which Mr. Fox,

* Notwithstanding this declaration of Mr. Pitt's, which was forced from him by an insulted House of Commons, his emissaries the next day posted up Bills in very large letter throughout the cities of London and Westminster, declaring the assertion false, which went to charge Mr. Pitt with giving his consent to the Receipt Tax Bill. This the young Minister connived at, so long as the trick could serve the measures he was then pursuing.

with

with a superiority of powers, admitted by all the world, has not, after sixteen years experience, ever yet aspired to?

What does Mr. Pitt want? The late Ministry have severally disclaimed the idea of proscribing him from a share in Administration. Many of the most respectable of those Members, who now oppose him, declared they were ready to receive him with open arms, if he would descend from his present dangerous situation, and come in like his father through the open road of the Constitution, and not by the crooked paths of *secret influence*. Why does he not? I will tell you my opinion upon it, and leave you to form your own. Proud men are unwilling to acknowledge a superior. Mr. Pitt, conscious of himself, perhaps feels that at the best he would make only a secondary figure in the same cabinet with Mr. Fox; and, therefore, like the man, who said he had rather be the first man in a village than the second in Rome, he sacrifices the nation to his own extravagant conceit. His vanity will not permit him to see that he is debauched by a set of sycophants, who deprive him of the use of his own understanding. Every reasonable object is within his reach by legal honest means; and why should he wish for more? Does any man think him a greater man than his father? Certainly not. Is any man absurd and bigotted enough to say, that an office, filled by the Earl of Chatham at the age of fifty, is beneath Mr. Pitt at the age of twenty-five? So gross a mockery of the common sense of mankind will not, I am satisfied, be attempted by any man. What then is the fact? That Mr. Pitt, by a pertinacious wish of being the *chief ruler*, wantonly, if not wickedly, prolongs the distractions of this unfortunate country. To some men, perhaps, this may seem a towering ambition; in my mind it is a miserable ambition. That it is fatal and ruinous to the country, is beyond all question.

Never sure did men stoop to such despicable shifts to blacken an adversary, and force themselves into temporary eclat, as the present Ministry. No fiction, however gross; no device, however mean, has escaped their industry. Circulating the most wretched fophistries all over the kingdom. Dispersing the most low defamatory hand-bills through all parts of the town. Posting up the most scandalous libels upon the first characters in the nation. And---as if it were necessary to tell the public that the present Government was a system of political empiricism---they have shewn something new even in the History of Folly.---A First Lord of the Treasury plaistering up his pretended merits, and propagating his fame with all the pomp and redundancy of a common quack upon the corner of every street. Upon all these illiberal expedients, I doubt not, your own good sense has formed a right opinion.

You are not unapprized that several of Mr. Pitt's best friends have lately deserted him, and it is but justice to say, that the persons alluded to are of the most respectable men in England. Why have they deserted him? Not because they disliked him *personally*, but *because they think his present situation dangerous to the Constitution*. Yet he continues unmoved, and as a means of prolonging his power, the House of Lords (slavishly devoted, as you know it is, to the will, even to the *whim* of the Court) have come to a Resolution last Wednesday, which I conceive to be a gross libel upon the House of Commons. It attributes to that House what it has not assumed---an attempt to suspend a positive law, when it only interposed its advice upon the use of a discretionary power in a branch of executive Government, relative to the money of the public, of which the Commons are the legal guardians; a practice never before doubted, never questioned till the present moment.

All these are objects necessary for your consideration before the meeting of next Saturday.

What I humbly recommend to you is to feel your real weight and value. Open your eyes, consult your understanding, be guided by your own good sense, and do not become the victims of the artifice, or the instruments of the vile policy of the Court cabal. Vin-

dedicate your City from the audacious imposition of those who have prostituted your name upon the late Address. Speak to the Crown in respectful but manly terms. Tell the supporters of *secret influence*, that whatever discontents some of you may feel against your Representative, you do not require *their* advice (the common enemies of both Constituent and Representative) to direct you. Tell them by your conduct that their shallow and scandalous efforts shall not obliterate the sense of a long series of public services in your public trustee. Do you think that in the nation, perhaps in the world, you can find a man more capable of serving you than Mr. Fox? If not then, let us be careful how we risk the loss of such a man. Your attachment to him has been the greatest wound you could give the closet junto; your desertion of him would be the greatest triumph that faction could enjoy. You have heretofore given memorable proofs of spirit in opposition to the Court; more, much more depends upon your conduct now than many of you are aware of. If the present Ministry, rather than resign a situation which they have obtained by frauds and dark stratagems, in a palpable violation of the spirit of the Constitution, are desperately determined to force an open breach between the Commons and the Lords, you cannot hesitate for one moment what side to take.

Make not so base a return to the House of Commons for a spirit of independence, which indeed is not very common; as to desert them at the very moment they most challenge your applause. In abandoning them you would abandon yourselves, and all would then lay at the mercy of the common enemy of our liberties. The sooner your sentiments are known the better. The delusion which the labours of the Court faction have forced upon the public is vanishing every hour, every day lessens it, and a few days more will entirely dispel it. Let the City of Westminster set a wise and spirited example, and that example will I am satisfied be followed by every *sensible, unbiassed*, body of men in England.

February 11, 1784.

AN ELECTOR OF WESTMINSTER.

General Meeting of the Electors of Westminster.

In consequence of advertisements for calling together all the Electors of the above city and liberty in Westminster Hall, on Saturday the 14th of March, at twelve o'clock, to collect the sense of the Electors respecting an humble Address to be presented to his Majesty on the state of public affairs, the Committee appointed for the above purpose, met at the King's Arms Tavern, Palace Yard, which consisted of Mr. Fox, Mr. Byron, Mr. Byng, Mr. Burke, Mr. Sheridan, General Burgoyne, Lord Derby, Lord Surrey, Lord Foley, Colonel Fitzpatrick, and several other noblemen and gentlemen, and respectable Electors.

It must be remembered, that as this General Meeting of all the Electors was called in opposition to a meeting of a number of Electors held in the Court of Requests, on Tuesday last, Sir Cecil Wray in the Chair, when an Address was agreed on to be presented to the Throne, thanking his Majesty for exercising his *prerogative*, and dismissing his late Ministers, (which meeting and Address was first adopted by the High Bailiff of Westminster and Court of Burgesses,) and also in opposition to that Address, and to consider of another of a direct contrary tendency. The leading men on each side the question met at different places; and therefore Sir Cecil Wray, Mr. Wilkes, Lord Mountmorres, Lord Mahon, Mr. Selby, and several other gentlemen, assembled at Alice's Coffee-house. Mr. Fox and his friends had advertised the meeting at twelve o'clock, and, in order to get the sense of the meeting collected in a fair and impartial manner, the Committee had determined among themselves that it would be improper to call either of their Representatives to the Chair. On the other hand, advertisements had appeared:

appeared from the other party, for eleven o'clock, advising them to call Sir Cecil Wray to the Chair, manifestly with an attention to jockey the purport of this meeting, and thereby put a rider upon it.

The Hall was most prodigiously crowded, and at half past eleven, Sir Cecil Wray and his party came from Alice's Coffee-house to the hustings, erected in the front of the Court of Common Pleas; soon after, Mr. Fox and his friends came from the King's Arms Tavern, whereby the hustings were crowded in a manner that made it almost impossible to stand on them. The Chair was surrounded by Sir Cecil Wray's party, and soon laid hold of; in consequence of which Mr. Fox's friends interfered, and claimed the Chair, till a Chairman was nominated, and in this struggle the Chair was totally demolished. The confusion and uproar this occasioned is hardly to be conceived. In this state of things the hustings broke in, and several noblemen and gentlemen were thrown down and trampled on. The pressure of the populace soon overthrew the front of the hustings, by which means scarcely a place was for a moment tenable, and every body was in imminent danger, in a contest on the hustings which Member should be brought forward; but Mr. Fox's friends being too numerous, he was supported in the front, amidst the most violent noises, acclamations, and huzzas, we ever remember to have heard. The cry of Chair! Chair! Chair! resounded from every quarter of the Hall, when the hustings gave way a second time, and in the confusion Mr. Fox fell. In this situation some wretch, for man we cannot call him, threw a leather bag, filled with *assa foetida**, in the face of Mr. Fox. To this public injury, we may add one of a more private but more horrid nature, an anonymous letter threatening his life, to which he paid the proper attention, by taking no notice of it. At last Mr. Byron, the Committee Chairman, endeavoured to appease the tumult and silence the noise. He shortly addressed the Electors, telling them the purport of the meeting, explaining the measures of the Court of Requests meeting, and moved an Address to his Majesty, desiring to collect their sense of it by a shew of hands. Hats were held up, accompanied with vociferous shouts of approbation, and the majority in favour of the Address was so very conspicuous, as not to leave the least doubt; for it may be fairly said, that although it was a manifest meeting of all the Electors, the majority appeared as 100 to one. Mr. Fox then endeavoured to address the Electors, but noise immediately prevented him, and this he attempted several times with the like effect. At half past twelve the meeting was adjourned, and Mr. Fox was carried on the shoulders of several Electors from Westminster Hall to the King's Arms Tavern, when he came into the Committee Room, almost overpowered with heat and fatigue. The Electors, who had accompanied him from the Hall to the Tavern, waited in Palace-yard, and soon after

Mr. Fox came forward to the front bow window of the Tavern, in Palace-yard, which being taken out, in order to give him room and convenience, after long and continued shouts of approbation, he addressed the Electors as follows:

Gentlemen,

" Nothing can be more flattering to me, or give me greater happiness, than this public opportunity of addressing this astonishingly numerous and respectable body of my constituents, the Electors of Westminster.

" I should have been happy if I could have succeeded in my intentions of addressing you in the Public Hall. I should there have explained the motives of my conduct to my constituents; but the clamours of a hired noisy party prevented my design.

" Gentlemen, You are all able to judge of the goodness of that cause, when those who espouse it are afraid of their opponents being heard.

* It was afterwards discovered to be Euphorbium.

" Let

.. " Let me repeat it, that it gives me inexpressible happiness to explain my conduct to you. You will find I have never deserted your cause : I shall find likewise that you have not deserted me. The former is impossible---was you even to desert yourselves, I never would desert you.

" Gentlemen, The very noble, the very disinterested, and the very magnanimous manner in which you honoured me with your choice of representative, claimed all my attention, assiduity, and adherence ; and I trust you have found by my conduct I have neither deserted the cause of my constituents, nor my own principles. To do either, I must desert myself and them too. If you desert me, you erect Court Influence, because it is Court Influence I oppose.

" Gentlemen, You called me to Parliament to stem the torrent of corruption, to reform the abuses of your Constitution, and, above all, to oppose the destructive principle of Court Influence.

" If purging the House of Commons of a number of venal contractors ; if reforming several abuses in the expenditure of public monies ; if setting myself up as the opposer of Court Influence, and being turned out of office because I did oppose it, discovers a change of sentiment, I then have changed my sentiments. But I flatter myself you have seen, and know enough of yourselves, to be well assured, that by maintaining the dignity of the House of Commons against the secret advisers, and the influence of the Crown, I have maintained your cause ; and that by that maintenance I shall still have your support.

" Gentlemen, I have maintained the dignity of the House of Commons against the corrupt and unconstitutional proceedings of the House of Lords---because the House of Commons are your Representatives, and not the House of Lords.

" If you desert the Representatives, who thus support your dignity against Court Influence, you elect the House of Lords for your representatives, and then you can be no longer said to represent yourselves. Will you then have a House of Lords or a House of Commons to represent you ? If you support my adversaries, who set you at defiance, and who trample the greatest of all your privileges, the spirit, the authority, and the dignity of the House of Commons, under their feet, you are no longer represented. The House of Lords then betrays you, and the Crown nominates what Minister it pleases, to deprive the people of England of all that remains dear to them, the freedom of their choice in Parliament, and their share in the government of the nation.

" It is upon these principles the present Minister is come into power, and upon these principles he supports himself. He stands supported by the secret influence of the Crown, and the unconstitutional interference of the House of Lords, which sets your freedom and power at defiance.

" Gentlemen, I need not tell you that the present Administration were the greatest enemies to the reform of abuses, nor that they supported the American war---you, who live near the scene of action, who surround the Court, and who daily see and know the reality of parliamentary proceedings, are not to be duped by the arts and duplicity of Court adherents, and the supporters of Court Influence. You will know a man before you elect him, and when elected, you can see him, hear him, and prove him. When proved, it is neither the Minister of the Crown, the paltry efforts of Peers, nor the secret influence of the Crown, which will make you abandon him.

" Gentlemen, I have been twice called to the office of Secretary of State, since first I had the honour of your disinterested approbation. When I found your cause deserted in the Cabinet, your measures miscarry, and my principles overpowered, I resigned---I resigned, because, if I had continued in office, I should have deserted my principles---
" I should

" I should have deserted you---I gave up office, I gave up honours, and I gave up emolument, rather than forfeit your confidence. This was the first time I proved my attachment to you---did it look like betraying you? could I have any other ground for my resignation than your confidence, and the good opinion of the public, which is inseparably connected with my own honour and conscience?

" I was again called into office, and for what purpose? To bring forward a burthen of taxes, some of them unpopular, that I, and those who acted with me, might have the odium of the measure, and bear all the weight which its unpopularity might occasion---I mean the Receipt Tax.

A respectable gentleman standing in the yard, then addressed Mr. Fox, and told him, that he was desired by a great number of Electors to ask Mr. Fox, "WHETHER MR. PITT DID NOT GIVE HIS CONSENT TO THE RECEIPT TAX?" To which Mr. Fox replied, "HE DID;" on which a general exclamation took place, of "No Pitt! No Pitt!" and then Mr. Fox went on.

" When those unhappy measures had been carried, an opposition to those very measures took place, by those very men who had supported them, merely for the purpose of getting themselves into power by the unconstitutional exercise of the House of Lords and the secret influence of the Crown. Are you, gentlemen, to be duped then by such men and such means? What was the consequence of the exercise of Court influence, and prerogative of the Crown, in opposition to the sense of the people of England? I opposed it. By opposing it, I supported you---by supporting you, I lost the confidence of the Crown---I was desired to resign; I would not resign, and for this reason, because I had the people of England to support me. I need no other, I want no other support. Being supported by you, and on that refusing to resign, I was turned out---I was turned out because I opposed the House of Lords and the Crown, combined together against the people---against you. Did this, gentlemen, look like betraying your interests? Has it the face of changing my opinions, of deviating from my principles, of deserting my propositions when called into power as my enemies would invidiously insinuate?

" Gentlemen, In the situation I now am, I have an opportunity of seeing more, standing so high above you, than you can possibly have beneath---I see a far more numerous body here than that assembled in the Hall, multitudinous as even that was, but in the Hall I could not be heard---Here I am honoured with a silence that reflects the greatest honour to me, and the highest credit on yourselves. The observation I make is, that my opponents prevented by clamour and an hired mob, what they were afraid to hear, and that the more numerous the Electors, the more attention I am heard with. One obvious truth deducible from which is, that I am happy in the approbation of a very large majority of my constituents.

" Gentlemen, I have only one word more to say to you. The true simple question of the present dispute is, whether the House of Lords and Court Influence shall pre-dominate over the House of Commons, and annihilate its existence? or, whether the House of Commons, whom you elected, shall have a power to maintain the privileges of the people, to support its liberties, and check the unconstitutional proceedings of a House of Lords, whom you never elected; and regulate the prerogative of the Crown, which was ever too ready to seize upon the freedom of the Electors of this country? The question is short: It is you, who are to determine it, and to you whom I appeal; to my constituents I shall always appeal; and no longer wish them to support me, than I support the principles on which they sent me to Parliament.

" Gentlemen, I again return you my sincere thanks for your very candid hearing

“ hearing, and your approbation of my conduct, which it will ever be my study to preserve.”

When Mr. Fox had finished his Address, (which was received with great approbation, at the conclusion of every sentence,) he retired from the window to his carriage, from which the horses were taken, and he was drawn by the populace up Parliament-street, round the statue of Charles at Charing-cross through Cockspur-street, along Pall-mall, St. James's, and Piccadilly, to the Duke of Devonshire's house, amidst the acclamations of near ten thousand people, who expressed their disapprobation as they passed the Treasury, Lord Temple's, &c. &c. At Carlton House were repeatedly given regular huzzas, and at Lord Temple's, a wag held up a key tied to a stick, hung round with crape, which he called *the Secret Influence Key in mourning*. The whole, on Mr. Fox's side, was conducted with the utmost regularity, and no mischief was done, except a window broke at Lord Temple's, occasioned by the impudence of some of his Lordship's female servants, who threw something from the upper story upon the people. At Devonshire House Mr. Fox addressed the Electors to the following effect:

Gentlemen,

“ I thank you for the trouble you have taken in conducting me here, and as I am much fatigued, I hope you will leave me here, as I am as much at home as at my own house. I hope I shall always have your support against the attacks of secret influence.”

“ I beg leave to propose what I mentioned in Westminster Hall, which, from the opposition of a hired mob, I believe was not heard, to propose an Address, expressing your satisfaction at the manly, disinterested conduct of the House of Commons against the attacks of secret influence.”

The Address was then proposed, and agreed to without the disapprobation of a single voice. After which the multitude retired.

Lord Surrey and Major Stanhope rode on the coach-box of Mr. Fox's carriage.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

W E S T M I N S T E R M E E T I N G.

February 14.] At a very numerous and most respectable meeting of the Electors of Westminster, held this day at Westminster Hall, the hustings that had been ill erected by the friends of Mr. Fox, near the steps of the Court of Common Pleas, broke down, which prevented the Chair being taken so soon as otherwise it would have been.

Lord Mahon was then carried in triumph to the opposite side of the Hall, on the shoulders of the Electors, where his Lordship moved the following Resolution, which being printed in very large capitals, on a wide sheet of parchment, was held up by him, and was distinctly seen from every part of the Hall. The Resolution was as follows, and, being seconded, was carried by a prodigious majority, viz.

Resolved,

“ That this meeting do adopt all the proceedings of the public meeting held at the Court of Requests, on Tuesday last.”

Lord Mahon was then carried (as above) to the steps leading to the Courts of Chancery and King's Bench, where the said Resolutions was again moved by his Lordship, seconded, and carried by a still more considerable majority.

Sir

Sir Cecil Wray was then called to the Chair at the last-mentioned place, and the following Resolutions were then moved, seconded, and all carried, with very few dissentients. The second, third, and fourth Resolutions, were moved by Dr. Jebb, and seconded by Lord Mountmorres.

Resolved,

“ First, That this meeting do approve of and confirm the Address to his Majesty, which was agreed upon in the Court of Requests, Westminster Hall, on Tuesday last.

“ Secondly, That the Coalition formed between the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, and the Right Honourable Frederick Lord North, was injurious to the cause of Freedom and of Public Virtue, and that the conduct of the consequent Administration was highly detrimental to the interests of Great Britain and Ireland.

“ Thirdly, That it is essential to the cause of Public Freedom, that all ranks and orders of men should UNITE and ASSOCIATE in favour of a substantial Reform in the Representation of the Commons; and that this, or any Administration, will deserve the support and confidence of the country, in proportion to the zeal with which they shall bring forward, and endeavour to carry into effect, that salutary measure.

“ Fourthly, That the parliamentary conduct of Sir Cecil Wray, Bart. has ever been honourable to himself, as well as beneficial to his country—that he is entitled to the warmest gratitude of his constituents, and in the highest degree deserving of their future confidence and support.

“ Fifthly, On the motion of the Right Honourable Lord Ongley (which was seconded by the Right Honourable Lord Mountmorres) it was unanimously resolved,

“ That those men who shall, at this period, endeavour to obstruct the necessary business of the nation, ought to be considered as enemies to their country.

“ Sixthly, Resolved, (with very few dissentients) That the thanks of this meeting be given to Lord Mahon, Lord Mountmorres, and Dr. Jebb.

“ Seventhly, Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Gentlemen who compose the Committee for conducting the business of the Address of Thanks to his Majesty for dismissing his late unpopular Ministers.

CECIL WRAY, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ST. JAMES'S, WESTMINSTER.

February 14, 1784.] The Electors of this parish are respectfully acquainted, that the Address agreed upon at the meeting held on Tuesday the 10th instant, in the Court of Requests, and confirmed in Westminster Hall on Saturday the 14th instant, thanking his Majesty for the dismissal of his late Ministers, is left at the Court of Requests, Vine-street, and at Mr. Stockdale's, opposite Burlington House, Piccadilly, for the signature of such of the householders as shall approve of it.

ADVERTISEMENT.

General Meeting of the Electors of Westminster.

Feb. 14.] At a most numerous meeting of the Electors of Westminster, held this day in Westminster Hall,

The Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX having been called to the Chair,

The following Resolutions and Address were carried upon a show of hands, by a majority of at least six to one.

K

Resolved

Resolved,

" That this meeting will unremittingly persevere in all legal and constitutional endeavours to obtain a more adequate representation of the people in the Commons House of Parliament, which important branch of the legislature the people must ever regard as the natural guardian of their unalienable rights, and the independence of which is absolutely essential to the preservation of the Constitution, as established at the glorious Revolution.

Resolved,

" That the following Address be presented to his Majesty by the Honourable Mr. Fox.

" We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Electors of the City of Westminster, whose names are hereunto subscribed, beg leave to approach your Throne, with the most unfeigned attachment to your sacred person, and to the interest of your Royal Family.

" To assure your Majesty, that we will use our utmost endeavours to promote that unanimity so essential to the public welfare in the present critical situation of affairs.

" And as we have always regarded the Commons House of Parliament, as the natural guardian of our unalienable rights, we humbly hope that whatever Ministers your Majesty may, in your wisdom, call to the high posts of government, they will hold the sense of that House, in the same respect as their predecessors in office have done from the era of the glorious Revolution to the present period.

" That your Majesty may long reign in the hearts of a happy and united people, is the prayer of your faithful subjects."

Resolved,

" That this meeting do now adjourn."

C. J. FOX, Chairman.

The Address was left for signature at Mr. House's, Pall-mall; Mr. Hall's, Long-acre; Mr. Chaplin's, Bridges-street, Covent-garden; and Mr. Debrett's, Bookseller, Piccadilly.

ADVERTISEMENT. TO THE PUBLIC.

King's Arms Tavern, Palace Yard, Westminster, February 17.

The Committee appointed to conduct the business of the Address of Thanks to his Majesty for dismissing his late Ministers, having seen in the public prints an advertisement signed C. J. Fox, stating, that at a General Meeting of the Electors of Westminster, held in Westminster Hall on Saturday last, the Resolutions and Address therein inserted, were carried by a majority of at least six to one.

This Committee think proper to apprise the public, that several members of the said Committee do positively assert, (and are ready, when properly called upon, to attest) that they were close to the Hustings the whole time Mr. Fox was in the Hall, and that so great was the noise and tumult during the period in that part of the Hall, that they were not able to hear any thing that fell either from Mr. Fox, or from any of his friends.

The public will therefore judge whether it were possible for so many thousand Electors as were there assembled, to have assented to, or dissented from, propositions then and there asserted to have been made, from the utter impossibility of hearing or understanding the purport of them.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.
CONSTITUTIONAL

CONSTITUTIONAL GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Copy of a letter from Admiral Fox, Commander of a squadron of ships in the service of the public, stationed on the coast of Freedom, to Prerogative Goosequill, Esq. Secretary of the Admiralty, received in the Montgolfier's packet, and dated off Liberty Hall, Sunday morning, 15th Feb. at 10 P. M.

S I R,

Constitution at Sea, Feb. 14, 1784.

I beg you will be pleased to communicate to their Lordships, that after the action of the 10th, in the Bay of *Requests* (though it was no way decisive), the enemy's fleet hastily fled under the advantage of a very favourable wind into the port of *Bute*, where they anchored in safety within the *Rocks of Corruption*, and shoals of *secret influence*, which lay at the entrance of the harbour, and make it totally inaccessible to an enemy.

Under these circumstances, I had no possible means of bringing the enemy's fleet to a second action; but by fairly offering them battle, for which purpose I cruized with the squadron under my command off the mouth of the harbour, but without effect.

I therefore proceeded into *Loyalty Sound*, in order to repair the damages which the fleet had sustained in the late skirmish, leaving the *Liberty*, *Captain S. House*, and the *Bufler*, *Captain G. Boulton*, to cruize off the entrance of the harbour, that I might receive the earliest intelligence of the motions of the enemy.

On the morning of the 13th, *Captain House* arrived in *Loyalty Sound*, and brought in positive information of the enemy's fleet having put to sea, in order to join a detachment which had been sent there under *Captain Robinson* of the *Renegado*. The signal was instantly made to *cut and slip*, and though the *Liberty* only came to an anchor at seven A. M. the whole of the squadron were *under weigh*, and had a good *offing* by ten.

Having strong reasons to suspect that the enemy's intention on their junction was to proceed to *Westminster harbour*, for the purpose of making an attack on some *fair traders* and *unarmed transports*, which I had previously ordered to rendezvous there, with provisions, &c. for supplying the squadron, I crowded every rag of sail for that port, and on making *Cape Common Pleas* at eleven A. M. the following day, plainly perceived the enemy's fleet to be at anchor in the Bay.

Having detached the *Active*, *Captain Byng*, to reconnoitre the force and situation of the enemy, I immediately made the signal for the line of battle a-breast, and proceeded down upon them under an easy sail. On our approaching them they appeared to be in the most evident confusion, but presuming on the reinforcement they had received in the *Renegado Squadron*, and a supply of men, smugglers, and mutineers (with which I am sorry to say *Westminster harbour* is too much infected) they seemed determined to wait the event of an attack.

Having come within pistol-shot of the enemy, and made the signal for the line of battle-a-head, the action began by a vigorous incessant fire of great guns and small arms from the *Privilege* and *Reform*, who readily opposed themselves to the *Incendiary* and *Apostate*, and by a most spirited judicious behaviour, aided by a well-directed fire, in which every gun seemed to do execution, obliged these ships to quit the enemy's line, and bear away to leeward.

The cannonading now became general, and it is impossible to do justice to the zeal and alacrity which seemed to animate every officer in the discharge of his duty.

Notwithstanding the very great advantages the enemy derived from having *springs upon their cables*, and being in every other respect prepared for the attack, they were obliged to give way to the superior courage and good conduct of the squadron I had the honour to command.

I am happy in having it in my power to congratulate their Lordships upon the capture of the *Incendiary*, after a warm action with the *Privilege*; her crew seems to have consisted of a set of *desperate* and *disaffected* miscreants, that have come into her from different quarters. She sustained a heavy loss in her crew, and the damages she received in the action were so material, that I found myself compelled to order her being *burnt*, which has since been carried into execution. Her commander, Captain *Mahon*, was killed in the beginning of the action by a *fire-pot*, which he had prepared to throw into the *Constitution*, but which, fortunately taking fire sooner than he expected, ended in his own destruction.

I was in hopes to have been able to give their Lordships a good account of the *Prerogative*. She warmly attacked the *Constitution*, which she much damaged in her rigging and upper works, and taking instant advantage of a favourable change of wind, got clear of the land, and from the course she steered has no doubt *taken shelter* in *Pitt's Bay*, in the *Isle of Bute*. Her loss in killed and wounded, it is imagined, must be very considerable.

The enemy's ship, the *Busybody*, Captain *R-----b*, was prevented from engaging, occasioned, as we are told, by her decks being *lumbered* with a quantity of *candles* and *tallow*, which, to the disgrace of the service, he had taken on board, to the great injury of the revenue, not having paid the duties.

The Captain will, no doubt, be brought to a Court-martial for such an un-officer-like conduct.

The rest of the enemy's fleet stood different ways in the utmost fear and confusion, and as I am now in pursuit of these stragglers, I have great hopes I shall pick some of them up.

To mention the merits of any particular officer under my command, would appear invidious; I will only say, that a most unexampled degree of bravery and spirited emulation seemed to pervade the breast of every officer concerned in this glorious action, and therefore recommended them all as most deserving objects of the public favour.

The victory, I beg you will assure their Lordships, has proved so complete, that it is impossible the enemy can recover the blow for some time to come, and no exertion shall be wanting on my part to improve it.

Captain Byng will have the honour of delivering you these dispatches, whom I beg leave to mention to their Lordships as a meritorious, spirited officer.

I propose to send home, in a few days, the *Zealous*, *Valiant*, and *Vigilant*, which ships having been much exposed to the enemy's fire, stand in need of considerable repairs.

I have annexed for their Lordships information the line of battle of the squadron under my command, and a list of the enemy's ships, with their state and condition, as accurate as I have been able to attain amidst the confusion inseparable from so warm an engagement.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

Timothy Goosequill, Esq.

C. J. F.

LINE OF BATTLE.

Privilege,	-	-	-	-	-	Captain Surrey.
Reform,	-	-	-	-	-	Captain Burke.
Zealous,	-	-	-	-	-	Captain Fitzpatrick.
Active,	-	-	-	-	-	Captain Byng.
Constitution,	-	-	-	-	-	{ Admiral Fox.
						{ Captain Baker.

Comedy.

Comedy,	-	-	-	-	-	Captain Sheridan.
Valiant,	-	-	-	-	-	Captain Burgoyne.
Vigilant,	-	-	-	-	-	Captain Darby.
Alert,	-	-	-	-	-	Captain Malden.
Liberty frigate	-	-	-	-	-	Captain S. House.
Bustler,	-	-	-	-	-	Captain G. Boulton.

LIST OF THE ENEMY'S SQUADRON.

Incendiary, Captain Mahon---A bad ship, and badly manned.
 Apostate, Captain Wilkes---Once a good ship, her timber now decayed, shortly to be broke up.
 Turncoat, Captain Churchill---Very indifferent.
 Inconstant, Captain Jebb---A very good ship, but badly manned.
 Prerogative, Admiral Wray, Captain Mountmorres---An old ship, but in good condition, though some of her timbers are supposed to be decaying.
 Shadow, Captain Trentham---A weak ship, and poorly officered.
 Knighthood, Captain Turner---Suspected to be unfound.
 Solicitor, Captain Arden---Under no command of her helm.
 Renegado, Captain Robinson---Totally bad and rotten.
 Busybody, Captain Rainforth---Fit for nothing but breaking up.
 Frost sloop, Lieutenant Makeshift---A look-out frigate of no service.

ADVERTISEMENT.

February 17, 1784.] In consequence of a requisition from five Members, a special meeting of the Westminster Committee, as originally constituted by the inhabitants at large of the city, will be held to-morrow, at twelve o'clock precisely, at the King's Arms Tavern, Westminster.

C. J. FOX.

ADVERTISEMENT.

KING'S ARMS TAVERN, PALACE-YARD.

February 18, 1784.] At a numerous and respectable meeting of the Westminster Committee, summoned by public advertisement in all the papers,
 JOHN BRETT, Esq. in the Chair,

Resolved,

" That the Address, intitled, 'an Address of the High Steward, Dean, and Court of Burgeſſes, and other Houſeholders of the city of Weſtminſter,' was ſurreptitiouſly obtained, and was a meaſure contrary to the uſual, open, and fair mode of proceeding in this city.

Resolved,

" That the advertisement, calling a general meeting on Saturday the 14th instant, in consequence of the previous meeting at the Shakespeare, and signed with the Chairman's name gave timely and sufficient notice to the Electors of this City that such general meeting, would be held on that day, and was a manly and becoming proceeding, and agreeable to the usage in such cases of this city.

Resolved.

Resolved,

“ That the proceedings of a meeting, held in the interval in the Court of Requests, on Tuesday the 10th instant, called by anonymous hand-bills and advertisements, defaming at first the attendance only of those who had signed, or who approved, the Address of the High Steward, Dean, and Court of Burgeses, and persevered in by advertisements still anonymous, after Saturday the 14th instant (being the first day on which the Hall was disengaged) has been publicly notified for the general meeting, were altogether partial and irregular, and that the Resolutions of such a meeting cannot with decency be pretended to have spoken the sense of the Electors of Westminster.

Resolved,

“ That the said meeting in the Court of Requests (even if it had been fairly and impartially called) being in consequence of a summons for Electors only; and this Committee being constituted by the inhabitants at large of the city and liberties of Westminster, the extravagant vote passed at that meeting, for adding one hundred Members to this Committee, cannot but be considered as an artifice which would have been unworthy a fair Assembly, and was also a direct and violent infringement of the rights of a respectable part of the Constituents of this Committee, and that the Committee do accordingly treat the attempt with becoming indignation, and direct their Secretary not to admit the name of any one of those hundred persons so appointed, upon the books of this Committee.

Resolved,

“ That the subsequent conduct of the abettors of the said meeting and Address, by persevering in anonymous advertisements, and scurrilous hand-bills, to appoint an earlier hour for taking the Chair, by naming a Chairman, previous to the meeting, and by other inflammatory proceedings, did manifestly tend to call for and promise a spirit of tumult and confusion, when the meeting should take place; and that as such was their preceding conduct, so this Committee have abundant evidence that, during the meeting, there was every appearance of a premeditated plan of riot and violence.”

This Committee further receiving, with the most serious concern, information of many acts of great outrage and violence committed, and endeavoured to be committed, at the General Meeting, and more particularly of a most atrocious attempt, unprecedented in the annals of this country, and abhorrent to the nature of Englishmen, and which might have had the most fatal consequences, do Resolve, That a Select Committee of Nine Members be appointed to examine fully into the same, and to lay before this Committee the result of their enquiries with as much expedition as possible.

Resolved,

“ That the following Members are chosen as the Select Committee, viz.

Earl of Surrey,	Dudley Long, Esq.
Right Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick,	A. Wallinger, Esq.
Sir Godfrey Webster, Bart.	R. Hollingworth, Esq.
Thomas Byron, Esq.	A. Shove, Esq.
R. B. Sheridan, Esq.	

Resolved,

“ That this Committee do adjourn to Friday next, at twelve o'clock at noon, to receive the report of the Select Committee, and on other special affairs.”

JOHN BRETT, Chairman.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

KING'S ARMS TAVERN, PALACE-YARD.

February 20, 1784.] At a numerous and most respectable adjourned meeting of the Westminster Committee of Association,

JOHN BRETT, Esq. in the Chair,

The Report of the Select Committee was received and read.

Report of the Select Committee appointed to examine into the acts of outrage and violence committed at the General Meeting, held in Westminster Hall, on Saturday the 14th instant;

" Upon a serious and full enquiry into the circumstances attending the outrages committed, and the tumults attempted to be raised, at the General Meeting, held on Saturday the 14th instant, at Westminster Hall, your Select Committee find it substantiated by the most indisputable testimony, that there were several bands of ruffians dispersed through the Hall, who your Committee have reason to believe were neither Electors or Inhabitants of Westminster, and who acted evidently upon a concerted plan, and whose outrages were such, as to endanger even the lives of persons whom your Committee have examined.

" Upon the subject which your Committee are more particularly directed to examine into, they find, upon a full investigation and examination of evidence, that after Mr. Fox had been some time in the front of the hustings, and while he was addressing the Electors (his principal opponents being at a considerable distance) a canvas bag was thrown at him.

" It appears by the manner in which this was done, and from the singular construction of the bag, that the intention must have been that the contents should discharge themselves in the face of Mr. Fox.

" Your Committee find, that though the execution of this failed in part, yet Mr. Fox, and many persons whom your Committee have carefully examined, were instantly and violently afflicted by a noisome powder and vapour which issued from the bag.

" That an attempt was immediately made by some ruffians to recover the bag; but that it was detained by the exertions of persons whom your Committee have examined, and that afterwards being produced at Devonshire House in the presence of a great number of persons, your Committee have the testimony of gentlemen, who were immediately, upon smelling the powder at a distance, seized with violent coughing and sickness, and that some of those gentlemen were affected thereby for the remaining part of the evening.

" That upon this it was determined to have the contents examined by some eminent Chymist: whose opinion your Committee subjoins.

" Your Committee have also the affidavits of persons, to substantiate the identity of the bag and contents delivered to Mr. Stock.

" Your Select Committee have also the most respectable authorities, which render it unquestionable, that Euphorbium is a drug of so poisonous and subtle a nature, that a very small quantity reaching the stomach of any person, might produce the most fatal consequences."

(Signed)

Godfrey Webster,
Thomas Byron,
R. Hollingworth,
R. Fitzpatrick,

Dudley Long,
J. A. Wallinger,
R. B. Sheridan,
A. H. Shove.

The

The testimony of Mr. Stock referred to by the above Report:

“ Having examined very carefully the contents of the bag brought to me by Mr. Robinson and another gentleman, I find it to contain Capsicum and Euphorbium. The Euphorbium is extremely well disguised, being in powder, and therefore I am led to judge it to be that, more from its great activity than from its visible appearance: I have examined it with great caution, and indeed apprehension, because I have been frequently affected by it; yet with all my caution of stopping my nose and mouth, I felt its effects. My servants who were in the place, or accidentally passing, were instantly seized with heat in the nose and throat, and violent coughing. A person coming into the warehouse from the air was affected by it immediately. The quality of both these ingredients, more particularly Euphorbium, is extremely noxious and dangerous when applied so as to be taken into the eyes, nose, or mouth; it occasions violent and extreme inflammation, discharge of watery humour from the eyes and nose, and violent and intolerable heat in the throat; it will occasion ulcerations in the throat: indeed when violent inflammation is excited in any part, there is no saying where such symptoms may end, nor is there any reason why it may not produce effects that will put an end to life.

“ W. STOCK, Ludgate-hill.”

For the further satisfaction of some members of this Committee, who are opposers of the Address and proceeding signed by Mr. Fox, the Chairman of the Select Committee, offered to enter into the detail of the evidence, upon which the Select Committee had founded their report; and at the desire of those gentlemen, a respectable witness, who had not attended the Select Committee, was called in and examined by this Committee. The following Resolutions were then unanimously agreed to:

Resolved unanimously,

“ That this Committee, conceiving a just indignation at the enormity of the proceedings, stated in the report of their Select Committee, do continue the appointment of the said Select Committee, and earnestly request them to pursue the most effectual methods for the discovery of the authors and instruments of the tumults and acts of outrage stated in their report; and more especially to use their utmost endeavours to detect the contrivers and perpetrators of that atrocious attempt which disgraces humanity and the manners of a free people.

Resolved,

“ That, for the furtherance of this object, immediate application be made to the Magistrates of Westminster, and this Committee do hereby offer a reward of TWO HUNDRED GUINEAS to any person or persons, who shall discover the parties concerned in preparing the said bag and ingredients, or in throwing the same, knowing the contents thereof; which sum is placed in the hands of Messrs. Drummond and Co. Bankers, Charing-Cross, to be paid on conviction of any of the offenders.”

This business being settled, it was moved, that, “ Whereas an advertisement has appeared in several of the public papers, signed *John Churchill*, purporting that the tumult near the hustings, in Westminster Hall, on Saturday the 14th instant, was such as to prevent the persons nearest the hustings from hearing what fell either from Mr. Fox, or any of his friends,”

And resolved (with one dissentient)

“ That it appears to this Committee, that no person, or number of persons, assembled near the hustings, for the purpose of interrupting the proceedings of the meeting, by tumult and clamour, have any right to impeach the validity of such proceedings, under pretence that the propositions could not be distinctly heard when the several questions were regularly put by the Chairman of the Meeting, and decided
“ according

“ according to the usual mode, by a shew of hands; and that the insinuation contained
 “ in the above mentioned advertisement can only be considered as an attempt from the
 “ minority who dissented from the proceedings agreed on the 14th of February, to con-
 “ vey an unfounded imputation upon the candour, fairness, and impartiality, which
 “ characterize the conduct of the Chairman, as well as of a majority of Electors as-
 “ sembled on that day.”

Adjourned to Friday the 27th of February instant, at twelve o'clock at noon.

JOHN BRETT, Chairman.

SHAKESPEARE MONTHLY MEETING.

This evening [*March 12*] there were assembled about six hundred of the principal Electors of Westminster.

Colonel Stanhope took the Chair, and apologized for the absence of General Burgoyne, one of the Stewards, and Mr. Fox, who were attending their duty in the House of Commons, on Mr. Sawbridge's motion for a Parliamentary Reform. This was received (as it ought to be) with satisfaction; and then the usual constitutional toasts were given, and drank with every mark of approbation which could testify that the feelings of those present sprung from the truest sense of real patriotism. Between the several toasts, the company were highly entertained by Captain Morris, and Mr. Johnstone, of Covent Garden Theatre, who alternately sung; the one in a style of wit and satire on the present times, which made the room resound with plaudits at the end of each stanza; and the other with a voice, taste, execution, and judgment, that gained him as much applause as man could desire. Perhaps in the annals of song-writing there cannot be found a more pointed or a more humorous composition than that sung by the Captain. It turned on the conduct of Mr. Pitt, and was so humourously and so poetically handled, that even the gravity of a prerogative Bishop would have forsaken his Right Reverence, and made the head of the church laugh.

Immediately on the House breaking up, which was about eleven o'clock, Mr. Fox, General Burgoyne, Lord Surrey, Lord Maitland, Colonel Fitzpatrick, Mr. Alderman Sawbridge, Mr. Sheridan, and many more Members of Parliament arrived.

Mr. Fox took the Chair, and said he was detained by his duty in Parliament from having the honour to attend the meeting sooner. He was sorry to inform them that Mr. Alderman Sawbridge's motion for a Parliamentary Reform was negatived by a majority of *forty-eight*, the numbers being for the motion 143, and against it 191. This defeat he attributed to the friends of the present Ministry being for no Reform, and consequently voting against the motion. He believed there might be about *eighty* of those that always are considered to support Administration, who on *this occasion* took the opposite side to the Minister. He begged to retire for a short time, as he had not dined; which having done, he returned, and drank the health of the Independent Electors of Westminster; and afterwards that of Mr. Alderman Sawbridge.

Mr. Alderman Sawbridge, upon this, got up, and having politely returned thanks for the honour done him, begged that he might have liberty to say a few words on the subject of debate that day in the House of Commons. His right honourable friend had informed them of the defeat of the *Parliamentary Reform*, so much wished for by every true friend to the Constitution. This defeat, he said, was now to be entirely ascribed to the present Administration. It was their phalanx, and the jesuitically-instructed conduct of the right honourable gentleman who apparently presides there, which overthrew the motion. Nothing would have been more openly apparent to the purpose of nega-

tiving the question than Mr. Pitt's speech, although that gentleman himself voted for the question. This, however, was not done with a view to make the friends of the Minister vote against the motion, for they had already received their instructions how to act. No :—It was done for the purpose of forcing the friends of Lord North to keep up *consistency*, and give their negative as they had hitherto done. Every art of argument, every nerve of elocution was exerted to colour the right honourable gentleman's speech so as to make it have that effect, and yet gave it that semblance and outward form of a contrary intention. Indeed the fate of the motion, and the conduct of the immediate servants of the Crown, proved this in the strongest view of demonstration. He added, that he had not on his mind one single doubt of the PARLIAMENTARY REFORM taking place, if the Ministry had not laid their commands of interdiction. The device of Mr. Pitt's voting FOR IT, when the great body of Administration voted AGAINST IT, was too poor a subterfuge not to be discerned by the meanest capacity. But supposing Mr. Pitt to have acted from principle, yet here was a proof that he held in ESTIMATION and CONFIDENCE *that very Cabinet* who opposed him in one of the most essential requisites to the benefit of the nation.

Lord Surrey informed the company, that the gentleman, named *Jack Robinson*, had, with a chosen band, mustered up stairs, during almost the whole of the debate, from whence he brought down his troops just previous to the division. His Lordship said the matter was clear as noon-day, that if the Minister *chose*, the motion for a PARLIAMENTARY REFORM would have been carried. Every man in the House did perceive, and he hoped every man out of the House would see that Mr. Pitt, who talked so much of REFORM, was the very person who put a stop to it. It would be in vain for his friends to urge that he himself voted for it, when all mankind saw that his influence was against it.

After this the meeting grew extremely convivial, and Captain Morris was requested again to sing his *Pitt-nursing composition*, which, if possible, was received with louder plaudits than before.

WESTMINSTER MEETING.

WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING-STREET.

March 19.] This day there was the most respectable assemblage of the Electors of Westminster that ever yet were convened on any public occasion. The gentlemen began to assemble at about half past three, and were ushered up into the great ball room, which at four o'clock was nearly filled; and before five the overflow filled the stair-case down to the hall in such a manner, that it was impossible to pass. The number amounted to Five Hundred and Forty, almost the whole of whom were what may be called very respectable and independent inhabitants of Westminster.

At half past five the dinner room was opened, and nearly five hundred persons sat down at six tables, covered in a style of public entertainment far beyond any thing of the kind that has ever before appeared for the accommodation of such a number of people. There was no confusion, no irregularity, and no want of any thing that could please the palate. The company did not come down until dinner was announced to be on the table, which created regularity and that polite etiquette, which are the distinguished characteristics of a meeting of gentlemen. When the covers were taken off, there appeared a variety of every thing, fish in abundance of all sorts, salmon, cods heads, &c. trout, soles, smelts, craw fish, &c. &c. roast beef, shoulders and legs of excellent house-

“ lamb,

lamb, plentifully dispersed and fashionably set out, chickens, tongues, mock turtle, soups of all kinds, jellies, *blanche mange*, and apple pies, turkeys, wild fowl, fallads, &c.

As soon as dinner was over the following toasts were drank :

Mr. Fox gave " the Independent Electors of the city of Westminster ; " " the Majesty of the People of England ; " " the cause of freedom all over the world ; " " the glorious and immortal memory of King William the Third ; " " the Constitution as established at the Revolution ; " " the Champion of the House of Commons, and may the people emulate his example ; " (the name of Fox here resounded throughout the room) ; all these toasts were drank with shouts of applause.

The Stewards proposed, and Mr. Fitzherbert read the motion, " That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the Right Hon. Charles James Fox should be supported at the next election for Westminster." There was not a dissenting voice—all joined in their wishes, and each seemed sure of success.

Mr. Fox rose to thank the meeting for this distinguished mark of their favour : he said he had long experienced their friendship, and he hoped his conduct would continue to him that support which first gave to him their esteem and their good wishes ; his endeavours had been for the public benefit ; he became their representative avowedly to lessen the *undue influence* of the Crown ; the Electors gave him their suffrages for that purpose, as one great feature of their countenance. He asked if he had departed from that system ; if he had done any thing unconstitutional, or that militated against his own and against his Constituents principles. He had no view but that of serving his country. Idle reports had gone abroad, and every influence was used to make him obnoxious to the people, but there was no reason, no argument to support such accusations. He had ever dealt candidly by his constituents, and he hoped they would do so by him. He meant to stand a candidate for their favour on the next vacancy, unless the sense of his present Constituents was against him ; and that he not only hoped, but had every reason to imagine was not the case. The respectable meeting present, the numerous friends he saw among them, a conscious and open uprightness in his conduct, and that zeal which he had ever possessed, and which he was resolved to maintain for the well-being of the empire, convinced him that he had not lost the confidence of his Constituents. He was their friend now, and let his situation be what it might, he should ever continue so.

The Stewards gave " Success to Mr. Fox's Election ; " it was drank with *una voce* applause.

Mr. Fox gave " Alderman Sawbridge, and Success to a Parliamentary Reform."

Mr. Withey said, he could not pass by this opportunity of publicly returning thanks to Mr. Fox for his conduct on that occasion ; and for the great though unsuccessful support he gave to that most desirable object.

Mr. Sawbridge explained to the meeting in what manner Mr. Pitt acted on the motion for a Parliamentary Reform, and clearly pointed out, that although the Minister voted for the question himself, yet he used every influence in his power with all his friends to vote against it.

Mr. Fox thought it necessary here to explain that his sentiments and his conduct were what they ever had been on the Reform Bill. He wished it from his heart ; and had some hopes that as Mr. Pitt was Minister, and had got over to him *one hundred and thirty* of Lord North's friends, the measure might have been carried. But the matter was otherwise ; and all the world now saw that there was no real intention to have such a plan accomplished. Mr. Sawbridge, he said, did not take up the motion until the question had been asked, whether Mr. Pitt meant really to pursue his Plan of Reform ; and until an answer, amounting to a negative, was given. Then indeed he did propose it, and it met that fate of which the public were already advertised. He averred, that if Mr. Pitt really meant to support the motion, it would have been carried. He again repeated

that his conduct was open, that his principles were known to every man, that he had not a thought of which the kingdom was not fully possessed, and that he hoped if there was any part of what he had done that was wrong, it might be made an open charge against him, and permission given him to explain his conduct. All his present, all his former life were public. As long as his constituents thought him deserving their favour, they would support him; but if ever they deserted him, he hoped they would explain their conduct for so doing, and point out where he had erred.

The next toasts were,

“ The Rights of the Commons, Constitutional Councils, and Responsible Advisers.”

“ The Majority of the House of Commons, and the Virtuous Minority in the Lords.”

Captain Morris sung his Constitutional Song, which got so much applause at the Shakespeare. It is epigrammatic in every line, and, without exception, one of the best pieces of political satire that ever was composed. The meeting were so pleased, that they returned him public thanks for it, and he in return thanked them in terms of politeness and respect.

Mr. Bannister next sung. It is unnecessary to publish panegyric on a man who is usually esteemed, applauded, and in the highest reputation as a man of conviviality, as an actor, and as a singer. Mr. Moody was next called upon. Mr. Moody sung an Irish song. Every body knew him—and in knowing it consequently followed they must applaud. The next was a duet, “ How Sweet in the Woodlands,” by Bannister and Johnstone. This indeed was a musical treat. It received such applause as it deserved, the hearty thanks of the company.

The next toast was, “ the Duke of Portland and the Whig Interest,” after which followed Lord Derby’s song of “ Liberty Hall.”

“ Lord Derby and Liberty Hall.”

Lord Derby rose, and very politely drank the health of the company in return, assuring them, that their applause would act as a spur to him to persevere in their cause.

“ His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and may the Princes of the House of Brunswick ever countenance those principles that seated their family on the Throne of England.”

“ The Duke of Devonshire, and the whole House of Cavendish.”

“ Mr. Byng, and the independent Electors of Middlesex.”

Mr. Byng returned thanks for the honour done him, and assured them that he felt a double satisfaction in finding his name coupled with so respectable a body as his Constituents.

“ May the County of Stafford ever return Whig Members, and the Town of Stafford persons of equal virtue and abilities of Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Monckton.”

Mr. Sheridan returned thanks for himself and his worthy colleague, and remarked, that the company being so numerous, so happy, and so convivial, he hoped they would meet again soon at the same place.

“ The Cause for which Hampden bled in the field, and Sydney and Russell on the scaffold.”

“ Lord Keppel and the Navy of England.”

Mr. Fox acquainted the meeting, that Thursday next was appointed for the meeting at York, when it was to be decided whether that respectable county were for the Prerogative of the Crown in preference to the Rights of the People; after which he gave,

“ Lord Fitzwilliam and Mr. Foljambe, with the rest of the real, and not the pretended, friends of the cause of Freedom in the county of York.”

“ A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together.”

“ Lord Maitland and the other friends of Freedom in Scotland.”

Lord:

Lord Maitland politely returned thanks for the honour conferred on him; was happy that his conduct had met with their approbation, and assured them, that he knew of no better way to ensure it in future, than by a steady support of their worthy Representative, Mr. Fox.

“ General Conway, the late Commander in Chief in England.”

“ General Burgoyne, late Commander in Chief in Ireland.”

General Burgoyne remarked, that if relinquishing (for he could not call it sacrificing) power and emolument, to support a cause and a man, both of which he was attached to, no recompence could be half so flattering to him, as the honour he had received by the approbation of the company.

“ Colonel Fitzpatrick, the late Secretary at War.”

Colonel Fitzpatrick very politely returned thanks.

“ Colonel Stanhope, a tried friend to the rights of the people of this country.”

Colonel Stanhope assured the company, that he always should be happy to give every assistance in his power to secure the rights of mankind in general, and of his country in particular.

“ Colonel Hartley, a tried friend to the liberties of the people, and success to his election in the county of Berks.”

Colonel Hartley returned thanks, and assured the company, that he should always be happy to support Mr. Fox, who, he was confident, would never either betray or desert the cause of Freedom.

Several other toasts were given, many good songs were sung, and the following Gentlemen were chose Stewards for the next dinner.

Lord Surrey	Colonel Fitzpatrick
Sir C. Barrow	Mr. Gardiner
General Burgoyne	Mr. Harcourt
Sir T. Wallace	Mr. Wallinger
Mr. Breton	Captain Morrice
Mr. Sheridan	Mr. Moore
Mr. Hume	Mr. Evans.

The Loss of the Great Seal of England, on the Eve of the Dissolution of Parliament, having caused various Speculations, we have selected the following Particulars from the different Papers of the Day, for the Satisfaction of our Readers.

March 26.] In the night between Tuesday and Wednesday, one of the most extraordinary burglaries took place that has been known within this century. Some daring villains broke into the house of the Lord Chancellor, in Great Ormond-street, and carried off, undiscovered, the *Great Seal of England*, the Mace, and the Purse, besides several articles of plate, and about forty guineas. This uncommon robbery created the greatest consternation in town; for that an event so singular should happen at so critical a moment as on the eve of a dissolution of Parliament, when the Great Seal was necessary to the Proclamation, naturally gives rise to conjecture, and induces men, less prone to judge from constructive evidence than the English people confessedly are, to imagine that the robbery was a political manœuvre on one part or the other. The Seals, Purse, and Mace, were not, as it has been reported, in the Seal Office, or at most

most of our former Chancellors were accustomed to secure them, during the night, in the chamber where he slept, but in a back room, the windows of which look into the fields, and where no watchman is within sight. The Great Seal and Mace are made of silver; the first is about the size of a small trencher, one part folds on the other, and it makes the impression on both sides of the wax. The Purse is the bag in which the Seals are kept; it resembles the ancient *pouch* of the Britons, and is still an appendage of the Highland dress. The whole intrinsic value of the Great Seal and Mace is perhaps about 40*l*. but the cost of the workmanship will be more than 200*l*.

Several curious questions arise on this extraordinary circumstance. Can a Proclamation be issued without the Great Seal? Certainly not: But cannot the King, in his Council, constitute any seal, for the time being, the Great Seal of England---the head of Cæsar, or a Maid of Honour's thimble? Several lawyers yesterday delivered it as their opinion that he could; while others said, that this could only be done by the power of an act of Parliament. When James II. threw the Great Seal into the Thames, expedition was used in having another made. Another question arises---Have we at this instant any Lord Chancellor at all? The act says, that "*taking away* the Seals determines the office."---Will the robbery be, in the legal construction, *taking away* the Seal? Must he not be again sworn into office, and the ceremonies be repeated on delivering to him his new Seal? The ceremony that constitutes any Seal the Great Seal of England is, that the King delivers the Seal into his hand before certain officers, and he is required to use it as the instrument of the King's pleasure. The mere impression cannot make it so, for that is in any engraver's power. The ceremony originally used in making any other Seal the Great Seal may now be used without requiring the particular figure of that which is lost; but perhaps the Chancellor must again be sworn.

Yesterday morning the Lord Chancellor went early to Buckingham House, to communicate the strange circumstance, and a Council was held on the occasion.

The last attempt of this nature was made by the famous Colonel Blood, who, in the year 1671, formed the daring plan of carrying off the Crown from the Tower. Blood went with a woman, whom he called his wife, to see the regalia; he was habited like a clergyman, and having by various arts insinuated himself into the good graces of Mr. Edwards, the Keeper, he made proposals of marrying his nephew to the old man's daughter, and the 9th of March was fixed for an interview. At that time he went with three companions all armed with rapier-blades in their canes, and each with a dagger and a pair of pistols. The old man was ready to receive his guests, and the daughter her gallant---Two of his companions went in with him, and the third staid at the door to watch. As soon as they had entered the room where the Crown was kept, and the door, as usual, shut behind them, they threw a cloak over the old man's head, and gagged his mouth. Having secured him from crying out, they plainly told him they were determined to have the Crown, Globe, and Sceptre, and if he would submit to it, they would spare his life, otherwise he might expect no mercy. The old man making what noise he could, they knocked him down with a mallet, and as he still struggled, they gave him nine or ten strokes more on the head with the mallet, and stabbed him in the belly. Concluding him dead, they omitted to tie his hands behind him; but proceeded immediately to the objects of their robbery. Parret, one of the companions, put the Globe into his pocket, Blood took the Crown under his cloak, and the third was beginning to file the Sceptre in two, when the son of Mr. Edwards, that instant on his return from Flanders, came to the door. Being thus disturbed, they went off without the Sceptre; and the old man recovering his senses, though dreadfully wounded, got up and called out "treason! murder!" The daughter seeing him rushed out after the plunderers and called out "treason! stop thief! the Crown is stolen!" On this the alarm was given; but the desperate

men, when they came to the drawbridge, discharged a pistol at the head of one of the Warders, and got over; they then got through the outward gate upon the wharf, and were making haste to their horses, calling out themselves, "Stop the rogues!" But a Captain Beckman came up with them. Blood discharged his second pistol at the Captain's head, but missed him. He was then seized, and he had the audacity even then to struggle for the Crown; when it was wrested from him he said, "It was a gallant attempt, though unsuccessful—it was for a Crown." The subsequent circumstances were no less curious than the foregoing. He was examined by the King, and instead of being condemned to die, a pension of 500*l.* a year was granted to him for his life.

On Tuesday night the most uncommon enormity, since the stealing of the Crown by Blood, was committed by some abandoned desperadoes. The Lord High Chancellor's house in Great Ormond-street was broke open, and the Great Seal of England stolen from the office in which it was deposited. The peculiar circumstances of the affair shew clearly that it could not have been perpetrated by any common robber. On Thursday it is universally expected that the Parliament will be dissolved. This, it is well known, can be done only by proclamation; and to this proclamation it is necessary that the Great Seal be affixed. When we consider, that this robbery happened on the eve of a dissolution,—that a dissolution must be fatal to the hopes of certain gentlemen, who have united themselves into a party, as it should seem, for the express purpose of impeding public business; that the Seal itself could afford no temptation to robbers intent on booty alone, and above all, that without some particular object, that office could not have been peculiarly destined to plunder, we cannot hesitate to impute it to agents of the party alluded to. Their design, however, has proved abortive, a new Seal having been ordered to be made, which, it is expected, will be ready by to-morrow*.

A correspondent assures us, that every account which has been given of the burglary in the Lord Chancellor's house is erroneous, and that the following statement is minutely exact. The Great Seal of England was deposited within a drawer, in a lone and unprotected back room upon the ground floor, exposed to the open fields. No person slept upon the floor, or near so great and valuable a treasure, although his Lordship's private property was cautiously lodged with the butler below stairs. The villains entered the window without difficulty or interruption, and conveyed away the Great Seal, thirty-five guineas, official fees belonging to it, and the hilts of two swords, the property of his Lordship's officers: fortunately the Mace, which lay in a corner of the room, was concealed by a green cloth, and escaped notice.

The Great Seal, which was stolen from the Chancellor's back parlour last Wednesday morning, weighed near seven pounds weight. If it was *pure* silver, it would prove a tolerable booty; but it will be most reasonable to suspect that it contained an alloy of *base metal*!

When the Chancellor missed the Great Seal, he exclaimed to his confidential officer, Macklin, "By G--d I have long ceased to make the *impression* I wished!"

The Great Seal consists of two parts, about the size of a small plate, one folding over the other, and the impression made by it is on both sides of the wax. The matter of which the Seal is composed is chiefly silver, in value about 30*l.* but the workmanship amounts to a vast deal more.

* This ingenious and grave assertion made its appearance in that wonderful and immaculate paper the *Morning Post*, so remarkable for new discoveries on every occasion. We hope, however, the present Editor will at last discover that his paper is little read, and seldom credited. Our present little Minister, Master Billy, will, we fear, be under the necessity of taking all the impressions himself—indeed it might prove no impolitical step. Put Jack Robinson into a *News Walk*, he might distribute lies officially every morning wet from the press, and gain the Minister a few more friends.

The following extract from De Lolme, on the "Constitution of England," will explain how far the Great Seal is necessary in convening a Parliament.—"When the King has determined to assemble a Parliament, he sends an order for that purpose to the Lord Chancellor, who, after receiving the same, sends a writ under the Great Seal of England to the Sheriff of every county, directing him to take the necessary measures for the election of members for the county, and the towns and boroughs contained in it. Three days after the reception of the writ, the Sheriff must, in his turn, send his precept to the magistrates of the towns and boroughs, to order them to make their election within eight days after the reception of the precept, giving four days notice of the same. And the Sheriff himself must proceed to the election for the county, not sooner than ten days after the receipt of the writ, nor later than sixteen days."

The following, says a correspondent, may be depended upon as an original letter:

"My dear Sir,

"A gang of scoundrels broke into my house last night, robbed me of some money, and several things of value, amongst which was the Seal, and be d-----d to them."

"Your's, affectionately,

Great O-----d-street,

T-----W."

March 24, 1784.

The last public theft, prior to that of the *Great Seal*, was the stealing of the head of *Faith the Confessor* from his monument in Westminster Abbey. The head of the statue was of silver, and the body, which they left behind, of brass. This happened in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and it was generally believed that Oliver *was pricy to the matter*.

There are circumstances attending the outrage of stealing the Great Seal, which create a suspicion that it was not committed by common thieves. The critical period at which it happened, is too remarkable to be overlooked; and there being so little other damage done, though so much more was in the power of the robbers, adds strength to the conjecture, and almost amounts to a proof, that there was no other object originally in view. Another corroborating circumstance is, that, as the plunderers went so directly to the place where the Seal was deposited, they must have been persons well acquainted with the house, unless their infernal plot was assisted by a connivance within doors; and even admitting this to have been the case, the same suspicion remains in full force, as a combination with ordinary felons can hardly be supposed. But time will probably unveil this mystery of iniquity, and shew the world what some men are capable of, when a desperate ambition drives them to the last shift of revenge. Public distress is no object with them. If they are disappointed, and cannot succeed in their wild and lawless schemes, they are determined they shall not suffer alone; but, as far as they are able, that all shall go to ruin along with them*.

When the *theft* of the *Great Seal* was first reported, the generality of people gave no credit to the circumstance, but treated it as an idle story; even the greatest enemies to Faction, those who have always dreaded the lengths which *desperate men* will go, could not persuade themselves that such an attempt would be made, much less would they believe such an act *had been* committed: The fact now being fully established, with all the aggravating circumstances attending it, it behoves the people of this country, as they value their freedom, to be on their guard, and to be careful how they trust legisla-

* Another political speculation from the Minister's *Morning Post*. Unfortunately for all these assertions, it happened the robbers were found out, and shocking to relate, it was discovered that neither the Duke of Portland nor Mr. Fox were the thieves, but two notorious housebreakers, who had melted the Seal, and sold it to a Jew. So, Mr. *Morning Post*, "how is it with ye?" But never mind, at it again.

tive power in hands of men who do not hesitate to commit the *most unwarrantable acts* to gratify their *ambition*, and to infringe on the rights and liberties of their fellow-subjects*.

Every exertion is now making, and the whole army of *opposition scribblers* is in motion, to turn the late *theft* of the *Great Seal* into ridicule, and to persuade the nation that it was a *designed party* affair; but there are too many *suspicious* circumstances attending it, for those *ingenious* gentlemen to get over, before the least degree of credit can be given to what they wish to be believed. The critical time at which it happened, when the Great Seal was so essentially necessary, and its use so *mal a-propos* to a *certain faction*, is too remarkable to be overlooked; the very little damage done, tho' so much was in the power of the robbers, the direct attack upon that very identical spot where the seal was deposited, although other rooms in the house contained articles to a much greater value; and what is more remarkable, in the place, from whence the seal was taken, was cash and valuables to a great amount, nearly all which they left behind--these circumstances almost amount to a proof that no *common robber*, no *plunderer*, intent on the profits *only*, was concerned. Till these suspicions can be controverted, men must and will judge according to appearances, which at present it must be acknowledged are very *unfavourable* to certain *well known* characters†.

In addition to the reports so *laudably* circulated last night among the Westminster Electors, about the loss of the *Great Seal and Chancellor's Mace*, we beg leave to add, from the same *respectable* and *unquestionable* authority, that his Grace the Duke of *Portland* and the Right Honourable *Charles James Fox* were met about two o'clock on Tuesday morning in Great Ormond-street, with a *crow* and *dark lanthorn* in their hands, by *J. Rob-----*, the *Prerogative Rat-catcher*, who is ready to depose the same whenever he may be called upon for that *honourable purpose*!

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Patents for the exclusive sale of quack drugs, or the creation of English *Peérages*----
Appointments to the high offices of State---Pardons for all manner of offences against the State---Titles---Estates---New names---Baronetages---Baronies---and Bankruptcies, ready to be granted, for a valuable consideration,

Under the *Great Seal of England*.

For particulars apply to *Beetle Brow'd Ned*, Keeper of the *Great Seal*, in Duke's Place.

C----- F--- was observing to G--- S---l---n, at Brookes's, upon news of the Great Seal being stolen, that the Great Seal ought not to be entrusted to a man that does not know how to secure it. "You mistake the matter, Charles (cries G----- S-----) my friend Thurlow is Chancellor, and not Lord Keeper of the Great Seal."

The person or persons who stole the Great Seal, will no doubt fabricate many royal patents; and among the first acts of their power, they will undoubtedly seal their own pardon.

It is now said, that the Great Seal of England was taken away by some of the playfellows of the present Minister, who, being actuated by the same mad ambition, meant to clap the Great Seal to patents of peerage and pensions for themselves, afterwards to seal their own pardon for the felony, and then return the Seal to *vigilant*, constitutional Guardian, desiring him to take better care of it for the future.

* Stab away! Truth takes some murdering! Good Mr. Morning Post.

† Morning Post again in *full feather*.—"We cannot help expressing our wish, that the public would pay some attention to the ministerial stage of prostitution this paper has attained to. Domestic scandal and political lies at present mark its pre-eminence over every other daily print; and we deem it right to record its *infamy to posterity*!"—"Let the galled jade wince."

The Great Seal, that was stolen, is not gold, but silver, gilt---is, from its weight, worth from twelve to twenty pounds.

One would imagine, from the robbing of the Chancellor's house being the sole topic of conversation amongst all ranks of people, that the Great Seal had never been lost before; but a correspondent informs us (and a very remarkable circumstance it is) that a similar accident happened in the unfortunate reigns of John, Charles the First, and James the Second.

A N E C D O T E.

Some years ago, a fisherman between Lambeth and Vauxhall was drawing a net pretty close to the channel, when he found a great weight entangled in it, which with difficulty he and his companion drew to shore. Upon examining what it should be, they were utterly at a loss. But having shewn it about, some wiser heads than their own discovered it to be the Great Seal of England. This was a thing which occasioned much speculation. But at last it appeared, that King James, the night before he went away, had called for it from Lord Jefferies, who was then Chancellor, under pretence of making a secret use of it for pardons or grants; but when he determined to fly, he thought either that the bulk or weight of it made it inconvenient to carry, or that it was hereafter to be of no further use to him; and therefore that it might a little disconcert his enemies, he had thrown it into the Thames. The fishermen, overjoyed at their good fortune, carried it to court, and received a handsome reward, though no use was ever made of it afterwards.

The grand larceny committed on the Great Seal of Great Britain, is, at length, fully come to light. It has, it appears, been perpetrated by special direction of the French Cabinet, at whose disposal every thing in London is as perfectly as at Paris, our new metropolis. The object of the theft was, it seems, for the French King to have in his possession the Great Seal of this country at hand, to set to the grants of the lands and possessions which he may have made to several of his French Nobility, who have lately been here, in notable numbers, in order to reconnoitre and to beg them of his most Christian Majesty, who could have no reason to doubt of their validity, far above the ridicule of disposing of the Bear's-skin. He is but too sensible, that our national character has been long totally changed, and that a people who have so tamely submitted to the total loss of their honour, are not to be suspected of having spirit enough left to defend their Liberty and Property.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, of Saturday, March 27, 1784.

At the Court at the Queen's House, the 25th of March, 1784,

P R E S E N T,

The KING's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

“ A new Great Seal of Great Britain having been prepared by his Majesty's Chief
“ Engraver of Seals, in pursuance of a Warrant to him for that purpose, under his Ma-
“ jesty's Royal signature; and the same having been this day presented to his Majesty
“ in Council, and approved; his Majesty was thereupon graciously pleased to deliver
“ the said New Seal to the Right Honourable Edward Lord Thurlow, Lord High
“ Chancellor of Great Britain, and to direct that the same shall be made use of for seal-
“ ing all things whatsoever which pass the Great Seal.”

Mr.

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N. 227 1784

Mr. PITT's public Entry into the City on Saturday, February 28, 1784.

At two o'clock, the Committee of Common Council appointed to present the Thanks of the Court and the Freedom of this City to Mr. Pitt, set off from Guildhall to Berkeley-square, in the following order :

Two Marshalsmen, with red and white cockades.

Four Constables, with ditto.

Two Marshals, with cockades and sashes.

Mr. Alderman Townsend, Chairman.

Mr. Alderman Wilkes.

Sir Thomas Halifax.

Sir Watkin Lewes.

Mr. Alderman Pickett.

Mr. Alderman Sanderfon.

Sir Barnard Turner.

Mr. Deputy Hilton and Mr. Deputy Young.

Mr. Sealey and Mr. Merry.

Mr. Deputy Percy and Mr. Anderson.

Mr. Dornford and Mr. Pinhorn.

Mr. Withers and Mr. Dowling.

Mr. Kemble and Mr. Birch.

Mr. Toulmin and Mr. Wayell.

Mr. Town Clerk, and the Clerk of the Chamber.

About three o'clock, they arrived at Mr. Pitt's house, where they were very politely received. and Mr. Alderman Townsend presented the Resolutions ; and at the same time addressed Mr. Pitt in a very elegant speech, to which Mr. Pitt returned an answer couched in the warmest terms of respect.

The cavalcade then returned, amidst the acclamation of applauding thousands, to Grocers Hall, where Mr. Pitt received the freedom of the City, and afterwards was entertained with a most sumptuous dinner, served with the utmost elegance and profusion.

At Temple Bar the procession was formed in the following order :

Two Marshalsmen.

Constables, two and two.

Under City Marshal on horseback.

Standard Banner.

Six City Pendants, two and two ; their trains supported by children, decorated with scarlet and white ribbons.

City State Banner.

The colours carried by the City Watermen, in scarlet jackets, silver badges, and scarlet and white caps.

Artillery Company's Music, two and two.

Committee in their carriages ; their servants with blue cockades.

A large blue Pendant, with the words PITT AND THE CONSTITUTION.

Upper City Marshal on horseback.

Chairman of Committee with Mr. CHANCELLOR PITT*.

Mr. Pitt's friends, among whom were the Marquis of Carmarthen, and the Lords Temple, Chatham, (not the great Chatham !—son of him) Sydney, with several others of the Nobility, closed the Procession.

* Our Printer has done well here to put him in capitals ;—the Boy looks to advantage !

The entertainment at Grocers Hall was conducted with the greatest regularity, and spent with conviviality. The following toasts, among many others, were drank

“ The Royal Family.”

“ The Constitution and Prerogative *.”

“ Mr. Pitt, Earls Chatham, and Temple.”

“ The inviolable preservation of our chartered Rights †.”

“ The Lord Mayor and Aldermen ‡.”

About eleven o'clock Mr. Pitt and friends took leave of the company, and on getting into his carriage was again drawn by the populace in like manner, as he had been from Charing-crofs to the Hall.

The procession to the city on Saturday was conducted with the greatest regularity : but the procession from the city was most injudicious. There is a certain time when men's minds are inflamed beyond the controul of reason--it argues a great want of knowledge of mankind, in the conduct of public matters, not to be prepared against those unhappy hours. This was the case on Saturday. Mr. Pitt returned through Westminster in a triumphant manner, where it was well known there was a divided party. Those opposite to his principles, among the multitude, naturally took offence ; we say *naturally*, because the mob are always guided by the occurrences of the moment, and ever act without properly investigating the *cause*, or seriously considering the *effect*. It was, therefore, very improper to run the risque of a popularity, supported by chosen friends, among an indiscriminate multitude at night, where every man, acted either as his particular interest, the fumes of his wine, the spirits of his punch, or the mad consequences of gin, directed. The want of proper advice on this occasion subjected Mr. Pitt's passage through St. James's-street to a most indecent outrage against the peace. The populace there attacked him about half past twelve o'clock, first with hisses and groans, and then with more missile weapons, until the tumult of popular rage at last rose to a complete riot, and the poor men, harnessed to the carriage, were obliged to quit their traces, and act *se defendendo*. The assailants being much more numerous than the supporters, the carriage remained at the mercy of the people, and was instantly demolished. Mr. Pitt escaped into the Hotel without receiving any injury, except what the surprize of so unexpected an attack occasioned. Had Mr. Pitt retired privately from Grocer's Hall, all this mischief might have been avoided.

The illuminations on Saturday were tolerably universal as to the houses along the Strand and Fleet-street, but in respect to the lights, they were extremely partial. A mob went about with threats, and consequently the people put up candles to save their windows ; but the judgment of being attached to the cause was only to be found in the number, and the full illuminations were very few in comparison to those of a contrary description. This is a fair state of the case ; and such as comes home to every unbiafled person's understanding.

The following is Mr. Wilkes's speech to the Right Honourable Mr. Pitt, when he received the freedom of the city of London :

“ S I R,

“ I give you joy, and I congratulate the city of London on the important acquisition it has this day made. I reckon it, Sir, among the most fortunate events of my life, that I have the honour of being directed by the unanimous resolution of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, to enroll your name in the archives of

* A conjunction perfectly agreeable with the ideas of Mr. PREROGATIVE Pitt.

† We apprehend the Printers of the day made a mistake here. The toast, as originally put, must have been “ The *invisibile* preservation of our Chartered Rights.”

‡ *Constitution* would have joined well to this toast.

“ this

" this metropolis among those princes and heroes who have been the benefactors of our country, and the friends of mankind, with the glorious deliverer of this nation, with the hero of Culloden, with the illustrious Statesman, from whom you derive your descent. The city of London, Sir, with pride and exultation, now behold revived in the son those solid virtues, shining talents, and powerful eloquence, which they long admired in the father; but above all, that generous love of our country, and its divine Constitution, superior to the groveling, sordid views of private self-interest, or personal ambition. You have, Sir, thus early in your ministerial career, commanded the esteem and admiration of this city and nation, by a noble act of disinterestedness in favour of the public, for which I believe you scarcely could find a precedent, nor I fear will you be imitated by any future Minister.

" We look up, Sir, to that superior ability, and purity of public virtue, which distinguish you, for the reformation of many abuses, as well as the steady protection of our chartered rights, property, and freedom. The Administration of your noble father gave us security at home, carried the glory of this nation to the utmost height abroad, and extended the bounds of the empire to countries, where the Roman Eagle never flew. A late Administration undertook an unjust and wicked war, which diminished the empire by depriving us of our most valuable colonies, and has brought us almost to the brink of bankruptcy. To restore this kingdom to any degree of prosperity and greatness, demands the utmost exertions of virtue and ability, with every support both of the Crown and People at large. I hope you will meet with both, and I know how high you stand in the confidence of the public. Such is to be done, but you have youth, capacity, and firmness. It is the characteristic of a true patriot never to despair, and we have a well-grounded hope of your making us again a great, powerful, happy, and united people, by a steady, uniform, wise, and disinterested conduct. Your noble father, Sir, annihilated party, and I hope you will in the end beat down and conquer the hydra of faction, which now rears its hundred heads against you. I remember his saying, that *for the good of the people, he dared to look the proudest connections of this country in the face*. I trust that the same spirit animates his son, and as he has the same support of the Crown and the People, I am firmly persuaded that the same success will follow *."

Mr. Pitt's answer to Mr. Chamberlain Wilkes :

" SIR,

" I beg to return you my best thanks for your very obliging expressions. Nothing can be more encouraging to me, in the discharge of my public duty, than the countenance of those, whom, from this day, I have the honour of calling my fellow-citizens."

The

* As an instance of the " Beauties and deformities of John Wilkes, Apostate," (to use a phrase of John Stockdale, the Piccadilly publisher of ridiculous memory) we here subjoin, by way of note, Mr. Wilkes's idea of Lord Chatham's character, when Mr. Pitt, and at a time too this truly great man was rendering the highest services to his country.

" Of all political adventurers, Mr. Pitt has been the most successful, according to the venal ideas of modern statesmen. Pulteney sold the people only for a barren title. The mercenary Pitt disposed of his popularity like an Exchange Broker. Besides the same title with the other apostate, Pitt secured from the Crown a large *family pension*, and the lucrative *sinécure of the Privy Seal*, which he held for a few years. His retreat into the House of Lords was a political ruse. He *passed away*, but is not yet quite forgotten. His treachery to the cause of the people still loads his memory with curses.

" He raised himself to the greatest offices of the state by the rare talent of command in a popular Assembly. He was indeed born an orator, and from nature possessed every outward requisite to bespeak respect and even awe. A manly figure, with the eagle-face of the famous Conde, fixed your attention, and almost commanded reverence the moment he appeared, and the keen lightening of his eye spoke his haughty fiery soul, before his lips had pronounced a syllable. His *tongue dropp'd venom*. There was a kind of fascination in his look, when he eyed any one *afance*. Nothing could withstand the force of that contagion. The stout Murray has faltered, and even Fox shrunk back appalled from an adversary *franght with fire unquenchable*, if I may

The following Selection of Advertisements, Hand-bills, &c. published and distributed a little previous to and during the Election, on the Part of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, we can assure our Readers, is most faithfully and impartially made. The friends of those two Candidates will find it a complete Arrangement of every thing of the Kind made public by their Committees, and other temporary Writers, who exerted themselves in their Cause. The like Care and Impartiality will be shewn when we come to select for Mr. Fox. This Conduct we hope will secure to us the applause of both Parties.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

The approbation you have expressed of the public principles on which I have acted as your Representative in Parliament, makes me, with great confidence solicit the honour of your support, in case a dissolution takes place.

Should you again honour me with your suffrages, the same independency and zeal for your service, and for the cause of the public, shall continue to be my line of conduct.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

With the greatest respect,

Your most grateful and obedient servant,

Great George-street, March 23, 1784.

CECIL WRAY.

" I may borrow the expression of our great Milton. He always cultivated the art of speaking with the most intense care and application. He has passed his life in the culling of words, the arrangement of phrases, and choice of metaphors; yet his theatrical manner did more than all, for his speeches could not be read. There was neither sound reasoning, nor accuracy of expression, in them. He had not the power of argument, nor the correctness of language, so striking in the great Roman orator, but he had the *verba ardentia*, the bold, glowing words. This merit was confined to his speeches; for his writings were always cold, lifeless, and incorrect, totally void of elegance and energy, sometimes even offending against the plainest rules of construction. In the pursuit of eloquence, he was indefatigable. He dedicated all his powers and faculties, and he sacrificed every pleasure of social life, even in youth, to the single point of talking well,

" *Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit et aluit;*

" *Aspiravit venere et vino.*

" to a greater degree than almost any man of this age.

" He acknowledged, that when he was young, he *always* came late into company, and left it early. He affected at first a sovereign contempt of money, and when he was Paymaster, made a parade of two or three very public acts of disinterestedness. When he had effectually duped his credulous friends, as well as a timid ministry, and obtained enormous legacies, pensions, and sinecure places, the mask dropped off. Private interest afterwards appeared to be the only idol to which he sacrificed. The old Duke of Newcastle used to say, " *That Mr. Pitt's talents would not have got him forty pounds a year in any country but this.*"

" At his entrance into Parliament, he attacked Sir Robert Walpole with indecent acrimony, and continued the persecution to the last moment of that Minister's life. He afterwards paid servile and sulsome compliments to his memory, not from conviction, as appeared from many other particulars, but to get over a few Walpolians. He had no fixed principle, but that of his own advancement. He declared for and against continental connections, for and against German wars, for and against Hanoverian subsidies, &c. still preserving an unblushing, *unembarrassed* countenance, and was the most perfect contradiction of a man to himself which the world ever saw. If his speeches in Parliament had been faithfully published to the English, soon after they were delivered, as those of Demosthenes and Cicero were to the Greeks and Romans, he would have been very early detected, and utterly cast off by his countrymen. He is said to be still living at *Hoyes in Kent*."

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty
of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

Impressed with the deepest sense of gratitude for the very distinguished honour done me, upon a former occasion, whilst I was abroad in the service of my King and country, and having now received the most flattering testimonies from various quarters, that the worthy Electors at large continue to think very favourably of me, I presume to offer myself a Candidate to represent this great and truly respectable City in Parliament, whenever a dissolution shall take place; and should I be so fortunate, Gentlemen, as to become the object of your choice, I most readily pledge myself to be vigilant and zealous in my duty, to act in full conformity to your wishes, and on all occasions to endeavour to prove myself,

Your very faithful servant,

Dover-street, March 23, 1784.

HOOD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

Having had the honour of being called upon by a very considerable body of the worthy and independent Electors of the city of Westminster to offer ourselves as joint candidates to represent this great and respectable city in Parliament on the approaching election; we beg leave to solicit the honour of your countenance and support; and if we should be so fortunate, through your voluntary suffrages, to become your Representatives, we shall endeavour to acquit ourselves in the high and important trust with zeal and fidelity, and we trust in full conformity to your sentiments and wishes.

We have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your most faithful and obedient servants,

Cannon Coffee-house,
March 24, 1784.

HOOD.
CECIL WRAY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of Westminster.

Having been grossly misrepresented in what I said relative to Chelsea Hospital, I think it necessary to inform the public, that I said in the House of Commons, "That I did not wish to see the provision made for Military Officers annihilated; on the contrary, I do not think the honourable retreats for such meritorious men sufficiently numerous; much less did I hint at reducing the subsistence of the hardy veterans. The whole that I meant to apprise the House of, was, that taking in the expence of the institution—the salaries of men, not military, and the necessary repairs of the buildings,

ings, by dividing that sum by the number of pensioners, the expenditure per man was fifty-one pounds five shillings.

" I then thought, and I now think, that if each man in that hospital was allowed twenty pounds per annum, and to live where his connections and friendships led him to, that he would live more happily---and an overplus remaining, which would provide for one thousand out-pensioners as letter-men; a charity more extensive, and devoutly to be wished for.

Great George's-street,
March 29, 1784.

CECIL WRAY.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.
W E S T M I N S T E R E L E C T I O N.

The Committee for conducting the Election of the Right Honourable Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, Bart. will meet this and every evening, precisely at seven o'clock, at Wood's Hotel, Covent Garden.
Wood's Hotel, March 27, 1784.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

To the Worthy Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster.

Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have the honour to return their most grateful thanks to those worthy Electors who have promised them their support; and having been very successful in their canvass, they take the liberty to request that such Electors as have not yet been waited upon personally (which is intended to be done as soon as possible) will kindly impute it to the shortness of time since the dissolution of Parliament, and the necessity they have been under of attending the public meetings.

Wood's Hotel, 27th March, 1784.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.
W O O D ' S H O T E L.

At a meeting of the General Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

Resolved unanimously,

" That the misconstruction put upon Sir Cecil Wray's declaration in the House of Commons respecting Chelsea Hospital, is malignantly intended and founded in falsehood and dishonour."

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVERTISE-

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Independent Electors of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

The plan which I just hinted at in Parliament, relating to Chelsea Hospital, having been so totally misunderstood, even by some of my good friends and Constituents, I think it incumbent upon me to assure them in particular, and the Electors in general, that a just and seasonable œconomy in the state, and the additional comfort and advantage of the brave and deserving invalids, were the only objects of my wishes and intention; and I will venture to pledge my word to the partakers of this great charity, to be honourable to themselves and their fellow-subjects, that if such plan should hereafter be adopted, every Pensioner will have reason to bless that Parliament which shall have brought about so useful and so laudable a reformation.

Wood's Hotel, March 29, 1784.

CECIL WRAY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Answers to the Queries to Sir Cecil Wray.

March 29, 1784.] First, Sir Cecil Wray, at the request of a great part of his Constituents, did propose a slender tax upon maid servants.

2d. Every man is by nature and humanity bound to protect the sex; but, surely, no sophistry can be clearer, no absurdity can be greater, than to suppose that a tax of a few shillings per annum on female servants would border the least upon oppression, would be the least calculated to increase prostitution, or to destroy the means of female subsistence. Men who seriously think this (if any such there can be) must estimate female virtue at a very low rate, and be very superficial judges either of the expences or the passions of women. But after all, such tax would in reality fall upon the master or mistress; wages would not be lowered by it, neither would the number of servants be diminished to any degree deserving of attention.

3d. 4th. 5th. 6th. Sir Cecil Wray did declare it to be his wish that Chelsea Hospital should be abolished, and that the institution should be regulated.

But no man, perhaps, was less ignorant of the wise and humane intentions of its founder and supporters; and no man more desirous of seeing such intentions fully answered than Sir Cecil Wray, whose feelings, both as a soldier and as a man, do him the greatest honour in the opinion of all who have his friendship or acquaintance. However impolitic, however hard and oppressive this plan may appear at first sight, yet the man that can, the man that will reflect but one moment, must more than acquit the heart and design of Sir Cecil towards the gallant pensioners whom he only wishes to see still better rewarded, and still more comfortably supported.

7th. Sir Cecil was, doubtless, indebted to Mr. Fox for his introduction into Westminster; the chief condition of this favour was, that Sir Cecil, in conjunction with his friend, should always adhere to the instructions of his Constituents. Sir Cecil fulfilled this condition; Mr. Fox broke it. Sir Cecil did indeed desert Mr. Fox, but it was not till Mr. Fox had deserted himself, and lost the confidence and good opinion of the far greater part of his constituents which a few days will prove beyond all possible contradiction.

N

9th. The

9th. The party, with whom Sir Cecil has now formed a junction, have no league against the just power of the House of Commons; for this is too great an absurdity even to suppose: This party, with Sir Cecil, only meant to call no one branch of the legislature independent of the other two, but wisely and resolutely contend, that the dignity of the Crown, and the rights of the people, be ever considered as inseparable by every faithful Member of the Senate.

10th. The last query we shall beg leave to answer in the strongest affirmative, and in the interrogator's own words; "that good women, brave men, and virtuous statesmen, must ever esteem Sir Cecil Wray in a private, and support him in a public character."

QUERIES addressed to Mr. FOX.

Whatever may be thought of your abilities, can you assume any credit to yourself from your actions, or are not rather your *speeches* the sole criterion of your merit.

Did you not first emerging out of the obscurity of a college, embrace the decisive principles of a Tory, and act up to them with so much earnestness and violence as astonished the *Jacobites* themselves, till a personal difference with Lord North, drove you to seek refuge among the whigs?

Did you not during the period above mentioned, signalize yourself for your severity against individuals, who had opposed the corrupt measures of the Ministry, and fallen under the censure of parliamentary privilege, by exerting the undoubted rights of a British subject?

Did you not, when you were obliged to abandon all hope of regaining an official situation, proclaim yourself the friend of the people, and an advocate for *those rights*, which you had been before so strenuous to *annihilate*?

Did you not, for the space of about eight years, declare your abhorrence of every act and every principle of Lord North, as a Minister and *as a man*, till you found it necessary for your mutual interest to unite in cajoling and oppressing the public?

Did you not express your *terror* at the supposed idea, of Lord Shelburne's design, to bring Lord North again into the Cabinet?

Did you not, while in opposition to Lord North, repeatedly manifest in the most explicit manner your *contempt* for a majority of the House of Commons?

Did you not, in 1778, upbraid Lord North for his indecent neglect of the *aristocratic* body?

Were you not a most earnest advocate for associations in 1780, and did you not contend that the sense of the people is to be collected at those assemblies?

Have you not since declared, that the people are not competent to decide for themselves, and that the sense of the people is only to be collected through their *pretended* representatives?

Did you not call Lord North a *plunderer* for making some little innovation in the East India Charter; and have you not since brought a bill into Parliament, by which that charter was to be totally *ANNIHILATED*, for the benefit of the proprietors and the public?

Did you not, in speaking to the Wiltshire meeting, lament that you were often obliged to address yourself to a corrupt body of men; and have you not since, with the most nauseous and disgusting repetition, declanted on the *dignity* and *incorruptibility* of the House of Commons?

Have

Have you not uniformly, when a candidate for Westminster, cringed in the most wretched manner to the scum of the Electors, and made promises which you neither *could* nor *would* perform?

Have you not, by similar promises, and by presents to a few, while the means were in your power, secured to yourself the interest of *all the venal scribblers* in this metropolis?

Did you not, by a promise to divide the spoils of the East India Company, gain over a majority of the House of Commons, no less venal and corrupt than those *gentlemen of the quill* above alluded to?

Have you ever *done* any thing for your country? Have you not impeded the designs of several Ministers, which *might* have been attended with advantage? Has not your political life been a constant system of *professions* and *promises*, which you have observed as best suited the necessities of the day? Finally, Do you not laugh among your bosom companions at the *dupes* you have made, as well in the House of Commons, as amidst the wise Electors of the city of Westminster?

Reasons humbly offered to the worthy Electors of Westminster, shewing they ought to elect the Honourable COGDIE SHUFFLECARD REYNARDINE to be their Representative in Parliament.

1st. He hopes it will not be forgotten, that the nation has already had a specimen of the integrity of his family in an office of great trust, on account of which a considerable balance still remains undischarged.

2dly. When it is considered with what admirable œconomy he has conducted his own private finances, his ability to conduct those of the nation cannot be doubted.

3dly. The great estates, which he is possessed of, will prove an undeniable security for his not loading the landed property with fresh taxes, of which he must necessarily bear so considerable a proportion.

4thly. He humbly hopes his consistent behaviour, ever since he has been a public character, particularly in the late Parliament, as well as his strenuous attempts to facilitate the public business, will not be overlooked.

5thly. He flatters himself he shall not be accused of arrogance in requesting the attention of the electors to his moral character, and particularly his hatred to that prevalent and most pernicious vice of gaming.

6thly. Conscious of his merits with the commercial part of the electors, particularly those concerned with the East India Company, he hopes not to over-rate his pretensions in claiming their votes and interest.

N. B. If he should enjoy the happiness of being the object of their choice, he promises to be their faithful Representative, by declaring his own opinion freely, and consulting their sentiments on the next general election. He pledges himself to adhere to his principles, without adding to their number; and invariably to maintain their interests, which he considers as his own; neither of which he was ever known to overlook, so long as they were connected with each other.

REASONS for not choosing Lord HOOD.

Because he is not, nor ever was, of any party or faction.

Because he has been second in command, in the most glorious sea fight, that ever happened in the annals of England.

Because he preserved the British islands in the West-Indies, from falling a prey to a superior French fleet.

Because he was in possession of the command of a fleet before Lord Keppel was made a Viscount, and First Lord of the Admiralty, for not fighting the French fleet on the 27th of July, 1778.

REASONS for choosing Sir CECIL WRAY.

Because Mr. William Pitt refused to become a TOOL of the Westminster Committee.

Because Sir Cecil served his country for three years as a Captain of militia.

Because the borough of Retford in Nottinghamshire refused to choose any longer a person of known republican principles.

Because a *Secretary of State* takes a new method of abolishing the influence of the Crown in matters of Election.

Because it is improper that either of the Members for the city of Westminster should have a farthing of property in that city.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy Electors of Westminster.

The early appearance of the friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray is earnestly requested this morning at the place of Election in Covent Garden.

April 1st, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The worthy Electors of Westminster, in the interest of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, are respectfully acquainted, that Suffolk's Auction Rooms, (late Barford's) under the Piazza, Covent Garden, and Patterson's Auction Rooms, in King-street, are opened for their reception during the Poll.

April 1st, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The libel and forgery contained in an advertisement of yesterday, dated Wood's Hotel, in the name of Lord Hood's and Sir Cecil Wray's Committee, and signed John Churchill, betray a total want of principle and honour, and fairly come within the reach of the law.

law. But independently of any law process which may hereafter take place, the false reasoning that this advertisement holds out to the public, really shews a want of good sense, as the intention or tendency of it shews a want of manly probity. Because the Committee did not hear Sir Cecil Wray deliver his opinion respecting Chelsea Hospital in the House of Commons, they could not hear him deliver the very same words in the Committee Room. And because they could not form a judgment of a speech spoken in Parliament where they were not present, the Committee could not possibly form any just judgment of the very same speech spoken in a room where they were present. Fallacious logic surely! and must be seen through by every honest mind. This speech was very minutely considered by the Committee! and what it may want in elegance, was unanimously thought to be fully made up by integrity of design, and utility of purpose; inasmuch that this circumstance, which at first appeared to injure Sir Cecil Wray in his Election, has most justly assisted him in it, and made his success, from probable, become certain.

April 1.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Part of the Etiquette to be observed in Covent Garden this Day.

No Irish chairmen are to be suffered to come within sight of the hustings.

Ten millions of hand-bills are to be dispersed to misrepresent what Sir Cecil Wray said of Chelsea Hospital.

Several specimens of a poisoned bag are to be exhibited, but without any further design of mortality than what naturally befalls a defeated Candidate.

April 1, 1784.

QUERIES to the late Man of the People.

Were you not intimately connected with the *unfortunate Tyrie* (who was executed at Portsmouth for conveying intelligence to the enemies of this country) and in company with him the greatest part of the day and night previous to his being apprehended?

Did you not agree with a man who stands on the records of the Court of King's-bench, in *several instances*, as the confederate of the said *Tyrie* to bring him into Parliament for the sum of 2000 l.

Did you not, Judas like, receive that sum, 2000l. the price of your country's blood?

When the Electors of ——— discovered that you meant to sell them to such a character (*out of your great respect to an equitable Representation, and the dignity of the House of Commons—your present boast*) Did they not alike virtuously reprobate your presumption?

Did not Mr. Tyrie's partner oblige you to refund the 2000l. and also a considerable sum for expences which you had involved him in, under the pretence of bringing him into Parliament?

Did you not know that the 2000l. paid to you was the property of Tyrie?

Who were the two great men at that time in opposition alluded to in Tyrie's Letter*, wrote by himself the night previous to his execution, as having amused him to the last moment with an assurance of pardon if he would persevere in secrecy?

* Vide the public prints of that day for Tyrie's letter.

Question and Answer.

Why does Charles Fox stand singly?
 Because a WRAY of rectitude disdains to shine on him, and
 A HOOD cannot hide his profligacy.

For the Benefit of Carlo Khan's Committee.

This and every day during the Election, will be performed at the Theatre in Covent Garden, by his Majesty's late Servants, a New Comedy, called

The RESTORATION of OLIVER II. Or, The TRIUMPH of FACTION.

Dictator, the Man of the People, in America, by Mr. Blackbeard;

Charter, by Mr. Jack L---e;

Desperado, alias Swindling Dick, by Mr. O'Br--n;

Scandal, by the Rev. Mr. B---e;

Marplot, by Mr. B-r-sf--d;

Jack Straw and King Dismal, by Mr. Sh-r-d-n;

Welch Judge, alias Bully, by Sir W. B-aldw-n (Knight of the Brush);

Bribe'em and Break Peace, by Dick Sw-ft (Deputy Constable);

Belly, by Counsellor R-n-ingt-on;

Perjury, alias Face, by Mr. Ec-l-s;

Sir Pewter Pot, by Sam House;

Irish Chairman, &c. &c. properly armed as usual, under the command of Captain H-ng-r (in disguise).

Between the Play and Entertainment will be performed, in the newest fashion,

THE COALITION MINUET,

By Sir Jeffery Dunstan and the Duche's of P--tl-nd.

The Music will be accompanied with Marrow-bones and Cleavers, assisted by the Shoreditch Company of Volunteers.

To which will be added, a new Farce, in two Acts, called

THE LAST SHIFT.

Count Upstart, alias Bluster, by Mr. Cr-wth-r;

Trufs, the Mountebank, by Mr. Br-nd;

Colonel Mouth, the Irish Trumpeter, by Colonel F-tzp-tr-ck;

Inspector, alias Swagger, by Mr. L--wt--n;

Prattle, alias Expectation, by Master C--k-r;

Euphorbium, by Mr. H-ll;

Doll Common and Canvass, by the Du--he's of D-----re;

Ladies Maid, by Lady D-nc-nn-n;

Impudence, by the Rev. Mr. O'B-rne.

To conclude with a Solo on the Hurdy-gurdy, by Lord S-r--y, after the manner of Buckhorse.

The whole under the direction of the D-----s of D-----re, Lady W--dg-ve, L--d D--by, Colonel Boreas, Mr. H. T. W--d, Mr. W-lgie, &c. &c.

ADVER-



**BRITANNIA ROUSED,
OR THE COALITION MONSTERS DESTROYED**

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

To the Independent Electors of Westminster.

You will undoubtedly remember, that Mr. Fox is the man who formed the disgraceful coalition with Lord North, who was the author of the accursed American war, and of all your late heavy taxes.

Mr. Fox is the great friend and supporter, of the odious and unpopular tax upon receipts.

Mr. Fox was the author and proposer of the execrable East India Bill, which would have tended to enslave the people of England, and to extend the unconstitutional power of corruption.

Lord Mahon made a motion in the House of Commons to diminish the taxes of the people; the consequence of which would have been the subsequent diminution, in some degree, of the high price of provisions: Lord North and Mr. Fox opposed that excellent motion of Lord Mahon's, and prevented its being adopted by the House.

Mr. Fox has upheld the House of Commons against the Freeholders, Electors, and people of Great Britain, in the case of the Middlesex Election, and in all the late important questions in Parliament.

No man ought to represent the great and truly respectable city of Westminster in Parliament, whose public conduct is subversive of the dearest interests of the people.

Your early Poll is very earnestly requested in favour of the two worthy and respectable characters,

Lord H O O D,

A N D
Sir C E C I L W R A Y.

During the Poll, Suffolk's Auction-room (late Barford's) under the Piazza, and Pateron's in King's-street, Covent Garden, will be opened for the reception of the Electors in the interest of HOOD and WRAY.

To the Electors of Westminster.

Great numbers of you have turned against Sir Cecil Wray, for three reasons:

- 1st. His ingratitude to Mr. Fox.
- 2dly. His attack on Chelsea Hospital.
- 3dly. His proposing a tax on Maid Servants.

The absurdity of these objections will evidently appear by the following considerations:

- 1st. If it was kind in Mr. Fox to recommend Sir Cecil Wray to you formerly, can it be less so in Sir Cecil Wray to recommend Lord Hood to you now?
- 2dly. Are not all the old soldiers in Chelsea Hospital pensioners? and can it be wrong to stand up in the House of Commons against pensioners?
- 3dly. If Maid Servants are taxed, can't you, all of you, raise their wages? and will not that prevent any ill consequence from the tax, and obviate every objection of inhumanity?

To

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City of Westminster.

Reasons why the Electors *should* vote for Mr. Fox.

1. Because Mr. Fox joined Lord North, after abusing him for more than ten years, and after saying, "that the man who could approach his threshold would be the most infamous of mankind."
2. Because Mr. Fox brought into Parliament the Receipt Tax, and declared in public company---that, however vexatious it might be, he would force it down the throats of the people.
3. Because Mr. Fox brought into Parliament a bill for destroying the Charter of the East India Company, and seizing on their papers and effects.
4. Because Mr. Fox has never acted according to the wishes of his constituents; but treated them with every mark of contempt.
5. Because Mr. Fox, when in office, hates the people; and is mean enough, when out of office, to offer them his services.
6. Because Mr. Fox is a member of the club at Brooks's, and is supported by the following great and respectable characters, equally eminent for the purity of their principles, and the independence of their fortune; Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Hare, Mr. Hanger, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Townshend, Captain O'Bierne, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. North, Sir Charles Bampfylde, Mr. O'Bryen, and Mr. Samuel House.
7. Because Mr. Fox's family have never robbed the public of Three Hundred and Seventy Thousand Pounds; as is maliciously asserted.
8. Because Mr. Fox never screened Mr. Powell and Mr. Bembridge, the Defaulters of the Pay-office, as is erroneously stated.
9. Because Mr. Fox has never pensioned placemen to make way for his friends, and did not give Mr. Hanway, of the Victualling Office, a pension of 500l. to introduce Captain Towry.
10. Because Mr. Fox did not pension out Mr. Royer of the Treasury, to bring in one of his friends.
11. Because Mr. Fox is supported by all the great clubs, and particularly the club of the Irish Chairmen.
12. Because Mr. Fox, by his India Bill, did not mean to render himself independent of the Crown, and to set himself up above the laws of his country, like Oliver Cromwell.
13. Because Mr. Fox, when he came into office, did not hire the public papers, by giving each of the printers drafts on the Treasury for five hundred pounds.
14. Because Mr. Fox, had he continued in office, agreed to pay off only fifty thousand pounds of his debts in the course of the year.
15. Because Mr. Fox had no hand in causing the Lord Chancellor to be robbed of the Great Seal, in order to prevent the issuing the writs for a general election.
16. Because Mr. Fox did not, the day after he was re-elected (his seat having been vacated by his being made one of his Majesty's Secretaries of State) drive Mrs. Robinson in a phaeton through the public streets, by way of insulting his Electors.
17. Because Mr. Fox, in order to carry his India bill, and keep himself in power, did not promise peerages to Mr. Pelham, Mr. Plummer, Mr. Crewe, Mr. Lister, Mr. Coke, Mr. Charteris, Mr. Jervoise, Mr. Powys, Mr. Marsham, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Sir John Thorold, Sir W. G. Vanneck, Mr. Vyner, and others.

18. Because,

18. Because, though Mr. Fox said, he should be the most infamous of mankind, who should join Lord North, he is, nevertheless, a very honest man, in having acted with him.

19. Because, in case Mr. Fox should be elected, he will not attempt to bring in his India Bill again; nor provide for his needy friends and hungry dependants; nor distribute honours, pensions and contracts, to those who support him; nor fly in the face of his constituents, and call the people—a mob!

Reasons why the Electors *should not* vote for Lord HOOD and Sir CECIL WRAY.

1. Because Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray are gentlemen of independent fortune and principles.

2. Because Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have never rendered themselves infamous as gamesters and swindlers.

3. Because Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have each of them a house in the city of Westminster.

4. Because Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have always had the assurance to pay their debts, and have not had their goods sold more than a dozen times by virtue of a warrant of execution.

5. Because Lord Hood has served his sovereign and the public, as a brave and gallant naval officer, no less to the admiration of his enemies, than the honour of his country.

6. Because Sir Cecil Wray has uniformly acted as his Constituents have desired him.

7. Because Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have neither of them any private views to gratify.

8. Because Sir Cecil Wray has opposed the Receipt Tax in every stage of it.

9. Because Sir Cecil Wray is the known advocate of a Parliamentary Reform.

10. Because Sir Cecil Wray, from the most laudable principles, declared in the House of Commons, that if the money lavished away in the extravagant establishment of Chelsea Hospital was given to the pensioners, they might be allowed twenty pounds a year, and be permitted to live where their connections and friendships led them to, and a large overplus left to provide for one thousand out pensioners.

11. Because Sir Cecil Wray, when Mr. Fox betrayed the public cause, and leagued himself with Lord North, a man he had pledged himself to bring to the scaffold, refused any longer to give him his support.

12. Because Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have neither of them any hangers on to provide for, nor any place, pension, or contract, to influence their conduct.

13. Because Sir Cecil Wray declared in the House of Commons, that even a tax on Maid Servants would be better than a Tax on Receipts.

14. Because Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, when elected, will serve you faithfully and disinterestedly, and make your honour and interest the rule of their conduct.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberties of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

Will you choose, for your Representative in Parliament, a man who sets a corrupt and interested majority of the late House of Commons above the other branches of the legislature?

legislature; And who would have bullied his Sovereign to have continued that majority, to the ruin of public credit?

Will you elect a man who sets at defiance the voice of the people, after you have presented an Address of Thanks to his Majesty, for dismissing the late infamous and unpopular Administration?

Will the Electors of the very respectable city and liberties of Westminster shew less public virtue than the little borough of Banbury, who have so nobly struggled for independence, and thrown out the present bosom friend and associate of Fox; although Volpone himself (before the diabolical coalition) could not find language sufficiently bad, to express his detestation of Lord North.

Surely Gentlemen, you will scorn so much to undervalue your judgment, as to elect such a man as Mr. Fox to be your Representative, when you have two honest, consistent, and truly patriotic Candidates, who are entitled to your votes by every tie of honour.

An OLD ELECTOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Independent Electors of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

Your votes, interest, and Poll, are earnestly required for

OLIVER CROMWELL,

To be elected one of your Representatives, being a person zealously attached to the Constitution of his times, a firm friend to anarchy and confusion, a promoter of long Parliaments, and in religion professes (if any) the Popish tenets: he will hold inviolate all charters till in power, and promises, if returned, to prevent all supplies even to the endangering the funded interest.

The LATE MAN of the PEOPLE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The worthy Electors of the city and liberty of Westminster, in the interest of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, are desired to meet at the following places this day and every morning during the present Election in order to proceed to the place of polling, viz.

The inhabitants residing in the parishes of St. Paul, Covent Garden, St. Martin's Le Grand, and St. Martin's in the Fields, at Patterfon's Auction Room, King-street, Covent Garden.

Saint Clement Danes, Saint Mary-le-Strand, and Dutchy Liberty at Suffolks (late Barford's) under the Piazza, Covent Garden.

Saint Margaret's and St. John's, at the Guildhall, Westminster.

Saint James and Saint George, Hanover-square, at Mr. Christie's Great Room, Pall Mall, opposite Saint Alban's-street.

Saint Ann's parish, at the Standard Tavern, Leicester-fields.

State of yesterday's Poll.

Lord Hood 264

Sir Cecil Wray 238

Mr. Fox 302

WEST.

WESTMINSTER.

To be hired for the day,

Several PAIR of RUBY POUTING LIPS, of the FIRST QUALITY,

To be kissed by rum Dukes, queer Dukes, Butchers, Dray-men, Dust-men, and
Chimney-sweepers,

Please to enquire at Devon and Co's Crimson Pouting Warehouse, Piccadilly.

** Should the unsuccessful Candidate keep behind on this day's poll---Bulks in different
markets may be made to tremble!

I had rather kiss my Moll than she;

With all her paint and finery;

What's a Duchess more than woman?

We've sounder flesh on Portsmouth Common:

So drink about to HOOD and WRAY-----

Their health!---and may they gain the day!

Then fill out Nectar in a glass,

As for kissing---kiss my a---

No Duchess for me, but my sweet Duchess at Portsmouth.

A SAILOR.

Huzza! Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray for ever!

To the Supporters of a good Cause.

The friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray are not to be intimidated by the insults offered to the Electors in their interest, by the hired mob of the opposite party; and are convinced that the unbiaſſed will ſee with what an inſidious deſign the Committee of Mr. Fox have talked of forbidding men who have nobly ſerved their country during the late war, from ſhewing their face in Covent Garden, where they have ſurely as much right as Irish chairmen, or pick-pockets (the friends of a certain Candidate) who moſt groſſly inſulted and maimed ſeveral gentlemen who attempted to vote againſt their favourite.

** Senſible of the decided majority of the independent Electors in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, the partizans of Mr. Fox have, within the laſt twenty-four hours, circulated an inſidious report of an union between the three Candidate. The public may reſt aſſured, that there is not the leaſt foundation or colour for the report, and that the pure conſtitutional principles of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray do not admit of ſo infamous a coalition.

To Parents and Guardians of Youth, Electors of Weſtmiſter.

Can you, as honeſt, rational men, conſiſtent with the examples you ſhould hold out to your families, give your ſupport to the high prieſt of drunkenneſs, gaming, and every ſpecies of debauchery that can contaminate the principles you would early wiſh to inculcate in your offspring, in order to bring them forth in the comelineſs and vigour of virtue? Open your eyes, and by the ever to be lamented princely ſacrifice before you, and for
O 2 which

which already whole nations sweep, learn to feel another's woe. Consult your feelings on the tender occasion, and participating the Royal Pangs, *spurn the Regicide.*

Shall the man who has led our young Nobility for the last eighteen years into every labyrinth of dissipation, *from whence it was impossible to extricate them,* otherwise than by leaving their country, to the prejudice of the unfortunate trader, or by resorting to usurers, those other worse resources, exterminating their estates and family honours; nay, *the very portraits of their illustrious ancestors.*

Shall such a character represent Westminster, the second city in the kingdom? *God forbid!* Come forward, and by a *decided* majority shew that vice, and every deformity that disgraces man, shall ever be indignantly rejected by the independent and worthy Electors of Westminster.

A FATHER.

Speech of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, in the House of Commons, on January 22d, 1779.

“ The noble Lord (North) after owning that we had no foreign alliances, had triumphantly spoken of unanimity, and congratulated gentlemen on that side of the house upon having allied themselves with those that sat on the other. This was an assertion for which there was not the smallest foundation; and it was impossible for him to state, in any phrase that language would admit of, the shock he felt, when he ventured to suggest what was most exceedingly grating to his ears, and he doubted not to those of every gentleman who sat near him. What! *enter into an alliance* with those very *Ministers* who had betrayed their country, who had prostituted the public strength, who had prostituted the public wealth, who had prostituted what was yet more valuable, the glory, the honour, and the credit of the nation! *Who deserved an axe more than any of the bloody tyrants* that had ever yet existed! *The idea of a Coalition with such a monster was too horrid to be admitted for a moment!* Gentlemen must have foregone *their principles, and have given up their honour, before they could have approached the threshold of an alliance so abominable, so scandalous, so disgraceful, and so everlastingly to be cursed by Englishmen!* ”

Let the Right Honourable Charles James Fox (if it is possible for him to have impudence enough) explain away this speech if he dare.

ADVERTISEMENT.

W O O D's H O T E L.

April 5.] The Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, present their compliments to such of the worthy independent Electors of Westminster, that were prevented from giving their suffrages on the first and second days of the poll (by the violent outrages of a desperate banditti of Irish Chairmen and Pickpockets), and respectfully acquaint them, that through the great vigilance of the High Bailiff, the avenues leading to the Hustings are now sufficiently protected by the peace officers,

officers, that they may give their votes with ease and safety to themselves, and that your early attendance for that purpose is most humbly solicited.

The false and insidious charge made by our opponents against the friends of our two worthy Candidates, of having been disturbers of the peace, in preventing the Electors from approaching the Hustings, cannot be more evinced than by the great majority gained by you on Saturday, solely owing to the good order then kept. And this Committee most ardently solicit every aid of their good friends in this noble struggle, to support such peace and good order as much in respect to those of the opposite party, to any other; for on this, and this alone, depends the success of your worthy Candidates, and in the end cannot fail to produce them a very great majority.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Free and Independent Electors of Westminster.

As many false reports have been hitherto spread, by people inimical to the Electors of Westminster, and their independent Candidates, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, respecting the unfortunate tumults, which have hitherto happened. A gentleman who was personally present at the riot which happened yesterday evening at Covent Garden, and on account of which, a Magistrate thought it necessary to call in a military aid to his assistance, in order to suppress the same, thinks it necessary to state the following facts, which we and many more gentlemen, also present, are willing to make oath of, if called upon, that a number of armed persons with bludgeons, proceeded from that corner of the Piazza next the Shakespeare, attacked and knocked down indiscriminately every person that came in their way, until they arrived opposite Wood's Hotel, when unfortunately meeting a soldier of the guards, and a sailor, unarmed, they knocked them down, and when down, repeated their blows, and, to appearance, those poor people were carried away lifeless: this mob still continued rioting all over the Garden, hallooing "Fox for ever!" until that Magistrate and guards came and prevented any further mischief.

April 5.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy Independent Electors of Westminster, in the Interest of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

The Committee for conducting the Election, beg leave to recommend your early attendance during the remainder of the poll, at Suffolk's Auction Rooms, under the Piazza, and at Paterfon's Rooms, King-street, Covent-garden, where several gentlemen of the parishes will attend from nine o'clock in the morning till three o'clock in the afternoon, to conduct you without delay, or any other inconvenience, to the Hustings. Wood's Hotel, April 6, 1784.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman,

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.
NOW, OR NEVER!

The free and independent Electors of the City of Westminster, that have not yet voted in the present glorious contest between Mr. Fox and the Constitution, are earnestly requested to come forward, and poll immediately in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, in order to render their victory at once complete; and thereby follow the noble and laudable example of the very opulent and populous city of York, the Electors of which have, with a just indignation, turned out the framer of the Receipt Tax, Lord John Cavendish, the chief supporter of Carlo Khan.

April 9, 1784.

GOING! GOING! GOING!

(Sixth Day.)

To be disposed of, ninety-five per cent. under the original value, the Hopes and Interest of that unfortunate Candidate Carlo Khan; who, finding the present business drawing towards a losing game, intends in a few days to set off to France for the recovery of his health and spirits.

For particulars please to inquire at Reynard's Committee-office, now known by the name of the *Irish Bludgeon Warehouse*, under the *P-b-h's, Comical Garden*.

N. B. The above unsuccessful Candidate, upon his return from France, intends to offer himself for the antient borough of Garrat, and to oppose your present worthy Member Sir Jeffery Dunstan.

Gentlemen are desired not to engage their votes; as *Colliflower Bob*, of *Wandsworth*, intends to propose *Sir Richard Sprout*, of *Battersea*, as a Gentleman in every respect more worthy of your favours than *Carlo Khan*.

Sir Jeffery and Sir Richard for ever!

C A R D.

The late Man of the People presents his compliments to the worthy Electors of Westminster, and trusts that his personal application to them will be dispensed with, as he will unfortunately be under the necessity of attending to take his trial, at the assizes for the county of Somerset, upon an indictment found against him for bribery and corruption, in the borough of Bridgewater. He hopes, however, that he shall not be long detained there, as the evidence to support the prosecution consists only of two letters under the hand of the accused party, which were unhappily discovered amongst the papers of a person who died a few days ago.

*Shakespeare Tavern,
Covent Garden.*

* * The great oil-man in Pall-mall is endeavouring to find bail for this worthy friend in *Duke's-Place*.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

In answer to the advertisement, dated Ireland's, Bow-street, Covent Garden, the Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray think it necessary to inform the Electors of Westminster, that the several Parish Committees in the interest of those Candidates have taken the utmost pains to prevent any illegal votes being polled for them, and are well assured, from the inspection of the Poll Books, that should a Scrutiny take place, the majority of legal votes for the above mentioned Candidates will be found to be much larger than it now stands on the books.

This Committee are not only ready to meet, but earnestly desire an immediate publication of the threatened "authenticated state of some extraordinary cases of flagrant imposition, said to be practised by them on this occasion," being anxious to convince the Electors of Westminster of the rectitude of their conduct, and the falsity of the aspersions made use of by their opponents.

Wood's Hotel, April 12.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the steadfast Friends of the late Man of the People.

Worthy Gentlemen!

The great majority obtained by my opponents (though great majorities can by no means be decisive) is such as to render your utmost exertion necessary.

Your interest in this contest is much more deeply concerned than mine. If the cause of you, my brother sufferers, should in this instance be overborne, it is next to impossible that any man, like myself, should venture to stand again for this city, in opposition to that merit which my opponents assume, because they have bravely and honestly served their King and Country, or may have calumniated my virtuous Coalition with that just and able Minister in the American war, the noble Lord Boreas.

The question now is not, Who shall be the elected? but, Who shall elect? It is not between the opposite Candidate and me, but between the influence of an injured S--v--gn, and the rights of the real and independent Electors.

The number of unpolled Voters, consisting of Hibernian Chairmen, and many others, my assured friends, with all the Germans in the interest of Mr. W-l-gie, the fugar-plumb maker, as also many that have polled but once, is yet so great, that there is little doubt of success, if proper exertions are made.

Nothing shall be wanting on my part; I will spare no pains; I will submit to every inconvenience, rather than be accessory in delivering you over to that state of subjection which would prevent you so honourably doing as you please at a General Election.

SOLUS CUM SOLO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

April 12, 1784.

To all Canvassing Duchesses and Ladies.

To Cover this Season (at any price) that *in-famous* Stallion, called CARLO KHAN, well known among the *deep* ones of King's and Duke's Places, &c.

He won, by hard running, one City Plate, and walked over the course for a second; but, in attempting a *third*, is so strained and broke down, that it is hourly expected he *must give it in*. He will never be able to *enter* again, unless for the *private* amusement of

of all canvassing wives, who are determined to make the *most* of him whenever he is entered for the future..

Carlo Khan was got by *Public Defaulter*, out of *Unaccounted Millions*, whose dam, great dam, and great, great, great, great, great, great, ought to be d----d till the national debt is paid off.

A C A R D.

Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray present their most respectful compliments to such of their numerous friends as have intentionally reserved their votes, and beg leave to inform them, that however desirous they may be to avoid giving their friends trouble, yet as there is the greatest reason to believe that the artifices of their opponents, in polling illegal votes, may render the appearance of every Elector in the interest of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray ultimately necessary, their immediate poll will be deemed a very particular favour.---This only will be the means of defeating the insidious attempts adopted to procrastinate the Election; and those perjuries which are daily committed by wretches, influenced by sinister motives, will be avoided; which must afford the greatest satisfaction to every benevolent mind, as the prevention of crimes is a much more desirable object than the punishment of them when detected.

Wood's Hotel, April 12, 1784.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

A C A U T I O N.

Whereas authentic information has been received, that numbers of persons, who are neither Electors nor inhabitants of Westminster, have had the audacity to vote for Mr. Fox; and whereas it appears evident, that particularly on Tuesday and Wednesday, the majority of those who voted for Mr. Fox were lodgers, and consequently not legally authorised to give their votes; This is to give notice, that whoever, on a scrutiny, shall appear to have been guilty of perjury, or misdemeanor, by receiving money for his vote, or by falsely declaring himself to be a housekeeper, the names of such persons will be published, and they will be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law.

Wood's Hotel, April 15, 1784.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, take the liberty of informing the friends of those Candidates, that notwithstanding the wicked arts practised to procure votes for Mr. Fox, there is every reason to believe, that by an immediate and vigorous effort, their cause will be finally crowned with success; but should the various manœuvres of Mr. Fox's party so far prevail as to gain him

him a majority at the close of the Poll, the Committee hereby pledge themselves, in justice to the injured Electors, that not only a Scrutiny shall be demanded, but supported throughout with every possible exertion.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

Wood's Hotel, April 15.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In answer to the invidious paragraph in yesterday's paper, endeavouring to pluck from Lord Hood's brow the well-earned laurels of the 12th of April, it will be sufficient to observe, that the writer must have been as ignorant as he is illiberal, and can be contradicted by every man in the whole fleet, it being an absolute fact, that the Ville de Paris struck her colours to the Barfleur, and two of her Lieutenants were sent on board, who brought the French Captain and other officers on board Lord Hood's ship, before Lord Cranston, from the Formidable, reached the prize; and indeed the writer is particularly unfortunate in mentioning the Formidable and Namur, as they were at least three miles distant when Count de Grasse struck his flag to the Rear Admiral.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

To all Abettors of Confusion,

Who wish to disturb and perplex orderly Government,
By fabricating Rumours to spread "*alarming Reports,*"

In order to excite Jealousies

And create Variance

Between the *three* distinct Estates

United in One glorious Constitution.

Gentlemen, Chairmen, and Others,

YOUR Votes, long Poles, and Interest, are commanded

By the Sugar-Plumb Steward,

and

"By the Union of *three* great and powerful Noblemen."

That delegate their

FEMALE INFLUENCE

To support

OLIVER CROMWELL,

Who promises

To null Charters, invade Rights, and seize on Property;

To wrest *executive* Power from the *constitutional* Head, and to vest it, *for a while*, in those of *your* Representatives, who consider themselves *independent* of You, *after* their Election;

To abolish Aristocracy, called vulgarly the House of Peers, "over whom You have no immediate Controul;"

And to revive and establish *our* old Form of Government,

"*Independent of the Crown,*"

Called

ARBITRARY POWER,

Otherwise

PROTECTORSHIP.

Love and Liberty! Freedom and Cromwell!

P

To

To the Real Electors of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

The unpolled voters are most earnestly requested to support the election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, firm friends to the constitution of our country, and avowed opposers to the "assumed man of the people," and notorious violator of the chartered and common rights of the people at large, instanced and proved by his late daring attack in the House of Commons, on that great commercial body, the East India Company, which is, confessedly from its situation, the grand foundation and support of the great channel of trade, that makes this country so eminently distinguished in its commercial capacity. He has also violated the rights of the Electors of Westminster, by polling of more than three hundred Spitalfields weavers.

N. B. As Carlo Khan despairs of being chaired in Covent Garden, we are informed that he means to make his triumphal entry into Spitalfields.

The Lye of the Day.

In a hand-bill, dated yesterday, the 16th of April, and circulated by Mr. Fox's Committee, Lord Mountmorres was stated to be a Lodger at an Hotel in the vicinity of St. James's, and not a housekeeper in Westminster. In this capacity, the noble Peer was stated to have attempted an imposition.

The answer to all such scurrility is the plain matter of fact, which is, *That Lord Mountmorres polled this morning for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, having a legal vote.*

Wood's Hotel, April 17, 1784.

Submitted to the Friends of Mr. FOX.

Who is violently attached to Mr. Fox?	Geo. Byng.
Whose counsels put Admiral Byng to death?	Mr. H. Fox.
Who introduced secret influence?	Lord Bute.
Who, by acting under secret influence, first gave it weight in Administration?	H. Fox.
Whose counsels brought about the infamous peace of Paris, 1763?	H. Fox.
Who took lead in the House of Commons when the peace was approved?	H. Fox.
Who was in the Cabinet when the name of the late Duke of Devonshire was struck out of the list of Privy Counsellors?	Lord Bute and H. Fox afterwards created Lord Holland.
Who are at this time the great supporters of Mr. Fox, Lord Holland's son?	Lord Bute.
By whose prostitution does the Duke effect his purpose?	Duke of Devonshire.
Who stopt parliamentary supplies?	His Duchéss.
Who affected to deny it, finding the measures universally obnoxious?	Mr. Fox.
	Mr. Fox.

Who

HOOD AND WRAY.

107

Who afterwards changed ground, and instead of avowedly stopping supplies, did it as effectually by throwing difficulties in the way of the Committee of Supplies?

Mr. Fox.

Who, by such conduct, drew government into the necessity of dissolving parliament?

Mr. Fox.

Who then merits the contempt of every sensible and honest man?

Mr. Fox.

HOOD and WRAY for Ever!

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Freedom of Election Violated.

Whereas a most daring and outrageous attack was this day committed towards the close of the Poll on the Peace Officers, several of whom were dangerously wounded by persons armed with cleavers, bludgeons, and other offensive weapons. Whoever will give information of any of the above offenders, so that they may be brought to punishment; shall, on their conviction, receive twenty pounds, to be paid by me,

Wood's Hotel,
April 17, 1784.

J. P. ATKINSON,
Secretary to the Sub-committee for
conducting the Election of Lord
Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

It appearing beyond all doubt that there are many very respectable inhabitants of this city, sincere and hearty in the interest of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, who have hitherto, by the most illiberal threats, and every species of undue influence, been dissuaded from voting for them. The Committee engaged to conduct the Election of the above worthy Candidates, beg leave most humbly to submit to all such friends, as have not yet appeared in their favour, whether in consequence of the many base and illegal means practised by their opponents to a force a Member upon the real inhabitants, contrary to their avowed inclination, the time is not come, in which it is absolutely necessary for all well-wishers to their country to determine to sacrifice every private consideration to public principle boldly, as men and as Englishmen, to assert their own independent opinions; and to stand forth in defence of that most valuable of all privileges---the freedom of Election.

Wood's Hotel, April 19, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

The Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, think proper, from motives of humanity, to give notice to those poor unfortunate men, who are liable to be seduced, that every one who accepts money to vote is liable to a penalty of 500l. that every one who takes a false oath on the poll, is liable to be transported for seven years; and that the Members of the Committee are determined, as a duty they owe to the public, to prosecute every one who receives or gives a bribe, or promise, or even lays a wager, or gives more for any thing, under pretence of purchase, than it is really worth, those being devices contrary to the statutes against bribery and corruption.

N. B. Even the person who gives the bribe, may be a witness against the man who has been bribed.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, who are willing to dine together to-morrow at Wood's Hotel, Covent Garden, may have Tickets at five shillings each of Mr. Atkinson, Secretary to the Committee at the above Hotel, or at either of the Parochial Committees. Dinner on table at four o'clock precisely.

Mr. CHURCHILL, in the Chair.

Wood's Hotel, Tuesday, April 20, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

The Electors of Westminster are hereby informed, that in consequence of the exertions made by the friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, to detect false votes, and the parochial books being produced on the Hustings, such a check has been given to the infamous practices of Mr. Fox's party, as to have occasioned the rejection of great numbers of illegal voters, who yesterday attempted to poll for Mr. Fox, from Spitalfields, and the adjacent neighbourhood.

To these exertions may be ascribed the very small majority gained yesterday by Mr. Fox; and as the rate-books of the respective parishes will be daily produced on the Hustings, during the continuance of the Election, there is reason to believe that every attempt to poll Spitalfields weavers, as legal Electors of Westminster, will in future be frustrated.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

The friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, who were desired to assemble at Wood's Hotel, on a very short notice, were so numerous, that a great number could not

not be accommodated for want of room. It is therefore proposed that another meeting be held at the same place, on Friday, the 23d instant, and the Committee beg leave to acquaint their friends, that [they may, as before, be supplied with Tickets, at five shillings each, on application to Mr. Atkinson, Secretary to the Sub-Committee, or at any of the Parochial Committees. Dinner to be on the table at four o'clock precisely.

Wood's Hotel, April 21, 1784.

Mr. CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, take the liberty of informing the friends of those Candidates, that notwithstanding the wicked arts practised to procure votes for Mr. Fox, there is every reason to believe, that, by an immediate and vigorous effort, their cause will be finally crowned with success; but should the various manœuvres of Mr. Fox's party so far prevail as to gain him a majority at the close of the poll, the Committee hereby pledge themselves, in justice to the injured Electors, that not only a scrutiny shall be demanded, but supported with every possible exertion.

Wood's Hotel, April 23, 1784.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

King's Bench, April 27, 1784.

Fellow Prisoners,

" I understand there are *twenty-three* belonging to this College, who are offered a *day rule* to go out and vote (no matter for whom). You now look up to Parliament --- (and have long done so) for an *Act of Insolvency*.

" Let your own sense dictate to you, whether you should suffer *any prisoner to go out to-morrow*, for the sake of one *holiday*, till you have obliged him to promise he will not vote on either side. Exert yourselves, Gentlemen, and do not let a few individuals be the means (by their impudence) of confining in this prison many worthy characters, whose wives and families are distressed by their absence."

The Friends of Lord HOOD, Sir CECIL WRAY, and the CONSTITUTION,

Are entreated not to despond, because a profligate faction has gained a corrupt and fallacious majority within two days.

Her Grace has canvassed high and low, rich and poor, but her influence is now exhausted.

The outlying voters still remain, and the independent friends of Hood and Wray may rely upon a great majority of these, as a much distinguished Lady has found a way of conveying them from any distance, her rival cannot reach, and by a method her Grace cannot

cannot execute, and which does not depend on stage coaches, flies, dillies and turn-pikes.

This friend to the Constitutional Candidates will descend upon the public hustings, between one and three, in an Air Balloon, with successive parties of outlying voters, for the remainder of the poll, to the no small admiration of the public, as well as confusion of all Foxites.

Piccadilly, April 28.

KATTERFELTO, junior.
And One who scorns to impose on the Public.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Independent Electors of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

Notwithstanding the several Committees for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, have determined to support a scrutiny with the utmost vigour, in case it should ultimately become necessary; yet knowing that there remains of unpolled Electors (acknowledged friends to the Constitution) a number sufficient to secure a majority in favour of those patriotic Candidates, greater than has appeared during the poll, they most earnestly entreat such voters to give their immediate suffrage, which cannot fail of putting an end to the many inconveniencies which have attended this City during the present Election.

Wood's Hotel, April 28.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

The Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, acquaint their friends, that there will be a General Dinner at Wood's Hotel, this day, the 29th instant.

Tickets 5s. each, may be had at the bar of the Hotel, or at either of the Parochial Committees.

Dinner on table at four o'clock precisely.

Mr. JOHN CHURCHILL in the Chair.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WOOD'S HOTEL.

May 3, 1784.] The Committee for conducting the Scrutiny in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray (unanimously appointed by the General Committee) hereby inform the public, that should the various manœuvres practised by their opponents render it necessary

necessary, they will without delay acquaint them when a general subscription will be opened, with the names of the Bankers appointed to receive the same. This Committee, determined as they are, in justice to the injured rights of the Electors, to prosecute the Scrutiny with every exertion, most earnestly entreat the friends of the Constitution, who have not yet polled, and are sufficiently numerous to give a decided majority in favour of those patriotic Candidates, to come forward with their suffrages, which alone can prevent a Scrutiny taking place, and will be the means of immediately conveying the genuine sense of the independent Electors of Westminster to the Commons House of Parliament.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

A very false and erroneous account of the several riots and attacks made on Wood's Hotel on Saturday night last [May 1], having appeared in several papers, the public are earnestly requested to suspend their opinions on the subject, as well as on the extraordinary release of the prisoners on Sunday, until an authentic narrative thereof shall be laid before them, which will be as soon as possible.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

To the Electors of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

We beg leave to return our most grateful thanks to those worthy and independent Electors, who have honoured us with their generous support; and take the liberty of requesting such as are in our interest, and have not yet polled, to do us the honour of their suffrages as early as possible, not doubting but by their immediate exertions, we shall be able to obtain a decided majority.

We are, Gentlemen,

With the greatest respect,

Your most obliged, and

Most humble servants,

Wood's Hotel, May 3, 1784.

HOOD.
CECIL WRAY.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

To the Unpolled Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

Is it not most highly deserving your most serious re-consideration, how, in the present contest for your Representatives in Parliament, you can possibly reconcile the neutrality you so tenaciously persevere in, and thereby suffer your rights and privileges to be invaded, and your wishes and inclinations defeated by hired and disqualified voters; and

and whether you will not feel yourselves most exceedingly hurt, should the great Cause now at stake, and the interest of those Candidates, whose general conduct you have so repeatedly approved, be sacrificed by your unaccountable supineness and inactivity?

Why not immediately step forward, and by giving your suffrages to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, do justice to those patriotic Candidates, and put an end to the riots and disorders which have so long interrupted the peace of the City of Westminster?

Why will you lose sight of that truly laudable line of conduct, which has hitherto ever distinguished, and been the pride and characteristic of the free and independent Electors of Westminster?

AN INDEPENDENT ELECTOR.

ELECTION RIOT.

Wood's Hotel, May 4, 1784.

A most fallacious account of the riot which happened on Saturday evening, having appeared in several of the papers, the public may depend on the authenticity of the subsequent relation.

About a quarter past ten o'clock on Saturday evening, several fellows, with marrow bones and cleavers, assembled before the door of Wood's Hotel, apparently with a design of giving rise to those outrages which afterwards ensued. These gentry were very soon joined by a considerable number of ruffians, armed with bludgeons, who violently assaulted every person quitting the Hotel. Apprehensive that this hired mob would force their way up stairs, Mr. Wood and his servants endeavoured to guard the passage, and prevent an entrance. This repulsion was the very thing which the assailants desired; for no sooner was the attempt made to defend the Hotel, than the ruffians, with that peculiar savageness which distinguishes the partizans of Mr. Fox, exercised their bludgeons on the heads of every opponent. With extreme difficulty the door was at last shut, which so exasperated the ruffians, that they attempted, with cleavers and other weapons, to break it open; but failing in their efforts, they demolished several of the windows, and pretended to disperse. Conceiving their vengeance to have been satiated, and every thing appearing tolerably quiet, Mr. Wood and his servants ventured into the Piazza, with an intention of putting up the window-shutters, when on a sudden a *whistle* was given, and repeated at several parts of Covent Garden; and before it was possible to shut the door of the Hotel, a banditti formed themselves into a body, and knocked down all persons whom they met. Every effort to keep them out being now found to be impossible, Mr. Wood, his servants, and several of the clerks, endeavoured, as well as they could, to defend their lives, which were conceived to be in imminent danger, as the ruffians frequently made use of this expression:—“*Push in upon the scoundrels, and knock them on the head.*” In this dreadful affray several persons were most terribly maimed, the principal of whom were Thomas Smith, who was rendered senseless by a violent blow which he was struck by one of the ruffians, with a piece of a coach-wheel; John Taylor, a constable, who was wounded on the head, and narrowly escaped a blow aimed at him with a cleaver; Christian Hennings, who from a confusion he received lost a considerable quantity of blood; Timothy Murphy, who was knocked down by one of the ruffians, and beaten by others while he lay on the ground; John Whelden was several times knocked down, and dragged by the ruffians along the Piazza, while he continued in a senseless state. Still not content with wreaking their vengeance on this unfortunate man, when he was brought back to the Hotel the ruffians again attacked him

him by repeated blows on his head, wounded his right hand, and struck him in several parts of his body; a large stone thrown into the house and hitting him on the stomach occasioned a prodigious vomiting of blood, which continued for a considerable time. To the preceding instances the following names of persons who were severely wounded in different parts of their bodies may be added, viz. *Edward Watkins, Thomas Kennison, John Fork, Robert Nichols, and John Jamison.*

By this detail it appears, that the suffering parties were not, as falsely stated in the published account, the innocent adherents of Mr. Fox; nor is it true, that "*a body of ruffians issued from Wood's Hotel, armed with cutlasses and pistols.*" The ruffians were engaged on the other side of the question; that jewel of a bruiser, *Peter Cockran*, was their leader, and he is confessedly too much of a Swiss to fight for any thing but pay.

The ruffians having thus signalized themselves in the cause of Mr. Fox, and proceeding still in the commission of greater outrages, it was judged necessary to send for a party of the guards, and they reached the Hotel with Sir Sampson Wright. The mob had dispersed previous to their arrival; and it being proposed to visit the houses of their resort, several of the ringleaders were taken into custody, among whom was *Peter Cockran*. The fellows thus secured, had all bludgeons, and it appeared they had been used to some purpose, as they were in general stained with blood.

The next day (Sunday) a gentleman belonging to the Sub-committee of Lord Hood, and Sir Cecil Wray, received a message from Sir Sampson Wright to attend an examination of the ruffians in custody.

At the public Office he found Mr. Sheridan, and several other Gentlemen, who benevolently offered to bail the culprits at the bar. The Gentleman was asked, "Whether a prosecution of the offenders was seriously intended?" And having replied in the affirmative, it was intimated, "That the waiters of Mr. Wood must expect a similar treatment." The Gentleman on this declared, "*That if any of the Waiters could be proved guilty of offences equal to those committed by the men at the bar, it would be perfectly right to prosecute them.*" Mr. Wood heartily concurred in this opinion; and the Gentleman added, "*That the ruffians now in custody ought to be punished, as from the frequent liberation of such men they had only become more daringly outrageous.*" The Magistrate proposed, that the fellows should be severely reprimanded and discharged, as a serious prosecution might only create ill blood, and widen differences. The gentleman protested against the measure; alleging, That he was not authorized by his Committee to consent to any such compromise; and he concluded by saying, "That could he have conceived that an examination of the kind would have been entered on that day, being Sunday, the witnesses against the prisoners should have attended." In conformity, therefore, to the plan recommended by Sir Sampson Wright, these desperadoes were reprimanded, and turned, as before, loose on society, to the singular honour of the police of this country.

These are the facts; and they will be attested, if necessary, by several Gentlemen of unimpeachable veracity. On such facts the Public will make their own comments; while every man of honour and of feeling who hears of the perpetration of bloody minded villainy by a set of miscreants, whose existence disgraces human nature, will wish, in the language of the late Serjeant Glynn, "*That the punishment may be brought home to the hirers and the hired.*"

AN ELECTOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WOOD'S HOTEL,

May 5, 1784.] The Committee for conducting the intended scrutiny in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, take this opportunity of informing the public, that the undermentioned banking houses are opened to receive subscriptions for supporting the said scrutiny :

Mess. Drummonds, Charing-cross;
 Mess. Coutts and Co. in the Strand;
 Mess. Crofts and Co. Pall-mall;
 Mess. Hodfoll and Michell, in the Strand;
 Mess. Pybus and Co. Bond-street;
 Mess. Ransom, Morland, and Hammersley, Pall-mall;
 Mess. Biddulph and Cocks, Charing-cross.

The Committee wish to recommend, in the strongest manner, to those Gentlemen who have not yet polled, the necessity of coming forward immediately, and giving their suffrages to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray; and this Committee once more declare their determination not only to demand a scrutiny, but to support it throughout with a spirit becoming Englishmen, feeling themselves essentially injured in their franchise.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

The present state of the Poll exhibits a mournful example of the success with which the exertions of the worst men in the worst cause may be temporarily attended.

But in order to render their interested malice vain, to blast their imaginary triumphs, and to cover them with the infamy they deserve, the real friends to virtue, to the constitution, and to their country, are requested to unite in one last effort, which cannot fail to be attended with success.

The present contest is an awful appeal to the understanding and generosity of the Electors of Westminster: they must determine whether they will support the cause of those who have uniformly asserted the public rights and interest, or whether they will transfer the rewards which are due to their integrity, to the professed enemies of the country and constitution. Whatever, therefore, may be the personal feelings of Sir Cecil Wray, should he be ultimately disappointed, they will be little, in comparison with the more weighty concern which he will *feel* for the degraded state of one of the noblest, and hitherto the most independent cities in the world.

Mr. Fox, indeed, shelters himself under general names and general professions; but these professions, however graceful they might formerly have been, are now ridiculous; since they afford a glaring instance, that no name is so revered, no cause so sacred, as not to be prostituted to the vilest purposes of interest and party.

But

But these pretexts have now no longer power to impose, even upon the meanest understanding. The glorious agents in the Revolution fixed their opposition upon the firm basis of private right and public liberty. One King was brought to public execution for invading the property of his subjects, even in the most trifling article; another was driven from his throne for arbitrary purposes, and ill-concealed ambition. Our great deliverer is immortal in the memory of this nation, for fixing public right and private property upon a firm and lasting basis; and for taking up arms to secure both from the proud attempts of foreign enemies.

But these modern Revolutionists have turned the irresistible force of British arms upon British bosoms: their triumphs are recorded at Saratoga, York Town, and every disastrous spot which is marked by our misfortunes and disgrace. Does Mr. Fox deny the imputation? Let him first deny his infamous coalition with the author of all these calamities, who comes into power reeking with the blood of millions, professedly unchanged in any of his principles, and ready to light up new wars, the instant the guardian genius of Britain shall slumber over his charge.

In respect to private property, these genuine Revolutionists have sufficiently explained their principles. Their daring and unprecedented attempts upon all the property of the East India Company, may convince every discerning mind, that nothing was sufficiently fenced against their rapacity; and puts every man, that has any thing to lose, under the necessity of voting against them, upon the same simple principle that he would oppose a thief or a housebreaker.

As to the interference of the Court, the friends of Sir Cecil Wray will make no resort. They give Mr. Fox leave to blazon all their discoveries in the most pompous strains of his energetic eloquence; nor will they even condescend to retaliate upon that aristocracy which have wished to lead in chains both Sovereign and people, and to divide their spoils. There are some transactions so offensive to public decency, that even the violence of an Election may pass them over in silence, and rather wish, for the public honour, to have them forgotten than punished.

But as to the odious name of "Secret Influence," the Electors are reminded, that the foremost figure in Mr. Fox's phalanx, is the open and avowed patron of all its excesses; nor can the Sovereign himself give a proof more unequivocal, how totally he abjures it, than by dissolving a corrupt and venal Parliament, to appeal to the unbiassed suffrages of a free and generous people.

Rouse then, ye independent Electors of this ancient and respected city! Shew yourselves to be equal in virtue, equal in discernment, to the rest of your countrymen, whose almost unanimous voice has driven these public robbers from the spoils which they have grasped, and has consigned them to scorn and infamy. Remember, that any King may become a tyrant, who will share the plunder of his people with an interested aristocracy; but that a Sovereign who appeals to a free people, for the defence of their common privileges, cannot be deserted, without involving public liberty in the ruin which is meditated against himself.

A WARNING VOICE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WOOD'S HOTEL.

May 8.] This Committee most earnestly request the independent Electors of Westminster to rest assured that the scrutiny will not be demanded on weak or chimerical grounds,

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grounds, nor prosecuted on vexatious or vindictive principles, but will owe its existence to information obtained by the unremitting activity of the Parochial Committees, who daily investigate the votes in their respective districts.

This Committee are no less anxious to have the scrutiny conducted with temper and candour, in order to restore peace to this divided city, than they are determined to support it throughout with alacrity and firmness, in justice to the injured Electors.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WOOD'S HOTEL.

May 10.] The daring outrage committed this day in Covent Garden by a banditti of ruffians, who, there is every reason to believe, were hired for the purpose by some of Mr. Fox's party, may possibly be misrepresented in the newspapers devoted to his interest, the public are therefore cautioned not to pay any regard to accounts that may be fabricated for the purpose of imposition, as an authentic detail of the whole proceedings will be immediately submitted to their impartial judgment.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WOOD'S HOTEL.

Tuesday Evening, Eleven o'Clock, May 11.

The Coroner's Inquest being yet sitting on the body of the unfortunate constable, who died this morning in consequence of the wounds he received in the riot that happened yesterday in Covent Garden; and to avoid prejudicing the public in their opinion of that extraordinary affair, it is thought proper to postpone the promised account of it for the present.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A M U R D E R!

Whereas, on Monday last, between the hours of three and four o'clock, a most violent assault was made in Covent Garden, at the close of the poll, on several persons, by men armed with bludgeons, cleavers, and other offensive weapons; in consequence of which Nicholas Casson, a peace officer, received several wounds on his head and other parts of his body, which occasioned his death, and the Coroner's Inquest have since found, that the said Nicholas Casson was *wilfully murdered*, by some person or persons unknown.

And whereas there is the strongest reason to believe, that the ruffians, so armed with bludgeons and cleavers, who committed this daring outrage, have been daily hired from the commencement of the Election, to the present period.

The

HOOD AND WRAY.

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The Committee appointed to conduct the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, thinking it a duty which they owe to the Public in general, and to the Electors of Westminster in particular, to bring every offender to justice, who have been concerned in this inhuman and bloody transaction, do hereby offer a reward of Fifty Pounds to any person or persons, who shall discover the Murderers, or the Parties *who hired or employed them*. The reward to be paid, on conviction, by Mr. Samuel Wood, of the Piazza, Covent Garden.

J. P. ATKINSON, Secretary.

Woods Hotel, Covent Garden, 12th May, 1784.

CHARLEY'S CONFESSION.

C. F--x's compliments to the worthy and independent Electors of the City and Liberties of Westminster: having nothing to say for himself, he hopes they will excuse the many gross invectives that have been thrown out against Sir Cecil Wray; and he is the more encouraged to expect their forgiveness, as he is now convinced, that however malevolent the design may have been, the effect has been totally harmless; his opponent, Sir Cecil Wray, gaining more of the public esteem, in proportion as Mr. Charles Fox attempts to depreciate his character.

Affassination and Murder by a hired Mob.

Englishmen,

If you were not witnesses, you now may have authentic testimony (*from the Coroner's Inquest*) of a Murder, committed in Covent Garden, on Monday the 10th instant. The person murdered was Nicholas Caffon, a peace-officer, and in obedience to legal summons attending his duty. Observe, the *military were not present*, not a soldier near; the peace-officers alone were endeavouring, at the hazard of their lives, to preserve inviolate the Freedom of Election. Mr. F.'s Committee are called upon to deny these facts:--- they dare not; they know they cannot. Infamous, therefore, are the declarations of those who attempt to insult your understanding, by asserting that the peace-officers, acting under legal authority, were like those *hired ruffians* who produced the riot, and by whom the murder was committed.

N O M U R D E R!

No Club Law, no Butchers Law, no Petticoat Government!

The worthy Electors of Westminster, who are neither intimidated by marrow-bones and cleavers, nor influenced by Peers or Pæresses, are called upon to exert their native privileges as Britons and citizens. It is yet in their power to vindicate their liberties, and by a speedy and earnest support of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, to pour contempt upon the basest exertion of open bribery, that ever disgraced the English nation.

May 12, 1784.

Proceedings

Proceedings in consequence of the Riot and Murder.

Wood's Hotel, May 13, 1784.

As the friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray mean not to inflame the minds, or impose on the understandings of the people, they are not so forward as their adversaries in obtruding publications on the town, calculated only to mislead the judgment. The riot which happened on Monday having been attended, however, by the most serious consequences, it is conceived to be a duty to submit the following facts to general consideration, leaving every man of candour and honour to deduce such inferences as the truth will justify.

In consequence of the wounds which Nicholas Casson, a peace-officer, received during the riot on Monday, he expired, as hath been stated, about half an hour past one o'clock on Tuesday morning. At five o'clock in the afternoon of that day the Coroner's Inquest were summoned to sit on the body of this unfortunate man. The surgeons who attended were Mr. John Hunter and Mr. Sheldon; and it had been previously stipulated by the Committees of the contending Candidates, that those two should be the only gentlemen of the faculty present at the opening of the body. Two friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, and the same number on the part of Mr. Fox, were also to be admitted. This agreement, reduced to writing, should have been considered so binding, as not to admit for a moment the idea of deviation. Mr. Brand, the surgeon, expressed, however, a more than ordinary curiosity to be present at the melancholy scene. The Rev. Mr. Jackson strenuously objected to the admission of Mr. Brand, as it would be an absolute violation of the original agreement. The Rev. Mr. Bate declared, "That he would not consent to break through the agreement; if that were done in one instance, it might in others, and a departure from the rule laid down being admitted, confusion only could ensue." Mr. Smith, another gentleman in the interest of Mr. Fox, perfectly concurred in the same opinion, and Mr. Brand was silenced, but not satisfied.

The surgeons having retired to examine the body, and the respective friends of the Candidates being required to attend, the chirurgical operation commenced, and the deceased appeared to have received a most violent contusion on one side of his head, a quantity of extravasated blood was discovered on the other, three of his ribs were broken, and there were various marks of violence, which the surgeons pronounced to be the causes of his death. The Coroner's Inquest being prepared to hear evidence, it was contended by a most numerous party of Mr. Fox's friends, that the Coroner ought to enter into a discussion respecting the commencement of the riot, which they were prepared to prove originated from the peace-officers. This was deemed by several gentlemen, perfectly competent to the question, irrelative to the business before the Coroner. After tedious harangues, and a great deal of fruitless altercation, it was agreed, that the Coroner should be waited on to enquire and report his determination, which turned out to be, not to admit any evidence as to the commencement of the riot, but simply to enquire as to the murder or manslaughter of the deceased. The testimonies of the fact being numerous, and the investigation rendered as complicated as the machinations of party could make it, the Coroner's Inquest continued sitting from five in the afternoon of Tuesday, until near one o'clock on Wednesday morning, when they found the fact to be Wilful Murder *against some person or persons unknown.*

It will appear incredible that such a verdict being given, and fifteen of the hired rioters being then actually in custody, any magistrate should be suspected as the primary cause of the murder; yet, absurd as the position may appear, it was maintained by a gentleman of the name of Kelly, who is himself in the commission of the peace. About two o'clock

o'clock yesterday morning Mr. Kelly, attended by several of Mr. Fox's friends, entered Wood's Hotel, and Mr. Kelly publicly declared, "That he had a charge of the most serious nature to make, and which he meant to substantiate against Mr. Wilmot.--" "This charge was, he said, of *no less* a nature than that of Mr. Wilmot's being an "accessary before the fact to the murder committed." The singularity of this assertion very naturally occasioned a general surprise; and Mr. Kelly persisting in the charge, Mr. Wilmot was committed to the custody of a peace officer.

Mr. Kelly having retired to an adjacent room, the following words were repeatedly vociferated by various gentlemen: "*Mr. Kelly! Mr. Kelly! come forward, and make good your charge!*" Mr. Kelly declining to appear, Mr. Hood inquired for him, and "being shewn the room where he was, Mr. Hood entered, and found a number of Mr. Fox's friends, whom he thus addressed:-- "*I beg that Mr. Kelly, if he hath any charge to make against Mr. Wilmot, may come forward, and do it immediately, as the accusation is of that heinous nature to admit of no delay. I can positively assure the friends of Mr. Fox, that it is the particular wish of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, as well as of those concerned for them, to have the persons who were accessary to the murder of the unfortunate man brought to punishment; and that a fair and candid investigation may be entered on immediately.*" Mr. Kelly replied, that he was ready to make the charge and swear to it; but it was objected to by the friends of Mr. Fox for the following reasons: The lateness of the hour; that it was impossible to carry on a civil process whilst the military were called in; and that Wood's Hotel could not be a proper place to have the deposition taken, it being a *party house*, and the magistrate a *partial man*!

Mr. Hood perceiving that his staying longer would not answer any good purpose, as the friends of Mr. Fox appeared unanimous in preventing Mr. Kelly from giving his deposition, wished the gentlemen a good night, and retired to a party of his own friends, in an adjacent room, to whom he reported what had happened.

In about a quarter of an hour *Justice Kelly*, accompanied by Mr. *Sheridan*, sallied forth, for the purpose of substantiating the charge against Mr. Wilmot; and Justice Hale, a very respectable magistrate, happening to be in the house, the following deposition was sworn before him:

"Mr. Edmund Kelly maketh oath, and faith, That he believes *Mr. Wilmot was an accessary before the fact*, of the murder of the man in Covent Garden on the 10th of May instant, by *causing the riot*, by *keeping a parcel of constables*, against the opinion of the Magistrates that met at Westminster, at the Guildhall, yesterday.

E. KELLY."

Sworn before me this 12th day of May, 1784.
JOHN HALE.

(C O P Y.)

This deposition is so singularly characteristic as to render it impossible to peruse it and retain a gravity of features. That a Magistrate should be accessary to a murder, by retaining a parcel of constables to keep the peace, is such an Hibernian solecism as will scarcely admit a parallel. The light in which it appeared to Justice Hale is most evident; for perceiving the futility as well as the malevolence of the accusation, he attested his opinion in the subsequent words:

"I do conceive that the above information is not, in any wise, sufficient whereby to ground any charge against the abovenamed Mr. Wilmot; I therefore do hereby discharge him."

Dated the 12th day of May, 1784.

JOHN HALE."

(COPY.)

(C O P Y)

The accusations of Mr. Wilmot being thus disposed of, an attempt of a very different, but equally atrocious nature, was happily defeated. About half an hour past three o'clock yesterday morning, Mr. Hood, Mr. Nucella, and John Weildon, got into a coach with Mr. Wilmot, with an intention of conveying him safely home. Soon after leaving Wood's Hotel, Mr. Hood perceived a coach following that in which he was, having two fellows behind, and two were running on the pavement with sticks in their hands. On reaching Chancery-lane, Mr. Hood called to the coachman to return to the Hotel, imagining that this would occasion the persons in the other coach to desist from any further pursuit. Finding, however, his mistake, he gave orders to the driver to proceed directly to Bethnal-green, the residence of Mr. Wilmot. The other carriage still following, Mr. Hood stopped his own coach, alighted, and addressing himself to the fellows who had ran along the pavement, he asked, "*Whether they were friends or foes?*" They answered, that they did not intend to insult him. Mr. Hood then approached the carriage which had followed him, to discover, if possible, the persons who were in it. After waiting a short time, a Mr. O'Brien let down the window, and Mr. Hood said, "He thought his conduct very strange and unbecoming, and that he had not a right to follow him." Mr. O'Brien replied, "He had a right to go where he pleased." Mr. Hood then returned to his carriage, and it was driven to Mr. Whitbread's brewhouse, where all the parties alighted, and Mr. O'Brien again appearing, Mr. Hood told him, "That he was astonished at his conduct, and he asked if he meant to *assassinate* him?" Mr. O'Brien answered in the negative, saying, "That he need not be under any apprehensions." Mr. Hood returned this answer, "I never received such treatment, and your actions are so suspicious, that the worst construction may be put on them." By this time, the number of persons who had followed Mr. Hood's carriage were discovered to be *six*; Colonel North, and Mr. Shove, Barrister at Law, being of the number. After walking for a few minutes in Mr. Whitbread's yard, and procuring a broomstick, as the only instrument of defence which could be procured, Mr. Hood and Mr. Wilmot returned to the carriage, and the coachman driving as fast as possible, the pursuers lost ground, but on looking out of the window, Colonel North, Mr. O'Brien, and several other persons, were observed running after the carriage.

On reaching the house of Mr. Wilmot, Mr. Hood received information that the coach, which contained Colonel North and his companions, had broke down, and the parties had crossed the fields towards Whitechapel, apparently for the purpose of overtaking Mr. Hood's carriage. Colonel North and his party meeting some labourers, told them, "That the persons in the carriage which had passed, were *rascals* who had endeavoured to swear away the lives of several innocent men, who were committed to Newgate, and that Justice Wilmot was sent there himself."

Thus providentially escaping whatever might have been intended, and having quieted the apprehensions of his family, Mr. Wilmot returned with his protector, to Wood's Hotel, which they reached about six, Mr. Wilmot continuing there during the remainder of yesterday. About four o'clock in the afternoon the Reverend Mr. Bate, Sir Godfrey Webster and Sir William Milner, waited on him to tender bail for the rioters in Newgate. They were informed that a copy of the commitment would be necessary, and when that should be procured, the magistrate would finally decide the business. The gentlemen acceded with his proposition, and they announced their intentions of returning in the afternoon. About seven o'clock they came, and Mr. Wilmot being in the Sub-Committee Room, it was found impracticable to obtain that immediate access to him of which the parties were desirous. Their attendance was announced, and

and they were requested to stay *ten minutes*, at the expiration of which Mr. Wilmot would wait on them. The time elapsing, and the gentlemen declaring that they had a most pressing engagement to attend, the clerk of Mr. Crowder, an attorney, was instructed to contrive the delivery of a notice to Mr. Wilmot, and the parties who came to tender bail left the house. On inspecting the notice, it was discovered to contain information that the prisoners were to be brought before the Justices Haines, Forster, Parker, Kelly, and Wiggins. This was rather considered as a manoeuvre than a regular proceeding agreeable to a justiciary form: and there being positive charges against three of the prisoners, warrants of detainers were sent to the office of Mr. Haines, and they were remanded to Newgate, the remaining twelve being bailed by the interfering Magistrates.

In answer to a paragraph that appeared in the Morning Herald of Thursday last, in which is the following passage: "It is, however, to be regretted, that Mr. Sheldon, the gentleman that was sent by Mr. Fox's Committee to visit the deceased before his death, on Monday night, was not allowed to see him." The following facts are submitted to the impartial public: late in the evening of the day that the unfortunate Mr. Caffon lost his life, Mr. Adair, Colonel Byron, Mr. Clarkson, and several other friends of Mr. Fox, together with Mr. Sheldon, Surgeon, in Great Queen-street came to Wood's Hotel for the purpose of visiting the deceased: Mr. Sheldon then understanding that no gentleman of the faculty had been sent for, but Mr. Jackson and Mr. Atkinson meeting those gentlemen in the Coffee-room, and informing them, that Mr. John Hunter had seen the deceased, and declared that he was in imminent danger, and had given particular orders that he should be kept quiet, and that no person should be admitted to see him, Mr. Sheldon declined visiting him, and said he was perfectly satisfied. Mr. Jackson insisted, that Mr. Sheldon should see the deceased; but he again declined, saying he did so in delicacy to Mr. Hunter: Mr. Sheldon was then answered, that Mr. Hunter should not again visit Caffon without Mr. Sheldon being present, and that Mr. Hunter should be immediately waited upon, to fix a time for that purpose: Mr. Sheldon and other gentlemen were pleased to compliment Mr. Jackson and Mr. Atkinson, on their candour, and left Wood's Hotel perfectly satisfied. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Atkinson immediately went to the house of Mr. Hunter, to fix a time for his meeting Mr. Sheldon the next morning, and not finding him at home, left a note to inform him of the purport of their visit: some little time after their return, word was brought by Mr. Wood, that he feared the deceased lay at the point of death, and a messenger was immediately dispatched to Mr. Hunter, to request his attendance, and Mr. Jackson and Mr. Meyer went to the Shakespeare, to desire Mr. Sheldon also to attend; Mr. Louton was the only gentleman they found there, who was informed of their errand, and requested to send for Mr. Sheldon, as Caffon was supposed to be near expiring, to which Mr. Louton answered, I suppose you killed him, and then went away: surprised at this extraordinary behaviour, one of the waiters was sent in all possible haste to Mr. Sheldon's house, who soon after came to Wood's Hotel, but Caffon had expired a few minutes before his arrival.

WOOD'S HOTEL.

Caption and Discharge of a RIOTER.

May 17.] On Friday evening Patrick Kenny was taken into custody, for assaulting and violently striking a Constable in the discharge of his duty, on the same day when the Peace Officer was murdered. Kenny was apprehended in Saint James's street; and his caption was no sooner announced, than the constable who took him was surrounded by a numerous party of Mr. Fox's friends, some of whom dexterously picked the constable's pocket of the warrant which authorized him to detain the prisoner. When Kenny reached the watch-house, the peace officer having thus lost the warrant, was of course deprived of the rule which would have been his guide in making a proper entry in the night-book; and, not having read the warrant, he presumed the charge against the prisoner to be that of felony, and as such he entered it in his book. The succeeding morning (Saturday) Kenny was brought to Litchfield-street for examination before the sitting magistrates. Colonel North, being somehow or other interested in the fate of *his friend at the bar*, contended, that the prisoner should only be questioned as to the accusation alleged against him in the watch-house night-book; and not a syllable of the assault on the constable being found in that book, the Colonel affirmed it would be an extraneous matter to hear any evidence on the subject. Sir Robert Taylor, as impartially as justifiably, coincided in sentiment with Colonel North. Mr. Hale, however, was not so easily converted to an opinion founded on absurdity. He said, that the warrant for the apprehension of the prisoner had been issued by him: that the charge was that of beating and maiming a peace officer in the execution of his duty. Mr. Hale added, that he had with his own hand delivered the warrant to the constable who took Kenny into custody; and was it because some of *the party* had conveyed away the instrument of caption, that justice should be as grossly evaded as common honesty had been notoriously violated? The warrant had been stolen; perhaps by a confederate. The trick was ingenious, and it shewed to what lengths persons of a certain description were capable of carrying their nefarious proceedings. Mr. Hale concluded by desiring, that the constable might be permitted to depose upon oath to the loss of the warrant. This was granted, and the prisoner was committed to Tothill-fields Bridewell, where he remained until yesterday morning, when he was brought a second time to Litchfield-street, for a final examination.

At twelve o'clock yesterday, Kenny was put to the bar of the Rotation-office, Litchfield-street; and Mr. Morgan attended as counsel for the Crown, charging the prisoner, not only with the assault on the constable, but as one of the rioters on the day when Nicholas Caffon was murdered; and having been therefore guilty of constructive murder, precisely on the same grounds which occasioned the conviction of Balfe and McQuirke, Mr. Morgan fairly apprized the bench of his intentions, informing them, that the evidence he meant to adduce, would, in his opinion, go to prove, that the prisoner had attended from day to day, armed, with the other rioters, with a bludgeon, which he had unmercifully exercised on the head of a peace-officer; and that, having been a party in the riot which occasioned the murder of a fellow-citizen, the prisoner was as guilty of that murder as if he had struck the fatal blow. Sir Robert Taylor was quite of a different opinion. The prisoner was charged with an assault. To that charge the evidence should be specifically confined; and as it was substantiated, the prisoner should be called on to give bail for his appearance.

Several evidences were called in proof of the assault on the constable; and indeed the wounded condition of his head displayed the barbarous treatment which he had experienced.

mened. No sooner, however, did Mr. Morgan put any question relative to the riot, or to the time and circumstances when and by which Nicholas Casson lost his life, than he was interrupted with extreme rudeness and indelicacy. A sprig of the law, who exactly answered Charles Churchill's description of a

Pert, prim prater of the Northern race,

had the presumption to stake his professional experience against that of Mr. Morgan, although he was but the other day called to the bar! This frothy declaimer ventured to affirm, that the questions put to the witnesses by the Counsel for the Crown would not be permitted at the Old Bailey.. Mr. Dyson, Solicitor to the Admiralty, and one of the sitting magistrates, contradicted this assertion. And Mr. Morgan, pressing his hand to his bosom, pledged his honour, his character, and his professional credit, that every question he had propounded would have been perfectly orderly at the Old Bailey.

After repeated cavils, and reiterated attempts made by Mr. Morgan to bring the riot and murder into consideration, which were as repeatedly defeated, the point was given up, to the entire satisfaction of Lord Robert Spencer, and several other distinguished friends of Mr. Fox, who attended in the customary stile, thus favouring the presumption, that they felt themselves deeply interested in the fate of an IRISH CHAIRMAN.

When Sir Robert Taylor proposed that the prisoner should be discharged as to the murder, and give bail for the assault, Mr. Dyson desired "that it might not be considered as the unanimous determination of the Bench, because he for one objected to the measure in the strongest and most positive terms." To this mark of disapprobation Mr. Morgan adduced his testimony; for, when bail was proposing for the prisoner, Mr. Morgan said in the hearing of the Bench, "You had better save trouble, and determine that the man has not committed any assault." Mr. Morgan subjoined this opinion:—"The expence of Counsel in behalf of a prisoner may be saved, when a majority of Justices present follow that excellent maxim, that the Judge should be Counsel for the prisoner, although it is merely the duty of a magistrate to hear and determine impartially AFTER he hath heard."

This opinion is too judicious to require support; and every observation on a self-evident proposition is impertinent.

AN ELECTOR.

Wood's Hotel, May 15, 1784.

Interment of the Murdered Constable.

On Thursday afternoon, about five o'clock, the unhappy widow of Nicholas Casson, the constable, who was murdered on Monday by a party of hired ruffians, came to Wood's Hotel, and requested to be informed, "where the parties resided to whom she should make application respecting the interment of her husband, as she designed to have his body buried the ensuing day in the church-yard of Covent Garden." Being directed to the sexton, and by him accompanied to some of the church-wardens, she was asked, "at what hour she was desirous of having the funeral rites performed?" and replying, "that as her place of residence was situated at a considerable distance, and she would wish to return home as early as possible, she intended having the body brought to the church at three o'clock." The hour was objected to, and she was requested to return to Wood's Hotel, where, if she waited about a quarter of an hour, she should receive a final answer as to the propriety or impropriety of admitting her request. Relying on the validity of this assurance, she returned to the Hotel, and waited two hours

without receiving the final answer which had been promised; until, exhausted of her stock of patience, which, owing to her affliction, and to a natural warmth of temper, might not be very considerable, she obtained an interview with the sexton, who very graciously informed her, "that the church-wardens conceived *three o'clock* would be an improper hour to bury her husband, as the funeral procession might collect a mob, which might end in a breach of the peace, or the demolition of some of the pews *where the quality sat.*" The widow replied, "that the mangled body of her husband was now grown so offensive as to render an early interment absolutely necessary; and all she requested was, a definitive answer, whether she could or could not be permitted to have the funeral service read over the corpse in the church, and have it afterwards buried in the church-yard of Covent Garden." The sexton could not say. *Three o'clock* was a disagreeable hour; and it was not becoming him to appoint another. He must consult the church-wardens: they were honest gentlemen; very honest gentlemen indeed!--"Where were they to be found?" That he did not know; but he dared to say he could meet with them in a very few minutes. For the present, however, he would just *take a step home with the widow in her coach, see the state of the body, and when they returned to Covent Garden, the church-wardens would give their answer in a moment.*" This was agreed to. He accompanied the woman; returned to the Hotel, where he quitted her to go in search of the church-wardens. Some of them were met with, from whose discourse it was evident, that an evasion of the business was the object intended; for, under the specious pretext of *three o'clock* being an *improper* hour (which might be the case) a general refusal was implied, although not expressed. The widow now clearly perceiving herself to be trifled with, became more determined to carry her purpose into execution. She tendered the fees for opening the ground, and offered the deposit of any sum which might be required to defray the customary douceurs which *the clergy* have so disinterestedly taken care shall fall to their lot. These offers were rejected; but let not the sacred order take fire at the rejection! for their spirits may be pacified when they are assured, that *not a parson was present when the offers were made.*

Several friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, hearing by this time of the obstructions given to the proposed interment, endeavoured to persuade the widow to change the place of burial. Her answer was, "That having the body of a near relation deposited in the church-yard of Covent Garden, and intending that her own remains should rest there, those of her husband should not be carried to any other place." She was then intreated to alter the hour from *three* to *four o'clock*; to which she finally assented. The original objection being thus removed, the sexton was informed of the circumstance, and desired to prepare the grave. But he still could not act without the permission of the church-wardens; and they, as before, were to be found in ten minutes, although whither they were gone it was impossible for him to say. After engaging to return immediately with their answer, the poor insulted woman waited until near *twelve o'clock yesterday morning*, without being able to obtain any positive information, whether the remains of her unfortunate husband would be allowed interment in the church-yard of Covent Garden. The Coroner's warrant, and five guineas to defray certain fees, were left at the house of the sexton with a notice, that the body would be brought to the church at *four o'clock* in the afternoon of the next day; and if the rites of burial were then denied, a legal process would be instituted.

The poll being yesterday closed at two o'clock, by the desire of the Candidates, exactly at four o'clock in the afternoon, the remains of the murdered peace officer were brought to Covent Garden in a hearse, drawn by four horses, and followed by six coaches, containing the relations and friends of the deceased. The hearse stopped a short period opposite the Shakespeare Tavern, and the widow burst into tears on casting a look at the house. The hearse then turned about, and passing along Tavistock-row, stopped a
second

Second time opposite the house of Mr. Jennings, from whose side of the Garden the *hired ruffians* issued, who began the attack on the peace officers, in which Nicholas Casson was so barbarously *murdered*. The procession afterwards advanced to the church, and the prescribed forms being ended, the body was interred; the wretched widow frequently uttering the most passionate exclamations, and appealing to the *God of Justice* to inflict a punishment on the *murderers*! When the procession quitted the church, a stop was made at Wood's Hotel; and Mrs. Casson, after gratefully acknowledging the extreme humanity and tenderness with which *she had been treated by Mr. Wood and his family*, returned to her house, now bereft of conjugal comfort by the loss of a husband, to whom she had been married *thirty years*.

This melancholy recital, and the turn which hath been given to the riot and murder by the friends of Mr. Fox, will justify the following restrictions:

In the first place, *a murder having been committed*, the friends of each party appear desirous of discovering the perpetrators, and bringing them to justice. The friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have procured the detention of those rioters whom there are strong reasons to believe were *accessaries to the murder*. The friends of Mr. Fox, on the contrary, have obtained the liberation of *twelve* of the ruffians, and they were very near obtaining the release of the remaining three. Yet these very friends of Mr. Fox offer a reward of One Hundred Guineas for the discovery of the persons who committed the murder, at the very instant when they were moving Heaven and Earth to get the three ruffians *bailed*, who are now in Newgate charged with the commission of the crime! In what light must such a conduct appear to candid minds? Have the Committee of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, or any of their friends, offered bail for a single man who hath been taken into custody since the commencement of the election? Have they stood forth the champions of Irish chairmen, and the protectors of desperadoes with marrow-bones and cleavers? Is there a Nobleman, a Commoner, or a Baronet, connected with Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, who hath extended any particular marks of favour to fellows whom money would prompt to the foulest practices? On the other side of the question, no sooner are fifteen vagabonds committed to Newgate for a riot and a murder, than the jail is visited by men of rank, and *Peers and Baronets* by dozens offer bail for their friends the *Marrow-bones and Cleavers* in distress!—This conduct explains itself.—A commentary would only obscure it.—They must be wonderfully anxious to bring murders to punishment, who wish those suspected of the crime released from prison! And it is an exceeding strong proof that the riot on Monday last was *not* begun by any ruffians hired by the friends of Mr. Fox, when the whole party of that gentleman avow their connections with the rioters, by having bailed some, and wishing to set the others at liberty! This is so very like charging a magistrate with employing *peace officers* to break *the peace*, that *Mr. Sheridan* must be concerned in the business, and the absurdity of the conduct is imputable to the common blunders of his country.

AN ELECTOR.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

It being generally understood that the poll for electing Members to serve in Parliament for the city of Westminster, will be finally closed on Monday next at three o'clock,

* The above very partial detail appeared in every paper of the day particularly attached to the interest of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray. We give it to posterity in its full force. But we may be forgiven the record, when it is known that in our work we likewise give the trial at large of those committed for the riot; by which it appears, that the riot was actually begun by a magistrate, who came to Covent Garden to defend the constables particularly attached to Hood and Wray. Not a tittle of evidence did the *ingenious* Mr. Morgan, so often mentioned in the foregoing paper, adduce to prove the guilt of the prisoners, who were fully acquitted.—The reader is referred to the trial.

Lord

Lord Hood, Sir Cecil Wray, and their several Committees, take this opportunity of thanking their friends for their active and unremitting support, at the same time most earnestly entreating them to add to the obligations they have already conferred, by using every effort in their power to preserve the peace of the city, and the safety of its inhabitants.

Wood's Hotel, April 23, 1784.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

The Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, acquaint their friends, that there will be a general dinner at Wood's Hotel, after the final close of the poll this day, when the company of every friend to those worthy Candidates is particularly requested.

Tickets (five shillings each) to be had at the bar of the Hotel, or at either of the Parochial Committees. Dinner on table at four o'clock precisely.

Wood's Hotel, May 17, 1784.

Mr. CHURCHILL, in the Chair.

N. B. The Scrutiny Committee will meet on Tuesday next, at six o'clock precisely, at Wood's Hotel.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WOOD'S HOTEL,

May 17, 1784.] The Committee for conducting the intended scrutiny in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, take this opportunity of informing the public, that the undermentioned banking houses are opened to receive subscriptions for supporting the said scrutiny:

Mess. Drummonds, Charing-cross;
 Mess. Coutts and Co. in the Strand;
 Mess. Crofts and Co. Pall-mall;
 Mess. Hodfoll and Michell, in the Strand;
 Mess. Pybus and Co. Bond-street;
 Mess. Ransom, Morland, and Hammersley, Pall-mall;
 Mess. Biddulph and Cocks, Charing-cross.
 Mess. Thercey, Birch, and Hobbs, Bond-street.

The Committee wish to recommend, in the strongest manner, to those Gentlemen who have not yet polled, the necessity of coming forward, and giving their suffrages to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, this day, as the poll will finally close.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The audacious and unwarrantable attempts that have been made, by scandalous advertisements and hand bills, in order to induce the public to attribute to the friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, the cause of the several riots and acts of cruelty which have been committed during the Election for Westminster; and particularly the unprovoked riot

riot and cruel murder, perpetrated on Monday last, are too gross; and the contrary of such aspersions too well known to stand in need of contradiction. The curious resolutions of Fox's Committee at the Shakespeare, and the hand bills stuck up and liberally distributed about the town on Tuesday, bringing back to recollection the affair of St. George's Fields, appear on the face of them to be calculated for the purpose of inflaming the minds of the people, and of creating riot and confusion. Their pretended offers of rewards, and advertising for evidence, are perfectly burlesque, unless they intend by it, to buy off and suppress any evidence that may be offered against their hireling butchers.

ADVERTISEMENT:

Rotation Office, Litchfield-street.

Saturday morning about twelve o'clock, Patrick Kenney, who was apprehended the preceding evening, on a charge of riot in Covent Garden, was brought for examination before Sir Robert Taylor, and other magistrates.

When a point of a singular nature was argued, touching the charge exhibited against the prisoner, whether they could consider him standing on the ground of his apprehension, or on a charge made after in the night book of the watch house.

It was contended, with much clearness and good argument, by Mr. Morgan, on the part of the Crown, that the prisoner stood there on the ground of his apprehension, which was, (on a warrant granted by John Hale, Esq.) that the prisoner had most violently assaulted a peace officer; which charge he came prepared with evidence fully to substantiate. It was said by a Mr. Claridge, that the prisoner stood on the charge of felony, it having been so stated on the charge book of the watch-house.

The constable who apprehended the prisoner was then examined, who swore, that he was knocked down, and his pocket picked of the warrant as he was conducting the prisoner to the watch-house, and that he knew not any part of the contents of the warrant; but understanding his prisoner being one of the rioters, charged him in custody as a felon. Justice Hale assured Sir Robert Taylor, that the charge contained in the warrant he had issued against the prisoner at their bar, and which he himself delivered to the constable, contained no other charge than that of violently assaulting Benjamin Nash, a peace officer, in the execution of his duty. However, Sir Robert Taylor insisted on their going on the charge exhibited in the watch book, which, though they then had not brought all their evidence to support, yet, in the examination of two persons, such evidence appeared, as obliged the Bench to commit the prisoner at the bar for further examination, on Monday morning, to answer the charge of a suspicion of wilful murder exhibited against him.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

Impressed with the deepest sense of the many obligations I am under to the inhabitants of this great city, and particularly to the unremitting ardour of the several Committees, through

through this long and unparalleled Election, permit me to offer my unfeigned thanks to those Gentlemen who have honoured me with their suffrages, and to assure them that nothing will obliterate the warmth of gratitude I feel for the many favours conferred on me; at the same time they may rest assured, that it will be my greatest pride to support their rights both in and out of Parliament.

I am, Gentlemen,

With the greatest respect,

Dover-street,
May 17, 1784.

Your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

HOOD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City and Liberties of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

Words cannot express the sense I entertain of the many obligations I am under to those who have so zealously stood forth the champions of the dearest rights of Englishmen.

I can with the greatest confidence assert, that when the business of this Election shall be fully investigated by a Scrutiny, your suffrages will be found to have seated me in conjunction with my worthy colleague, Lord Hood, the legal Representative of this great and respectable city.

I am, Gentlemen,

With the greatest respect,

Great George-street,
May 17, 1784.

Your obliged and obedient humble servant,
CECIL WRAY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Wood's Hotel, Covent Garden.

A Monthly Meeting of the Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster, in the interest of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, Bart. will be held this day, (May 20,) at seven o'clock in the evening, at Wood's Hotel, Covent Garden.

Lord HOOD and Sir Cecil WRAY, in the Chair.

STEWARDS.

Mr. Glanville
Mr. Schwanch,
Mr. Idefon
Mr. Palmer
Mr. Hadley

Mr. Duffin
Mr. Rainforth
Mr. John Jackson
Mr. Allinson.

J. P. ATKINSON, Secretary.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

Wood's Hotel, May 18, 1784.

Yesterday at three o'clock, on the proclamation being finally read for closing the poll, and there not appearing any Electors to give their votes for either of the Candidates, the High Bailiff was about to put an end to the Election, by declaring the numbers, when Sir Cecil Wray addressed him in the following terms:

S I R, -

"Being perfectly convinced that in the course of this Election many illegal votes have been admitted, *I do demand a scrutiny.*"

"If, Sir, it shall appear from a fair investigation of the votes, that a majority of legal Electors have polled for Mr. Fox, I shall be very happy that this city will be represented by the man of their choice; if, on the contrary, that a majority shall be in my favour, *I shall demand the right given me by the city of Westminster.*"

In consequence of this requisition, the several Candidates, accompanied by their respective counsel and friends, adjourned from the Hustings to the Vestry-room, where Mr. Fox opened the business, by stating the extreme impropriety there would be in the High Bailiff granting a scrutiny, as he was a ministerial, and not a judicial officer; in which capacity he could only be bound to make his return conformable to the *ostensible* state of the poll. Independent of this situation, even the pressing exigency of the occasion required, that an immediate return should be made, for the date of the precept was within a day of expiring.

In addition to this argument, founded on the *professional* character of the High Bailiff, Mr. Fox shewed himself learned in the law, by adducing several statutes, which pointed out the duty of the Returning Officer in controversial cases. These statutes, Mr. Fox contended, applied so precisely to the business of the day, as not to be evaded by any force of reasoning.

But the Right Honourable Candidate further contended, that there were *penal statutes* which restricted the High Bailiff from granting a scrutiny in circumstances like the present; the mulct inflicted by those statutes was considerable; and besides the fine, in the Coventry case, where the High Bailiff being called before the House of Commons, for not making a return within the specified time, he received a very severe reprimand.

There were other cases in which the High Bailiff had been sent to Newgate; and Mr. Fox *very decently* observed, "that he hoped a similar fate would attend the High Bailiff, should he not discharge his duty in the present case, by *returning him to Parliament.*"

Besides these intimidations, Mr. Fox descanted on the nature and operation of actions at law; he shewed in how many cases they had been instituted against a returning officer; and that the damages recovered had amounted to *ten thousand pounds*; a friendly hint was at the same time given, that the High Bailiff might have every reason to apprehend the commencement and prosecution of actions of this nature.

Mr. Fox having thus by every terrific argument in the power of his eloquence, endeavoured to persuade the High Bailiff *not to grant a scrutiny*, Mr. Recorder Adair, exchanging the seat of justice for the bar of pleading, went over the same ground that Mr. Fox had done, and seemed to leave as faint an impression on the minds of the auditors. Mr. Fowler Walker then combated every argument of Mr. Fox, which bore the least relation to legal knowledge; and he more particularly demonstrated, that the High Bailiff was not merely a *ministerial* officer, because he was sworn to make such a return to Parliament as his judgment should direct, the exercise therefore of his judgment constituted him to all intents and purposes a judicial officer; and as such, granting a scrutiny agreeable to the requisition, was a matter to which he was perfectly competent.

S

Mr.

Mr. Fox made a reply to Mr. Walker, adducing the cases of Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire, in which counties the High Sheriff had refused the demand of a scrutiny. The case of Middlesex he chose to forget, for that would not have been in point.

Mr. Fox by this time losing that temper and moderation, which are constituent parts of oratory, and for which his friends so exceedingly admired him, concluded by abusing the High Bailiff, for his improper behaviour, alledging, that his conduct on the present occasion had been *infamously corrupt and partial*.

Mr. Morgan entered on the business with that confidence, which always actuates an honest man in a good cause. He said, there could be no more doubt of the propriety of granting a scrutiny, than there was of the necessity of demanding it. Illegal votes had been polled in great numbers at the present Election. Those votes had been procured by the most illegal and corrupt means; and to argue, that the High Bailiff was not competent to give the injured Candidate an opportunity of redress, was as absurd as it was contemptible, to threaten him with *pains and penalties for discharging his duty*.

The arguments being concluded, the High Bailiff, with decided firmness, declared, "That he had made up his mind; that he was neither to be intimidated or brow-beaten; threats he despised; for having always acted conscientiously and impartially, he courted no other favour than that which his conduct merited; and he held every menace in contempt of which his heart informed him he was undeserving."

"Having fully considered the matter, he said, *he would grant a scrutiny*; expressing a wish, that preliminaries might be adjusted by the Candidates for carrying it on."

Mr. Fox said, he would not agree to any preliminaries, *nor would he be at any expence to carry on the scrutiny*.

The High Bailiff desired to know if that was his final determination? and being answered in the *affirmative*, the commencement of the scrutiny was fixed for Friday the 28th instant, in the Vestry-room of St. Ann's, Soho. The High Bailiff concluded, "That Mr. Fox was at perfect liberty to call for his attendance before the House of Commons when and in what manner he pleased."

Thus ended a business of infinite importance to the Electors of Westminster; and it is not the exaggeration of party-spirit to say, that it ended as much to the disappointment of Mr. Fox, as to the entire satisfaction of Sir Cecil Wray and his friends.



THE HANOVERIAN
 A Scene in a New Play lately at
 Plymouth 227 Strand

We are now come to the Selection of Advertisements and Hand-bills for Mr. Fox. Strict Impartiality obliges us to give them as we have already done those of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, with all their unmutilated Periods. More Writers having voluntarily entered the Lists for Mr. Fox's Side of the Question, than for the other Candidates, of Course greater Variety of Matter appears collected for him. The Merit of the respective Productions we are now entering upon, we leave to be determined by a discerning Public. We shall on our Part only observe, that many of the first literary Characters have handled their Pens in Behalf of their favourite Candidate.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

His Majesty's Ministers having thought fit, in contradiction to their own declarations, in defiance of the sense of the House of Commons, and without any public pretence whatever, to subject the nation to all the inconveniences which must infallibly attend a Dissolution of Parliament at the present Moment, I humbly beg leave once more to solicit the favour of your votes and interest, to represent this great and respectable city.

To secure to the People of this country the weight which belongs to them in the scale of the Constitution, has ever been the principle of my political conduct.

Conscious that in every situation (whether in or out of office) I have invariably adhered to this system, I cannot but flatter myself that you will again give your sanction to those principles which first recommended me to your notice, and which induced you, at two subsequent periods, to honour me with your suffrages.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your most devoted, and

grateful humble servant,

St. James's-street,
March 24.

C. J. FOX.

N. B. The Committee meet every evening at eight o'clock, at the Shakespeare Tavern, Covent Garden.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The worthy and independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster, in the interest of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, are requested to meet this day, at twelve o'clock at noon, at Suffolk's Auction Room, late Barford's, Covent Garden, to consult on the proper means for conducting the Re-election of that tried friend and able supporter of the rights, liberties, and privileges of his fellow-citizens.

S 2

ADVER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

At a very numerous and respectable meeting of the Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster at the Shakespeare Tavern, Covent Garden, this day, it was unanimously resolved, That a General Meeting of the respective Parochial Committees, appointed to conduct the Re-election of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, be held at the Shakespeare Tavern to-morrow (Thursday) at eight o'clock in the evening precisely, to report the state of the canvass.

24th March, 1784.

By order of the Committee,
JOHN ROB. COCKER, Sec.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Fox begs leave to return his most grateful thanks to the worthy and independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster, for the very flattering and generous assurances of support he has received on his canvass, a continuance of which cannot fail to ensure success; and as, on account of the shortness of the time since the Dissolution of Parliament took place, he has not yet been able personally to wait on all the Electors, he hopes those gentlemen to whom he has been thus prevented from paying his respects, will impute it to the real cause, and not to any want of attention on his part; as he proposes to have the honour of waiting on them as early as possible.

St. James's-street, March 30, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Committee for conducting the Re-election of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, are requested to meet at the Shakespeare this evening, at eight o'clock.

ADVERTISEMENT.

If Sir Cecil Wray entertained so contemptible an opinion of the Electors of Westminster, to think they would again choose him for their Representative, could he find no other way of offering himself, but through the medium of the most fruitless ingratitude that ever disgraced a man, or ever insulted a respectable city?

I say, I would not insist upon Sir Cecil Wray's wishing to stand again with Mr. Fox. I do not know that Mr. Fox would have agreed to it. But Sir Cecil Wray, if he did not stand with Mr. Fox, ought certainly to have stood alone, and not with any other Candidate whatsoever in opposition to Mr. Fox, who certainly brought him in. I do maintain, that Sir Cecil Wray has forfeited all pretensions to respect and confidence, unless ingratitude and a palpable want of understanding can now be esteemed the best recommendations of a member to represent the city of Westminster in Parliament.

Of the mockery of offering Lord Hood as a Candidate for Westminster, I shall only at present observe, that independent of the objections that lie against him for accepting the countenance of such a man, I have no knowledge of what pretensions Admiral Lord Hood

Hood stands possessed of, to expect that one of the principal and most independent cities in Great Britain should rely upon his abilities to support the cause of the people in the House of Commons.

So says one, who was once the friend, but now the opposer of

Sir CECIL WRAY.

To the Printer of the General Advertiser.

S I R,

The termination of the present Election must decide the honour of the city of Westminster, and perhaps our existence as a free people.

Westminster has ever been distinguished for its spirit and independence; and that spirit and independence were never more strongly confirmed than by sending Mr. Fox as its Representative into Parliament; and he was the first member who ever stood distinguished by the most honourable of all distinctions, "The Man of the People."

When Admiral Rodney was called up to the House of Lords, Mr. Fox recommended Sir Cecil Wray to be elected in his stead. He was *then* a respectable character, and believing him to be also the friend of the people, supported his Election even at the loss of some of his firmest friends; but those gentlemen who opposed Mr. Fox in his choice of Sir Cecil Wray as his colleague, appear now to have known Sir Cecil Wray's real character better than Mr. Fox did; but it is no reproach against the wisest man to be deceived.

I have no intention of laying any blame against Sir Cecil Wray for differing with Mr. Fox in the House of Commons: on the contrary, I hold it a maxim that every man has a right to vote according to his conscience, and if Sir Cecil Wray differed with Mr. Fox upon that ground, he would be entitled to the support of every honest man. A man acting from an honest heart may find some allowances for the weakness of his understanding. Of Sir Cecil Wray's goodness of heart, we need no stronger proof than his patriotic wish of demolishing the only asylum of a very few, out of the great numbers who have been necessitated to become the objects, by having been the defenders of their country. A wounded soldier wants comfort; nay, has a right to demand it, and ill befall the man who would wish to disturb the little repose that men worn out in their country's cause have been accustomed to look up to as their last, their only right; but Sir Cecil Wray's last effort, was to wish "Chelsea Hospital razed to the ground."

What opinion must Sir Cecil Wray entertain of the humanity and justice of the city of Westminster, to think such conduct a recommendation to their future suffrages?

I have already stated, that Sir Cecil Wray, though certainly brought in for Westminster by Mr. Fox's recommendation, was not therefore bound to vote with Mr. Fox, if he did not agree with his politics; neither was he bound even to join Mr. Fox again in the new canvass. It is impossible to give a greater latitude to a man who owes his having been a member for Westminster to Mr. Fox's popularity alone, than I allow to Sir Cecil Wray. I am too great a friend to the free exercise and noble independence of the mind, to see it shackled even under pretence of gratitude.

But what shall we say to Sir Cecil Wray's now joining another candidate in opposition to that very man to whom he owes whatever footing he ever possessed in the city of Westminster? Lo! where he comes in full possession of the blackest vice of the human mind,

INGRATITUDE.

To

To the Independent Electors of the City of Westminster.

Who can deny that Sir Cecil Wray is the fittest man to represent this city in Parliament?

Sir Cecil is a firm friend to the revenue. He proposed the tax upon housemaids, which cannot fail of being productive. Many taxes are liable to be evaded, but every householder in Westminster, male or female, rich or poor, would contribute his or her share to this tax. Sir Cecil is a good economist of the public money.

He proposed the demolition of that expensive establishment Chelsea Hospital. Can any thing be more absurd than squandering the national treasure in maintaining a parcel of old, decrepid, useless soldiers, whose age, infirmities, and wounds make them absolutely unfit for service, and consequently only a burthen upon the public?

If it were only for these two admirable projects Sir Cecil Wray is entitled to the support of every Elector who wishes to see the revenue effectually increased by strong taxes, and the public money not lavished under the mistaken idea of national generosity.

If Lord Hood (who has joined Sir Cecil) and is himself a seaman, would propose in like manner to destroy Greenwich Hospital, a still greater saving would be made to the public, and they would deserve universal support.

A FRIEND TO PUBLIC OECONOMY.

To the Independent Electors of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

A junction between Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray is now proclaimed, between that man whom you formerly chose *upon Mr. Fox's recommendation*, and a noble Lord, who has declared he would not join any man *not approved by the Court*.

You are to determine whether to elect these two *Court Candidates*, or THAT MAN, whose utter ruin is the leading object of the Court, because *He* is the chief obstacle to the great, original, well known aim of the secret System, viz. *The destruction of your freedom*.

Who opposed Mr. Fox in the year 1780?—The Court. Who opposes him now?—The Court. The principle which then supported him, is the bottom upon which he now stands. His enemies and their aims are precisely the same.

Examine the pretences of these two *Courtiers*. Lord Hood may be a judicious man in his profession, but military officers were never esteemed the best guardians of Civil Liberty. Sir Cecil Wray might *possibly mean well*, but good men have some difficulty to reconcile honesty with consummate ingratitude; and wise men cannot easily believe that any true Whig would be a devoted instrument to the Back Stairs System.

If there existed no doubt whatever of the professional merit of the first, or the probity of the latter, do you really think that such men as either Lord Hood or Sir Cecil Wray are more proper objects of your choice than Charles James Fox? I do not say he is faultless, for no human being is so; nor will I assert that, in some instances, he might not have displeased some of his Constituents (to please all men is, in any situation, difficult; in his, impossible.) But this, I ask you, can you find a fitter man to represent you, take him for all in all, in England, in Europe, or in the Universe? This question, if I am not deceived, carries its answers along with it.

Why have the Ministry done this last desperate act? They had no public pretence whatever for the dissolution. The Opposition called out to them for the business of the nation,

nation, and pledged themselves to forward it. Why have they not? Evidently because they thought the country was now deluged with ignorance; because they knew this delusion was wearing away every hour; because they feared that by the end of the session the true case in dispute would be so well understood, and men's eyes so opened to their atrocious attempts, that instead of being supported, they would be cursed and reprobated by the people.

Such a system of base bribery and infamous corruption as the present Ministry have practised upon the House of Commons, cannot be matched in the history of the world. Unable to purchase that House, they now bring the public money to the public market; and at this moment are actually bribing the people with their own money to surrender their own rights.

You, they cannot *buy*, although they may *sell* you. I therefore call upon you to employ your good sense, your discernment, and your spirit; show yourselves superior to the shallow arts and miserable deceptions of this vile junto.

What was the City of Westminster before you chose Mr. Fox? A mere Court Borough! Desert him, and you sink into the same servility and contempt again! Stick by him, and you still preserve that independence which you have redeemed through his former struggles against the same confederacy! Support him, and you support yourselves! for believe me, your cause is one and the same.

A FREE CITIZEN.

W O O D's H O T E L.

At a meeting of the General Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

Resolved unanimously,

"That as not one man of us were in the House of Commons at the time Sir Cecil Wray pronounced his *elegant* harrangue upon the subject of Chelsea Hospital, we are the best judges of its meaning and import.

Resolved,

"That whosoever shall deny our right to explain words that we never heard, is a malignant person, and is guilty of *falsehood* and *dishonour*.

J--- C---, Chairman.

Queries to Sir Cecil Wray.

1. Did or did you not propose a tax upon Maid Servants?
2. Could this tax be attended with any other effect, than that of oppressing that sex, whom every man is, by nature and humanity, bound to protect?---On the contrary, was it not calculated to increase prostitution, by destroying the means of female subsistence?
3. Did you or did you not declare it as your wish, in the House of Commons, that Chelsea Hospital should be demolished?
4. Are you so ignorant as not to know that Chelsea Hospital was founded as an asylum for those brave fellows who have grown grey, or have been disabled in the service of their country, and as the incitement to military emulation?

5. Are

5. Are you so little of a politician as not to know, that the nation, by this act of inhuman economy, would lose more by the destruction of so noble a spur to brave actions, than it could possibly gain by the wretched savings of such despicable parsimony?

6. Is this system of military oppression to receive a final accomplishment, by your gallant colleague's proposing the same plan, with respect to the disabled seamen of Greenwich Hospital, that you have had the honour of suggesting concerning your fellow-soldiers of Chelsea?

7. Was not Mr. Fox the first person that brought you into notice as a public man? And was it not to his interposition that you were originally indebted for any connection with the City of Westminster?

8. Did you not basely desert him on the first public occasion, and are you not, at this moment, endeavouring to requite him for the generosity of your election, by attempting to deprive him of his?

9. Was not your pretence for this ingratitude, that he had formed a junction with a party, with the major and more obnoxious part of whom you are at this time actually connected, in a league against the independence of the House of Commons, and the natural rights of the people?

10. Can you, under this complication of disgraceful circumstances, expect, that either good women, brave men, or virtuous statesmen, can esteem you in private, or support you in public?

AN ELECTOR

The free and independent Electors of Westminster, in the interest of Mr. Fox, are apprized, that their adversaries, in order that the inferiority of their numbers may not be visible at the beginning of the poll, have had recourse to the pitiful stratagem of assuming the same cockades as have been always worn by the friends of Mr. Fox and the Cause.

Another Chapter from the lost Book of Chronicles, which was found by Nehemiah, the son of Hachaliah, under the broken Walls of Jerusalem, after the Captivity.

C H A P. III.

1. *There are men of Belial about the King.* 2. 3. *A roll is brought forward, like the roll of John, sweet in the mouth, but bitter in the belly. The present John is an apostate.* 4. *The Hibernian volunteers stand to their arms. Honest Mordecai wrestles with Haman the vain young man, and Judas the false-hearted.* 10. *Much is to be found in a future book.*

1. And lo! it came to pass, that the men of Belial, who are about the Throne of our Lord the King, led on by Haman the vain young man, sent out an edict, unto the land of Hibernia, threatening the cunning men, who know how to work cunningly with types, and with ink, and with paper, to make impressions thereon; with heavy pains and penalties.

a. And

2. And now it so happened, that one of the scribes named Foster, a Pharisee by sect, but a Saducee by nature, brought forward a parchment roll, into the House of the Elders; there; for five thousand, five hundred, fifty and five shekels, did he bring forward the same, saying, "We mean hereby to preserve for ye, your ancient liberties; to secure ~~to ye~~ the freedom of your letter-press."

3. Howbeit, nevertheless, the roll so brought forward, like the roll of John, was sweet in the mouth but bitter in the belly; always remembering, that the present John is John the apostate.

4. Furthermore the volunteers, comprehending not only those of Dublin, but all the stout hearted young men of Hibernia, arose, and turned out like one man; they stood to their arms, and lifted up their voices, saying, nay, nay, why seek ye to load our letter-press with weights, and to bind our wise men, and their works with shackles of iron?

5. Wot we not, that the antient customs and statutes of our forefathers, made in their days, and in the old time before them, alter not; but are strong enough already to punish evil doers, those who shall indite bad matters, and publish through the land untruths, concerning our Lord the King and his servants.

6. Wherefore then, bring ye forward this roll, but to beguile and destroy us, and in like manner, afterwards, to beguile and destroy our brethren in the neighbouring island? Wherefore do ye this, but to cover the land with darkness, with more than Egyptian darkness, insomuch that your evil deeds may not be seen or talked of?

7. But verily, verily, we say unto you, that as our brethren in America would not crouch like asses of Issachar, under their burthens, and the oppressive yokes of the task master, neither will we; we will gird up our loins, we will make use of the arm of flesh, we will call for the sword of the Lord, and of Gideon, and will drive ye hence, even unto the uttermost parts of the earth; and, if needful, we will seal the covenant of Freedom with our blood.

8. And the volunteers of Hibernia, spoke further, and cried out, Behold! also; is not *honest Mordecai*, at this instant, *wrestling with Haman the vain young man, and with Judas Iscariot, the false-hearted, who betrayed his friend, for the favour of the men of Westminster, and finally in favour of us all?*

9. And the young men of Hibernia went forth with great shouts, and the sound of their trumpets, the beating of their drums, and the neighing of their steeds, were heard afar off.

10. But as to the rest of the acts of the Volunteers of Hibernia, their wars, their traffic, and their improvements in the fine arts, and in the works of the cunning workmen,---Lo! are they not to be found in --a future book?

N. B. The first and second Chapters were published at the commencement of the American war.

SHAKESPEARE, COVENT GARDEN.

March 31, 1784. The enemies of Mr. Fox, the miserable tools of the Court Junto, finding it impossible to gain over free Electors, by fair means, have recourse to stratagem and falsehood.

The Committee for conducting his Election have received the fullest information that the friends of Sir Cecil Wray, in the course of the canvass of yesterday, and this day, told many Electors that Mr. Fox had joined that unpopular Candidate, and accordingly requested their votes for Fox and Wray.

T

The

The Committee take the earliest opportunity of cautioning the independent Electors against this pitiful device, and assure them that the whole is neither more nor less than a direct lie.

By order of the Committee,

J. R. COCKER, Secretary.

By Command of their Majesties.

At Covent Garden, this day will be presented, (not acted these three years)

F R E E E L E C T I O N : A F A R C E.

Old Obstinate, by Mr. King.

Admiral Broadside, (first Court Candidate) Lord Hood.

Judas, (second Court Candidate) Sir Cecil Wray.

Champion of Liberty, Mr. Fox.

Champion of Prerogative, Mr. Wilkes.

The parts of Voters for the first Candidate will be performed by a select Company from the Land and Sea Forces.

Voters for the second Court Candidate, by the Tallow-chandlers, Bug-destroyers, Messengers, Scullions, and other respectable Officers of his Majesty's Household, being their first appearance in these characters.

Genius of Beauty, Duchefs of Devonshire.

Female Patriots, Duchefs of Portland, Lady Duncannon, Hon. Mrs. Bouverie, and others.

After Act I. will be introduced,

A M A S Q U E R A D E S C E N E.

Principal Masques, Lord Chancellor, Lord Bute, Charles Jenkinson, Mr. Pitt, and SOMEBODY behind the Curtain.

End of Act II. a DUET, called

T H E N E W C O A L I T I O N,

By Mr. King and Mr. Wilkes.

No money to be returned after the oaths have been taken.

By their Majesties command, no persons can be admitted behind the scenes.

To prevent difficulties in setting down and taking up, proper officers are employed to knock down every friend of the Champion of the People.

C H A P. I.

Of the Chronicles of the Kings of Gotham.

1. Now it came to pass, that when Solomon (nicknamed) the *Wife*, had reigned over the Gothamites twenty and four years, that there arose a man named Carlo Khan.

2. The same was a powerful man, and a great speaker, and he waxed exceedingly strong, and on account of his great wildom, the King made him one of the *Chief Rulers*, for he had been one of the Elders of the people even from his youth.

3. And

3. And his heart yearned to serve the people if that it in him lay, and to relieve them where it might be done.

4. The same went in unto the inner chambers of the King, and he lifted up his voice, and said, O King, live for ever! Doth not my Lord the King behold the iniquities of the Gothamites, and the cruelties which they daily practise upon the innocent inhabitants of Asia, and along the coasts of the same, even unto the Red Sea?

5. How they bow their necks unto the yoke, and make them pass through the brick kiln; how they bind their Princes with bonds of iron, and despoil them of their wives and concubines, and rob them of their marriage settlements; and also deflower their virgins, and take the jewels from their ears, and the bracelets from their arms, their gold, their silver, and diamonds, and precious stones, and *smite them so grievously, that it penetrates even unto the bone.*

6. And the famines they have caused among these people, by with-holding from them rice, which was their daily food, on account of their insatiable thirst after riches? Know now, O King! that the blood of *millions* of these *starved* and *slaughtered* inhabitants, like the blood of Abel, cry aloud from the earth for vengeance upon them for these their evil deeds.

7. And the miscreants who have done these evil deeds, instead of punishment, and making retribution, and repenting in sackcloth and ashes, have clothed in gold and in scarlet, and have taken their seats in the *high places*, and made *Princes* in the land of Gotham.

8. Suffer, then, thou thy servant to frame a strong law, that these things be done no more; so shall thy name acquire honour among the Princes of the earth, and nations unknown shall bless thy name. And these words which they spake seemed good in the eyes of the King, and in the eyes of the Counsellors of the *Sanctum, Sanctorum!* and the King said, *Let this thing be so*; and the chief rulers said, *Let it be so.*

9. Then went Carlo Khan to the *Sanhedrim*, where the Elders of the People were wont to assemble to debate upon weighty things, and said unto them the words he had uttered to the King and the chief rulers in the *Sanctum Sanctorum*. And he said unto them, "If now this thing seemeth good in the eyes of the Elders, let it, I beseech thee, be made a law."

10. Now it seemed unto the Elders a wise measure, and they rejoiced exceedingly, and were glad, and they said, Aye, aye; but some few (who were of a faction) said, No, no: but the ayes had it by a great abundance.

11. Then arose Hurló Thrumbo (who had been heretofore Chief Scribe) a morose man and surly, a *great winebibber*, and he cursed Carlo Khan with a grievous curse. And he conspired with the Chief Priests and the Scribes, and the Princes of the land of *Eden Brough*, and those who dwelt upon the coasts of the North Sea;

12. And with the Princes who slept in the King's chamber; and they laid their heads together in deep consultation, how they might thwart the wise measures which Carlo Khan had meditated, and said, Let not this *fellow* bring these things to pass; for should it be done, there will be left no plunder of the East for *our sons*, and the *sons* of *our concubines*, and they will be poor as the multitude, even as the scum of the earth.

13. Some therefore went unto the King up the *back stairs*, at the *dead hour* of *midnight*, with *dark lanterns* in their hands, and they *whispered* false tidings into the ears of the King, and set up false prophets to utter things that were not. And the King took *privately* a part against Carlo Khan, and gave orders to the Princes who slept in the King's chambers, and the sixteen Princes from the land of *Eden Brough*, and the Scribes, and the Chief Priests, not to suffer this thing to be made a law; and the law was not made.

14. Then the *Merchants* who *traded* to the *East*, and those who held dominion over the *national treasure*, and the *Miteites*, and the *Dippites*, and the *Tartites*, raised great

tumults against Carlo Khan, because he was the friend of the people, and had devised great things.

15. But Carlo Khan grew in the esteem of every *wise* and good man in Gotham.

16. At this Solomon the King grew wroth, and his spirit was sorely troubled within him, and he rolled his eyes in anguish, and gnashed his teeth, and said, Of a truth this man shall not prevail, for I will send him from my councils, and hide my face from him, and *he did so*, and if peradventure my people should be on his side, I will cross over the great water, and sojourn in the house of my forefathers, even in the land of turnips.

17. Howbeit Hurlo Thrumbo set up a youth, who was just come from the breast of his mother, (he was *vain* and *arrogant*, as is the custom with *young men*), and he reviled the wise men of the nation, and laughed at the People and at the Elders, and held them in scorn: As it befel in the days of Rehoboam the King.

18. Then said the King, I will rule this people with a rod of iron, and I will scourge them with scorpions, and I will lay upon them heavy tributes grievous to be borne, (now at this time there was a great dearth in the land of Gotham, by reason of a great frost) that it might be fulfilled which was written by the Prophet, "A wise King is the joy of his subjects, but a foolish King is the heaviness of his People."

19. And he dismissed the Elders of the People, and said, *Get ye home about your business*, and let me have *other Elders chosen* who will follow my *will* and obey my *orders*, and let not the Sanhedrim be the House of *Privileges*, but let it be the House of *Privileges*. And this deed of the King's cost Gotham many thousand sheckles of fine gold.

20. Nevertheless the People departed not from Carlo Khan, but they said, We will chuse *him* for our *Elder*, for he has *wisdom*, and he takes our part and supports our cause; and they caused the instruments to sound, and clapped their hands, and shouted aloud, Carlo Khan for ever! and they held feasts and drank wine, and sang, Carlo Khan is the man, Carlo Khan is the man for me.

21. Now the rest of the acts of Solomon the King, are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Gotham?

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberties of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

When the popular delusion in favour of the present Ministry was supposed to be most prevalent, I was confident that the good sense and steadiness of the Electors of Westminster would be proof against every art and every temptation.

The unparalleled success which I have experienced upon my canvass fully justifies this confidence, and I have the greatest reason to expect, that your partiality towards me will appear to have increased in proportion to the persecution of my enemies.

As I have ever stood forth, and am always resolved to continue firm in the cause of the people, so it is not to be wondered at that I should at all times be the object of the enmity of that pernicious faction, whose principles are as adverse to the Constitution as the dark and secret manner in which they have endeavoured to enforce them.

It would have been my most earnest wish to have paid my respects in person to every individual Elector, if the extent of the city had not made it impossible. The very flattering

tering reception I have met with among those whom I have had the opportunity of seeing, cannot but add to my regret on this account.

My public conduct is too well known to you to make any professions necessary. Upon that ground I first experienced your partiality; upon that alone I can expect to retain it. To you who have approved it I need say no more; and I will not be guilty of the unbecoming flattery to those who have differed from me, as to pretend that I shall in any degree deviate from that line of political conduct which first recommended me to your notice.

Upon these tried principles I once more beg leave to solicit your votes, interest, and poll at the ensuing Election; and I do assure you that no expressions can do justice to the sentiments of gratitude and esteem with which I am,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient and devoted servant,

C. J. FOX.

To the Electors of Westminster.

Q U E S T I O N.

Why does Mr. Fox now stand alone for the city of Westminster?

A N S W E R.

1. Because he had once before joined with a man who deserted HIM and betrayed YOU.
2. Because he offended so many of you by his last recommendation, that he is fearful of venturing upon a second.

To the Electors of Westminster.

The agents of Sir Cecil Wray have been endeavouring to circulate a deceitful notion with some of the Electors for Westminster, that because they signed the Address proposed by Sir Cecil Wray, they are therefore bound to vote against Mr. Fox. Surely nothing can be more weak than this. May not a man think very highly of another on the whole, although he does not approve some particular action of his life? Admitting Mr. Fox, for the sake of argument, to have been wrong in some single instance, does it therefore follow that you should let one act against the constant uniform conduct of years? This is a point too obvious to require argument; and the good sense of the Electors will undoubtedly suggest to them that they never can be bound by a signature to an Address to withhold their approbation to the general conduct of a tried favourite.

AN INHABITANT of WESTMINSTER.

WOODY.

W O O D ' s H O T E L .

The attention of the sober and independent Electors of Westminster is earnestly requested to some of the late proceedings that took place at the Committee assembled at this house. They publish an advertisement, stating that the words used in the House of Commons by Sir Cecil Wray, on the subject of Chelsea Hospital, had been malignantly misrepresented. When it is suggested in reply to this, that not one of those persons who took it upon themselves to explain the Baronet's words upon this occasion were present when he used them, they come out with a violent and angry defence of their conduct, stating, that although they were not present in the House of Commons, yet they heard Sir Cecil say so and so in the Committee. No person ever doubted that he would use qualifying expressions concerning this infamous proposal, during the time of the Election. But what is that to the purpose? Is it any proof that he did not use the words imputed to him in the House of Commons, because he did not afterwards repeat them in an Election Committee? If Sir Cecil's friends can contrive no better defence for him than such a one as this, they had much better be entirely silent. The fact is, humanity is a quality that every plain man understands, and the violation of it is what every honest man abhors; even the ingenuity of John Churchill, therefore, could neither explain nor justify this oppressive, scandalous, and barbarous proposal of his friend.

An ELECTOR.

Queries addressed to Sir Cecil Wray.

Did you ever conceive the idea of seceding from your first friends, till you were taught to dislike them by the back-stairs cabal, with whom you had formed a confederacy?

Was it not to curry favour with the Court, that you broke with a man who from nobody raised you into the consequence of somebody?

Will your trite repetition of a few vulgar sarcasms reconcile the people of Westminster to such an instance of foul ingratitude and treachery as marks your conduct to the man of their choice, and the champion of their rights?

Do not cruelty to the veteran defenders of their country, and humanity to the fair, suit such habits of perfidy and duplicity as are only to be found in the worst characters?

What are your pretensions to be a Member of Parliament? Are you intitled by a single action of your life to the confidence of your fellow citizens? By what exertion, or in what capacity, have you done any material service to your country, or your late constituents, either with advantage to them, or credit to yourself?

Is there not some degree of effrontery in presuming to expect, from the independent Electors of Westminster, a preference, in competition with one of the greatest men that ever vindicated the franchises of freemen?

Have you any arguments in your favour not founded in the blackest ingratitude to Mr. Fox? Your nibbling at him in private, and your impertinence to him in public, as if an empty parade of public duty ought to obliterate the most sacred of all private obligations?

Are you silly enough to imagine a mere semblance of simplicity, honesty, and principle, sufficient to hide from the common sense of Electors such a craftiness and subtilty as are only to be found in the weakest and most worthless minds?

Will

Will the Electors of Westminster think you a better man than you were for your anxious endeavours to make Mr. Fox appear so much worse?

Are you not a dupe to the artifice of that virulent and vindictive faction, who, by inspiring you with a ludicrous conceit of political consistency, load you with derision, and give you a temporary consequence, which can only cover the whole of your public conduct with ignominy and contempt?

Can even you, Sir, be so weak as to flatter yourself with the hopes of raising a name at the expence of Mr. Fox in the city of Westminster, or are a few cant words artfully bandied about among your creatures, and the various abettors of secret influence, capable of producing the same effect on the independent Electors at the Poll, as on the tools of power in the vicinity of St. James's?

Question and Answer.

QUEST. What makes CHARLES FOX stand singly?

ANSW. For fear a Second JUDAS should pull down CHELSEA HOSPITAL
FOX for ever, and no JUDAS.

To the Electors of Westminster.

I am a man of no party; I have concerned myself little in politics, and am totally unacquainted with any of the individuals who take the lead in them. I have just seen enough, however, of the world, to be convinced of this, that a man who is capable of a deliberate falsehood is not a person to be trusted in either public or private life. An instance of this contemptible quality has appeared lately in one public man, from whose age of ingenuousness and situation in life, better conduct might have been expected. I mean Mr. Pitt. It appears, by a letter, which has been inserted in all the papers, and has not been hitherto contradicted from any quarter, that three days previous to the dissolution of Parliament, this young gentleman wrote a letter to an Elector for the University of Cambridge: stating that as that event had actually taken place—as Parliament was at that time dissolved, he would be obliged to him for his vote and interest. Was there ever a falsehood of so base and deliberate a kind? Was there ever a falsehood of so dangerous and unconstitutional a tendency? Such a practice evidently perverts the freedom of Election, and such a daring violation of truth could proceed from no mind, in my poor opinion, capable of one generous, or amiable feeling. This has made me a politician for the first time in my life, and induced me to give every countenance and support (which I assure you is not very inconsiderable) to Mr. Fox, for Westminster. I recollect no falsehoods of Mr. Fox's. I recollect no fraudulent artifices for stealing a march upon his Electors. Whatever faults he may have, he appears at least to advance from the comparison, and therefore shall have the friendship of

An Independent ELECTOR of WESTMINSTER.

CAUTION.

C A U T I O N.

To the End the great Duties and Powers given to Government may not be employed for the influencing of Elections of Members to serve in Parliament, which Elections, by the Constitution of this Country, ought to be free and uncorrupt, it is enacted by divers Statutes, as follows :

“ That no officer or person whatsoever concerned or employed in any branch or part of the Excise, or in the Customs, or duties upon Salt; in the Post Office, or any branch thereof; or in any of the duties upon Hides, Skins, Vellum, and Parchment; or in the Stamp Office, or distributing Stamps; or in the duties upon Hackney Coaches and Chairs, Cards or Dice, shall by word, message, or writing, or in any other manner whatsoever, endeavour to persuade any Elector to give or dissuade any Elector from giving his vote for the choice of any person to serve in Parliament: and every officer or person offending therein, shall forfeit the sum of One Hundred Pounds, one-half to the informer, the other to the poor of the parish where such offence shall be committed, to be recovered by any person that will sue for the same: And every person convicted on any such suit of the said offence, shall thereby become disabled and incapable of ever bearing or executing any office or place of trust whatsoever under his Majesty, his heirs and successors.”

And by another Statute it is enacted as follows :

“ That no officer or person concerned or employed in the duties of the Excise, or any part or branch thereof, or in the Customs, or in any of the duties on stamped Vellum, Parchment, and Paper, or for distributing of Stamps, or in any of the duties on Salt, or in the duties on Windows or Houses, or in the Post Office, or any part thereof, shall be capable of giving his vote for the elections of any persons to serve in Parliament: And if any person so incapacitated shall presume to vote during the time he shall hold, or within twelve months after he shall cease to hold any of the offices aforesaid, such vote so given shall be deemed null and void, and every person so offending shall forfeit the sum of One hundred Pounds, one half to the informer, &c. to be recovered by any person that will sue for the same: And the person convicted on any such suit shall hereby become disabled and incapable of ever bearing or executing any office or place of trust whatsoever under his Majesty, his heirs, and successors.”

And whereas there is great reason to apprehend that divers persons in the afore-mentioned offices, well knowing of the above statutes, and of the penalties, forfeitures, and disabilities therein-mentioned, and that divers other persons ignorant thereof may interfere, or be induced to interfere in behalf of, or to vote for the Court Candidates, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, in the present Election for Westminster. This is to give notice, That a Committee of Gentlemen (friends to the Freedom of Election, and anxious for the independency of the House of Commons, that great and only bulwark of the rights and liberties of the people) is formed for the purpose of investigating the conduct of the above persons, and of prosecuting such of them as shall interfere, or presume to vote in the present contest for Westminster, to the utmost rigour of the law.

N. B. All persons who can give information or proof of any interference of such officers or persons, are desired to give the same to Mr. Cocker, junior, Attorney at Law, Stanhope-street, St. Clements, in order that the parties offending may be speedily prosecuted.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

The humble Petition of the Old Soldiers, Pensioners in Chelsea Hospital, to the Worshipful Sir Cecil Wray, Bart.

It having been reported to us by two of our *Sergeants*, and some other of our corps that can read, that your honour has come to a resolution to demolish our Hospital, and send us poor crippled and aged souls helpless into the wide world again, we were drawn out on our parade yesterday, and came to the resolution of calling upon your Worship at your house, humbly and dutifully to petition your Worship, and to state to you---

That most of us have neither friend nor relation in the world that can help us.

That if we are driven out of our quiet snug cabins in Chelsea Hospital, we shall be miserably off both for food and raiment.

That out of 800 amongst us, there are 200 without legs, 89 without arms, and most of the rest are 60 years of age and upwards.

That most of us have been present at some very hard blows with the enemies of Old England, and have either lost our precious limbs, or grown grey-headed in the service of our country.

That when we were very young lads, and first entered into the *service*, we looked forward to a good safe home, in case of the worst, in Chelsea Hospital.

That 35 of our best officers, viz. 20 *Sergeants*, and 15 Corporals, lost their legs at the noble battle of Minden, and swear by God, they never would have stirred an inch, if they had not thought as how they were *certain* of all necessaries in the Hospital.

That as we are all old soldiers, and like to talk about nothing but battles, and how we lost our precious limbs, and what we did, and all that, we would not value life at a cartridge box, if we could not see one another, and compare old squares.

That all our sons and grandsons (God bless them, hoping your Honour won't be too hard on them, because they were mostly got on Maid Servants) swears they will never lift if your Honour goes on with your resolution.

That we cannot bear the thoughts of begging, after having been forty years gentlemen soldiers.

That if your Honour goes on, there can be no other way for us but to *ask* relief from all good Christians in the streets, and to pray to God to help us, which to be sure will be *damn'd hard* after all our sufferings.

Hoping that as your Honour is partly a soldier, and may some time or other see *service* yourself, your Honour won't take the bread out of our mouths, but leave us a house and belly-full for our shattered carcases at sixty. And as in duty bound we shall ever pray for your Worship.

(Signed)

JAMES ROBERTS, *Sergeant*.

THOMAS DAVIES, ditto.

RALPH JENKINS, ditto, &c.

JOHN GREEN, Corporal.

RICHARD GAMMON, ditto.

HENRY BACON, his *Mark*, &c.

GEORGE LIDDLE, *Private*, with *Seven Hundred and Sixty Marks*.

A Living Monster.

The admiration and detestation of all mankind, to be seen every day, during the Poll, upon the Hustings, at Covent Garden, grinning a ghastly smile!

The peculiar virtue of this beast lies in striking with horror every beholder, as soon as he makes his appearance.

He listens	-	-	-	only to deceive
And speaks	-	-	-	but to betray
Promises much	-	-	-	and performs little
He is lavish	-	-	-	only of small beer
Expert	-	-	-	at projecting taxes
To bring misery	-	-	-	on the female creation
When he opens his mouth	-	-	-	beware of your head
When his mob are assembled	-	-	-	take care of your pockets
His name is	-	-	-	JUDAS
And like Judas he no doubt	-	-	-	will die in his shoes.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. FOX begs leave to return his most sincere and grateful thanks to the worthy and independent Electors of the city and liberty of Westminster, as well for the very generous support he received throughout his canvass, as by their very numerous suffrages this day in his favour; and as the surest means to secure his re-election, and end the present contest, he takes the liberty to request the Electors, in his interest, will do him the favour to poll as early as possible.

St. James's-street, April 1, 1784.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

April 2, 1784.

Your votes, interest, and Poll, are earnestly requested for

The Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX,

The Champion of the Constitution and the People, to be your Representative in Parliament.

At the close of the Poll yesterday the numbers were,

For the Right Honourable Charles James Fox	-	302
The Right Honourable Lord Hood	-	264
Sir Cecil Wray	-	238
Majority for Mr. Fox over Sir Cecil Wray	-	64
Lord Hood	-	38

The Poll opens again this morning at nine o'clock, when your early attendance is requested at the Shakespeare Tavern, Covent Garden, or at Willis's Rooms (late Almack's), in King-street, St. James's, to proceed from thence in bodies to the Hustings.

SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE TAVERN,

April 2, 1784.] The worthy and independent Electors of the city of Westminster are earnestly requested to assemble as early as possible, this morning, at nine o'clock, at the several following places, in order to proceed in bodies to the Hustings, to poll for Mr. Fox.

St. Martin in the Fields, at the Golden-crofs, Charing-crofs.

St. Paul, Covent-garden, and St. Martin's Le Grand, at the Shakespeares, Covent-garden.

St. James, at No. 191, Piccadilly.

St. George, Hanover-square, Squibb's Auction Room.

St. Ann's, Jack's Coffee-house, Dean-street, Soho.

St. Clement Danes, and St. Mary Le Strand, Jerufalem Sols, and Queen of Bohemia's Head Tavern.

St. Margaret and St. John's, at John Arnold Wallinger's, Esq. Millbank.

More Queries to Sir Cecil Wray.

Did you not repeatedly declare, before the dissolution of Parliament, that you would not expend one shilling on your Election?

As it is now well known that your canvass occasions a vast expence, which shall we conclude, that the above declaration is a gross falsehood, or that your bills are payable at some other Treasury?

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberties of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

You have seen the outrages committed this day before the Hustings. You have seen a body of sailors, headed by the King's Navy Officers, assault the peaceable citizens in going to the hustings. You have seen this body armed with bludgeons. You have seen the friends of Mr. Fox *knocked down* and wounded most severely.

It was requested by several persons, that Lord Mahon would go and disperse the sailors. His answer was this, "*I cannot disperse them without the consent of the Committee!*"—Thus, confessing that a gang of armed men were brought by the Court Candidates to destroy the peace of the Election—Are you Englishmen?—Have you hearts of men, and will you bear this?

To the Independent Electors of Westminster.

The friends of freedom must see with pride the triumph of yesterday. The majority in favour of Mr. Fox, upon the close of the poll, is not more flattering to that gentleman, than honourable to the Electors themselves. Because, while they support him, they vindicate the characters of their own understanding; for they shew themselves

superior to all pitiful misrepresentations and odious aspersions of that powerful confederacy, which has been formed for his downfall, and for the destruction, at the same time, of the British Constitution.

Never had a brave and generous people an abler or firmer champion than this great man. Never had man the hearts and affections of those whose cause he asserted more sincerely than he. The public protection has increased in proportion to the increase of his persecutions, and the treachery of his political enemies produced no other effect upon the people, than strengthening their confidence in their old favourite.

No foul act which malice can invent, or which baseness can perpetrate, that they have left untried. The nation has been nauseated with the grossness of their numberless calumnies; nor can the uniform contempt of the public, to the succession of daily libels, restrain their indefatigable efforts to traduce and blacken him. Even at this moment they are propagating a new accusation, which deserves notice only to be despised. To set the Electors on their guard against the poison of such insinuations is perfectly necessary. Their good sense and tried discernment are a complete security, that this fresh scandal will be as fruitless as the mass of mean scurrilities which these wretched tools of a pernicious Court faction have published already.

Mr. Fox's reception from the Electors yesterday was indeed a victory. It was that solid, warm, and cordial attachment which flows from the generous soul of an honest Englishman to the man he values.

It was a tribute which neither power can command, nor corruption call forth.

Proceed as you have begun, and a few days will end this contest in such a way as must convince the enemies of our common freedom, that in expecting any sanction from the City of Westminster, they under-rated your judgments, and were as much deluded as they have grossly imposed upon the nation themselves for the last three months.

A TRUE BRITON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Who was recommended to the Electors of the city of Westminster by Mr. Fox against Lord Hood?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who now joins Lord Hood against Mr. Fox?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who was chosen by the Independent Electors of Westminster, in opposition to the interest of the Duke of Northumberland?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who now stands in the interest of the Duke of Northumberland, in opposition to the Independent Electors of Westminster?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who deserted Mr. Fox on account of his coalition with Lord North?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who is the friend of a much worse coalition between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Jenkinson?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who opposed Mr. Fox on account of the Receipt Tax?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who supports Mr. Pitt, who supported the Receipt Tax?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who

Who, in his advertisements, professes to be the protector of the fair sex?
 Sir Cecil Wray.
 Who proposed a tax on the poorest of the fair sex?
 Sir Cecil Wray.
 Who calls himself a soldier and a man of humanity?
 Sir Cecil Wray.
 Who proposed to pull down Chelsea Hospital?
 Sir Cecil Wray.
 Who then has forfeited the good opinion of every man of honour, humanity, and consistency?
 Sir Cecil Wray.

A CONSISTENT ELECTOR.

The First Chapter of the Times!

1. And it came to pass, that there were great dissensions in the West, amongst the rulers of the nation.
2. And the Counsellors of the Back-stairs said, let us take advantage and yoke the people even as oxen, and rule them with a rod of iron.
3. And let us break up the Assembly of Privileges, and get a new one of Prerogatives, and let us hire false prophets to deceive the people. And they did so.
4. Then Judas Iscariot went amongst the citizens, saying, "Choose me one of your Elders, and I will tax your innocent damsels, and I will take the bread from the helpless, lame and blind.
5. "And with the scrip which will arise, we will eat, drink, and be merry." Then he brought forth the roll of sheep skin, and came unto the gin-shops, cellars, and bye places, and said, "Sign your names."---And many made their marks.
6. Now it came to pass, that the time being come when the people chose their Elders, that they assembled together at the *Hustings*, nigh unto the *Place of Cabbages*,
7. And Judas lifted up his prerogative phiz, and said, "Choose me, choose me!" But the people said, "Satan avaunt! O thou wicked Judas! hast thou not *deceived* thy best friend! would'st thou *deceive* us also? Get thee behind us, thou unclean spirit!"
8. We will have the man who ever has and will support our cause, and maintain our rights, who stands forth for us, and who will never be guided by Secret Influence!"
9. And the people shouted, and cried with an exceeding loud voice, saying,

FOX IS THE MAN!

10. Then they caused the trumpets to be sounded, as at the feast of the full moon, and sang,

LONG LIVE FOX!--MAY OUR CHAMPION LIVE FOR EVER!

AMEN.

Shall we, the People, be governed by the King only?---No!
 Shall we be governed by the King and Bedchamber Lords only?---No! No!
 Shall we be governed as before by the King, Lords, and Commons?---Yes!
 Then we must all support Charles Fox; for he is the great Defender of our Rights, and Liberties, both in and out of Parliament.
 Huzza! Fox for ever!

To

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City of
Westminster.

You all remember when the nomination of the Representatives for Westminster was solely and intirely in the hands of the Court, and two noble Dukes, whose overbearing influence totally overwhelmed that of the independent Electors; many vain attempts were made to stem that torrent, which miscarried, owing to the deficiency of ability and exertion in the Candidates who undertook it. Let me ask you this plain question--- Was not Mr. Fox the first who stepped forward and successfully engaged in the cause of the independent Electors? This cannot be denied. Is it not equally true, that he is now standing in opposition to the very same interest, viz. that of the Court and the above-mentioned noblemen? I leave to your own good sense to decide, whether your old enemies, the friends of corruption, are not endeavouring to regain that influence which his exertions destroyed, and re-establish that ignominious thralldom which heretofore disgraced this respectable city.

AN IMPARTIAL ELECTOR.

To the Electors of Westminster.

Permit me, at this important crisis, to remind you, that notwithstanding a motion was made and carried in the House of Commons, That the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished, no measures have been since taken to render that excellent resolution effectual, except by your worthy Representative, Mr. Fox, through whose judicious exertions bills have been passed to prevent contractors from sitting in the House, and to disfranchise revenue officers of their votes; two bills, to which the late independent conduct of the House of Commons is chiefly to be attributed, and which alone can insure the Representatives of the People that independence which will preserve to Britons their much-valued freedom.

Shall we, then, hesitate a moment, who to make choice of to represent the city of Westminster in Parliament?

T. Y.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Mr. Fox's Committee, in justice to the independent Electors of Westminster, who were so shamefully prevented this day from coming up to the Hustings, to poll in his favour, by a gang of sailors, headed by naval officers, and carrying his Majesty's colours! think it incumbent on them to declare, that they have taken such precautions as they are assured will prevent similar outrages on this occasion, and enable the peaceable Electors of the said city to give their suffrages without future molestation.

Shakespeare Tavern, Friday evening, April 2, 1784.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The Gentlemen who have been canvassed by Mr. Sheridan are requested to meet him, at ten o'clock, on Monday morning next the 5th instant, to proceed in a body to poll for Mr. Fox.

ORDER

O R D E R of the S T A R.

At a very numerous meeting of this Order, held this first day of April, 1784.

The PRESIDENT in the Chair.

Resolved unanimously,

“ That this Order do earnestly recommend to the free suffrages of those Members who are Electors of the city of Westminster, the Right Hon. Charles James Fox to be one of their Representatives in the ensuing Parliament, he having given the people of these kingdoms the most ample proof of his firm adherence to those glorious principles which have hitherto recommended him to their favour, in his late standing forth with undaunted courage, the champion of the people's rights, and the supporter of the dignity of that important part of the legislative government of the Representatives of the People in the Commons House of Parliament, when so daringly attacked by the King's Ministers.

Resolved unanimously,

“ That these resolutions be entered on the records of the Order, and be printed in the public papers.”

Signed by order of the President,

C. W. S. Secretary.

To the Electors of Westminster.

Your most serious attention is required to the following fact :---A great riot and confusion having taken place yesterday at the Hustings, instigated entirely by a banditti of hired seamen, by which numbers of the Electors, in the interest of Mr. Fox, were prevented from giving their votes, it was at last thought proper to bring in the civil power to resist these mercenary ruffians, upon which two of them were taken into custody. These two men, namely, John Gregory and Robert Lawrence, upon the usual threats of civil punishment being held out to them, did minutely and severally confess that they had received Five Shillings per day for the two last days, for their attendance at Covent Garden, to obstruct the business of Mr. Fox's Election.

Gentlemen,

The wretched supporters of the back-stair system, finding that the aristocratic combination of two Dukes, the Steward of the Household, and several other Members of the Upper House, was not likely to avail them in subverting the freedom of your choice, and annihilating your independence as Electors and men, have stooped, as their last resource, to the above base expedient for carrying their infamous purposes into effect. This conduct requires no comment. No spur to your indignation can be wanting on such an occasion. As you are Britons and men, exert yourselves!

An INDEPENDENT MAGISTRATE.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

The Electors of Westminster, in the interest of Mr. Fox, are respectfully informed, that such of them as will call at the Shakespeare, will be conducted from thence to the Hustings by a party of the Select Committee.

Shakespeare Tavern, Covent Garden.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

Shakespeare, April 4, 1784.

The Committee for conducting the Election of Mr. Fox have received information that a great number of lodgers and others, not legally qualified to vote, have polled for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

The Committee request the most immediate communication of them, and of all other events that tend to contaminate the freedom and fairness of the Election.

As the measures taken by this Committee to restore peace and good order, have been found perfectly effectual, they earnestly request the friends of Mr. Fox to vote as early as possible to-morrow, when, without doubt, the issue of the Poll will be as flattering to their old and true favourite, as the arts practised last Saturday, in bringing up all the servants and dependants of the King's household—all the soldiers and serjeants of the guards—all the people of the Queen's band of music, and many other descriptions of persons, trained to obey the word of command, seem to have given a temporary triumph to his enemies.

By order of the Committee,

J. R. COCKER, Secretary.

The Lamentations of Place Hunters, and the Children of the East.

1. No longer shall the dazzling diamond grace the ear of the Asiatic peculator; no longer will robberies or murder prosper!
2. Injustice or avarice shall never more gripe, with their greedy claws, the possessions of the innocent.
3. The plaintive voice of the injured is heard from afar; the mournful tale of the murdered spirits strike the ear of the just; retribution and justice spread forth their balmy wings.
4. We are full of sorrow, and lament all the day, our crimes have been exposed; finess or deceit no longer prevail.
5. We hoped to share the rich spoils of the East; but all our sunshine is impeded by a cloud; our richest hopes are blasted, and wither like a winter leaf.
6. We still expected to pursue the glorious cause of Eastern robbery, and to have ruined the merchants and country; but a mighty man hath arisen; yea, a noble Duke nipped in the bud our fruitful trees; a Fox hath laid the axe to the root; villainy no longer shall prosper with impunity.
7. We sent out our sons to thieve, and our daughters to marry rich Nabobs; all our comforts are at an end.
8. The wicked cause of our downfall laugh us to scorn; we are a marked and detested race to the people; they shake their heads as we pass, and say, jeeringly, Behold Nabob-pride!
9. Our enemy will no longer suffer this country to be ruined by East India deception, nor the Company to be annihilated by expensive, ruinous, unjust wars.
10. He will support merchandize, increase the revenue, and diminish the land-tax; but what is more grievous, the necessities of the poor will be relieved.
11. These things distress our souls, we burst with envy; where shall we hide our shameful heads?

12. Cease,

12. Cease, O sun and moon! to shine; let the fogs and clouds of false logic hide the truth; so shall the simple be allured by the *Temple*; so shall the shallow fall into the *Pit*.

13. Rear up your heads, O ye Lords, who have lost your places; blow the trumpet of sedition through the land.

14. Where are your stratagems to amuse and impose on the simple man? Where are your schemes to entrap the unwary credulous? Prepare your snares with cunning, affect your country's good; grieve for the loss of chartered rights to murder: we fear ye will be suspected; no one believes your professions.

15. How are the mighty fallen! Long winded orations no longer prevail against the simple voice of truth: opposition cries aloud, but no one hears them; Asiatic plunderers call in vain; their miseries are disregarded.

16. How long shall we groan unpitied under the pangs of disappointed ambition? How long shall we be neglected and out of place?

17. We have shared the loaves and fishes; we have tasted formerly the goodly pine apple, and all the luxurious dainties of the world; but now we are left to despair and poverty.

18. We hoped to have flourished with Eastern bribes; but all our expectations are vanished like a fanciful dream, or a delusive vision.

19. Who will hereafter do injustice? Who shall rob the innocent Gentoo of his estate?

20. Integrity and honour will ruin us; rewards will no longer pursue vice.

21. Let us fly to some secret iniquity; let us blow up the flames of discord and suspicion, in the Royal Palace.

22. So may we yet be saved; so may we be yet supported in our glorious intentions; so may we still persecute Eastern cruelty.

BENEVOLUS VERUS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Committee for conducting the Election of Mr. Fox, knowing that many hundreds of Mr. Fox's friends, from the bustle and turbulence of the preceding days of Election, have been prevented polling, take the liberty to inform them, that a numerous deputed Committee of gentlemen will constantly attend this and every day till the close of the poll, at Lowe's Hotel, Covent Garden, to conduct the independent Electors of Westminster in Mr. Fox's interest from thence in great safety to the Hustings.

The Committee earnestly request the early attendance of Mr. Fox's friends at Lowe's Hotel, the Shakespeare, and the Unicorn, corner of Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

Shakespeare Tavern, April 5, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The numerous bodies of friends to Mr. Fox, who came to the Hustings on Monday, and were obliged, on account of the croud, to return without polling, are most earnestly requested to give their early attendance this day and to-morrow, there being every reason to be convinced, that the majority of fair voters, now remaining unpolled, is clearly in favour of Mr. Fox.

X

WEST.

WESTMINSTER CANDIDATES.

F O X.

Whose soul is above all meanness---whose ambition is to serve his country---to protect the rights and privileges of the people---and (being possessed of the finer feelings) to love and cherish the fair-one, and the worn-out soldier.

W R A Y.

Who is meanness itself--who being bred a catholic would stab at the vitals of this glorious Constitution, and dead to every sense of feeling, would tax the most lovely *, and devote to beggary and want the most deserving of their country †.

Judge then for yourselves, my fellow citizens---shake off those trammels of Court Influence which have hitherto bound you, and believe that by standing forth for Mr. Fox you may yet save your country from destruction.

Do not be led to imagine that singly your votes can do no service---they can---they will be serviceable---they will preserve your liberty, that valuable legacy of your forefathers, and natural inheritance of your children. Come forward then without delay---support the champion of your freedom, and by your noble daring, shew that the name of Briton still is dear to you.

More than Wonders! Miracles! Miracles!

Signior Palmero, lately arrived in England from a peregrination over more than three parts of the terraqueous globe, and who has had the supreme honour of accompanying the thrice immortal Montgolfier in his aerial expeditions, has had the happiness to observe, in his empyrean flight, a most favourable conjunction of the planets that govern human affairs, with the new discovered *Georgium Sidus*, from which he fairly concludes, that the present contest for parliamentary representation, in this great metropolis, must be in favour of the most illustrious Fox, as a man the most capable of conducting the concerns of this glorious country, and that the conjunction with the *Georgium Sidus*, as truly prognosticates his restoration to the councils of our mighty and much beloved Sovereign.

To explain this more satisfactorily, Signior Palmero has just arrived in an ærostatic machine, *in vico vulgo dictum*, (an air balloon) and shall have the honour to receive his friends, the supporters of Mr. Fox, and the public in general, on Wednesday night next, April 7th, at the Little Theatre, James-street, Haymarket, where a party will be formed to proceed according to law and decency, in support of that great friend to the liberties of mankind, Mr. Fox.

N. B. Maid Servants and Chelsea Pensioners are particularly desired to attend, as Signior Palmero has observed very favourable conjunctions and aspects in the planetary system in their favour.

* Female Servants.

† Wounded and veteran Soldiers.

Wonders ! Wonders ! Wonders !

The most wonderful philosopher in the world, the great Katterfelto, and his Black Cat, have engaged to insure Sir C---l a quantity of votes, either *good* or *bad*, to secure his election; the great Katterfelto having an influence, by his grand solar microscope, to look into the hearts of all insects creeping up the Back Stairs.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy Electors of the City and Liberties of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

The advantage obtained by my opponents upon the poll, (though by no means decisive) is such as to render your utmost exertions necessary.

Your interests, in this contest, are much more deeply engaged than mine. If the cause of the independent Electors should in this instance be overborne, it is next to impossible that any man should again venture to stand for this city, in opposition to the nomination of the Court.

The question now is not, Who shall be elected? but who shall elect? It is not between Sir Cecil Wray and me, but between the influence of the Court and the rights of the independent Electors.

The number of unpolled votes is yet so great, that there is little doubt of your success, if proper exertions are made. Nothing shall be wanting on my part; I will spare no pains; I will submit to every inconvenience, rather than be accessory in delivering you over to that state of subjection from which you so honourably rescued yourselves at the last General Election.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient, and

faithful humble servant,

St. James's-street,
April 6.

C. J. FOX.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The friends of Mr. Fox are particularly requested to transmit to the Select Committee, which will meet at Mr. Ireland's, Bow-street, Covent Garden, addressed to Mr. Reede, the names of such Electors, in their several parishes, as have not yet been waited on by Mr. Fox, or the gentlemen who have canvassed for him. It is also requested, that gentlemen will communicate the circumstances of the several false votes which have already been detected in the poll for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, and transmit them as above.

To the Electors of Westminster.

Sir Cecil Wray, one of your Candidates, by presuming, in opposition to Mr. Fox, to solicit your suffrages at this important crisis, has the audacity to think freemen capable of

of preferring duplicity to candour, cunning to wisdom, and the most contemptible baseness to real generosity and manliness of mind!

What are those features which have chiefly distinguished the public life of this silly, simpering, insipid sycophant?

He has treated Mr. Fox with a perfidy, of which no man of honour could be guilty. To the author of his political existence he acted the part of a conspirator and a parricide. And is he to be trusted in a public station, who could thus stoop to be a traitor in a private capacity?

Is there an honest man among you, who sees him on the Hustings with Mr. Fox, who can help regarding him with abhorrence?

He has already betrayed every trust reposed in him. Mr. Fox was deceived by his undertaking the business of the pavement in St. Ann's parish, Soho. And did not the inhabitants of St. Ann's find him shuffling most shamefully in their parochial affairs? Did he not, on that occasion, insidiously join the Rector and a Select Vestry against the whole parish? Sir Cecil may be ambitious of the name, but has not yet been so fortunate as to demonstrate, by his actions, that he is fond of the real character of an honest man!

Does he not insult every modest woman among you by inventing a new species of oppression, and degradation of the most destitute of the sex. Is it possible, husbands or fathers, who have any real regard for their wives and daughters, can vote for one who would thus reduce, and render them infamous?

Has he not dared, with sacrilegious fury, to menace the venerable sanctuary of the aged and the brave; and to peep into the holes of the miserable, not to pity or relieve them, but to deprive them of that pittance so many of them have earned with their best blood?

Are these the grounds on which so notorious a load of prerogative ventures to canvass the free Electors of Westminster for their votes? And are you disposed to poll for him, merely because he openly makes a purchase of the affluent and independent, by debauching the poor and needy, by having a numerous gang of banditti to overawe the Election, and keep the quiet peaceable inhabitants in perpetual fear of their lives, by admitting an immense shoal of fictitious voters, and putting the cause of liberty at defiance, by employing in his favour the whole army of household dependents; and by issuing from his Committees as well as by his runners, a constant fabrication of the grossest falsehoods, to impose on your credulity, and blacken the characters of your best friends.

From such a prostitution of principle and common sense, may God deliver every worthy and independent Elector!

To the Electors of Westminster.

Continue, ye worthy, free, and independent Electors of Westminster, in your present deluded state, nor rouse yourselves, till repentance can nought avail you. Go on, and give your votes to Sir Cecil Wray, and in future as you pass, receive the heart-felt blessings of every poor, old, wounded soldier, whom his well-timed parsimony has driven from a comfortable asylum, to beg his bread from door to door; and when the old veteran points to his honourable scars, bestow not your charity, but smile in his face, and cry, "Long live Sir Cecil." Receive the blessings of every poor abandoned prostitute, who by his excellent tax was driven from the path of virtue, to that of infamy and shame. And when she, weeping, deploring her fallen state, spurn the mourn-
ing

ing penitent from you, and cry, "Sir Cecil for ever." If these unhappy beings should prove your sons or daughters, it would be still more noble in you to have been his supporter; because it will be getting the better of every feeling of nature, and of every sentiment of common humanity. Go on then, and immortalize your fames by voting for a man who has shewn himself so great, so true a friend to the rights and privileges of man and woman-kind.

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty
of Westminster,

Disposed to lend their helping hand to prop and support that Constitution, which was the glory of their forefathers---the pride of their youth---the comfort of their old age---the source of all our riches and greatness---the admiration of surrounding nations, and the terror of our enemies.

Gentlemen,

Do not believe that the words secret influence and back-stairs government are mere modern inventions or catch words to serve a party purpose and inflame the passions of the people. It is a grievance that has long existed, and was absolutely complained of at so early a period as the 12th of Edward the fourth. And it was then asserted, that there was not a back door about St. James's that did not cost the nation full 20,000l. a year. Gentlemen, from that period to the glorious Revolution our Constitution has been defended by the best blood the nation ever produced---shed upon scaffolds in defence of our liberty, that glorious inherent privilege that has yet never been separated from the name of Briton. Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake look round you! and as there never was yet in the worst of times so serious an attack upon our privileges as the present moment, so I firmly hope, that with all the true enthusiastic bravery of Britons there never was so resolute a defence as you will now make. Gentlemen, look round---behold the Viper Baronet and your own noble champion, the true defender of your rights and privileges. The one wishes basely to sacrifice you at the shrine of Prerogative---the other is ready to suffer martyrdom in defence of your liberties. The one supported that Minister who daringly insulted and absolutely turned the House of Commons (your legal Representatives) out of doors; the other bravely defended your cause, and nobly exposing himself against all your enemies and their unconstitutional measures, has drawn down the indignation of every viper, Court sycophant and dependent placeman in the kingdom upon him.

These are the numerous Host that has given the Viper Baronet his temporary small superiority, over your own noble Champion and his independent friends. It requires nothing, my countrymen, but a small exertion of the truly independent amongst you, and that every man should conceive his own single vote of consequence, and instantly come forward with it, to convince the viper Baronet and all his prerogative adherents---that, in the cause of liberty, the British spirit is invincible.

Will you, the honest inhabitants of Westminster, suffer the most free and independent citizens amongst you to be insulted, day after day, in Covent Garden, by a few watermen's boys, arrayed, marshalled, and led on by such contemptible fellows as the
notorious

notorious Colonel Skeene, and some white washed attornies and money lenders? I know you will not.

And I know too, that true sailors cannot be hired by a court faction, to molest and assault, like so many ruffians and assassins, the honest and decent Electors of Westminster.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Who bids for Chelsea Hospital?—Huzza!

To be Sold by Auction,
By JUDAS ISCARIOT,
At the Prerogative Arms, Westminster,
C H E L S E A H O S P I T A L.
With all the Live and Dead Stock.

In which is included, the Cloaths, Crutches, Fire-Arms, &c. &c. of the poor worn-out Veterans, who have bled in their country's cause! Their existence being deemed a public nuisance.

Likewise, the virtue, innocence, and modesty of the harmless, inoffensive Servant Maids.

The sale of this last lot was intended by Judas for the purpose of raising the supplies for the tax on Maid Servants.

JUDAS ISCARIOT is extremely sorry he cannot put up for Sale
P U B L I C I N G R A T I T U D E,
Having reserved that Article for Himself.

N. B. To be disposed of a large quantity of patent dark-lanterns, and the best price will be given for a set of fellows that will go through thick and thin for a rotten back staircase cause.

Huzza for Prerogative!—A fig for the Constitution!

To the honest and Independent Electors of Westminster, who are zealous and active in this great Struggle for the Preservation of their Privilege and Right of Election.

Gentlemen;

On the first view of the majority in number, which appeared on the close of Saturday's Poll, in favour of the Court Candidates, you may perhaps with grief-swoln hearts, lament that your manly efforts, and unwearied exertions, in support of the man who has uniformly supported you, are likely to prove fruitless; but do not despond, don't give up your Champion, or lose sight of the glorious cause in which you are now embarked (although a host of all sorts of Guards and Hirelings braved you) whilst you have the power of stemming the torrent, with hearts of controversy---English hearts not to be baffled, corrupted, or dismayed, whilst conscious rectitude, and unerring truth, point out the way to the hallowed temple of freedom and virtue.

Be therefore not alarmed if a *corps de reserve of guards*, in colbured garments, should be drawn up this morning on the platform of the Hustings, to poll against you---they are used to the drill---they can stand, stoop, kneel down, make ready, present and fire at the

the word of command. But remember Gentlemen, you will never suffer yourselves to be regimented---you know your duty as citizens---as freemen---born to serve the immortal cause of virtue, freedom, and your country.

VERITAS.

Plain Relation of Facts.

The assertions of Mr. John Churchill and his Committee must undoubtedly obtain due credit with every honest Elector of Westminster. On the second day of the Election, it is universally known that the friends of Mr. Fox were driven from the hustings, and besieged in the Shakespeare by a gang of sailors, two of whom, being afterwards questioned, confessed that they received daily for their services five shillings a piece. On Monday, at the close of the poll, the same gang, armed with bludgeons, were seen to come down King-street, and knock down several unarmed persons, who had *Fox* ribbands in their hats. The populace, however, at length made head against them, and severely retaliated upon them the outrages of that and the preceding days. Tuesday the same gang began similar riots in the morning. A gentleman was pursued by them into the house of Mr. Blackmore, Taylor, in Henrietta-street, where they took from him the ribband in his hat. One of them was, however, secured by the peace officers attending about the hustings. In the afternoon, long before any tumult in Covent-garden, two parties of sailors, armed with bludgeons, ran along the Strand up Southampton-street, to the conviction of many hundreds of peaceable spectators, with an evident purpose of making a riot. In conclusion, however, it appears that they were again worsted. This is a plain recital of known-facts. How then can Mr. John Churchill and his Committee, in their advertisements of yesterday morning, dare to charge the late disorders on the friends of Mr. Fox?

To the truly Independent Electors of Westminster.

The affectation of Mr. John Churchill and his Committee, in addressing their advertisements to the Independent Electors of Westminster, is too ridiculous to impose on any man of common understanding. Are those the Independent Candidates, as Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have been pleasantly called, who notoriously stand on the interests that long enslaved Westminster? Are those the men desirous of resting their cause on the Independent Electors of this City, for whom five hundred of the guards have been compelled to poll, and half of them, not legally possessed of votes, to perjure themselves? What a notion must the Firm and Free Mr. John Churchill have of independency!

All *Horse Guards*, *Grenadier Guards*, *Foot Guards*, and *Black Guards*, that have not polled for the destruction of *Chelsea Hospital* and the *Tax on Maid Servants*, are desired to meet at the Gutter Hole opposite the Horse Guards, where they will have a full bumper

bumper of "*knock me down*," and plenty of *soap suds* before they go to poll for Sir Cecil Wray, or eat.

N. B. Those that have no shoes or stockings may come without---there being a quantity of *wooden shoes provided for them*.

GUILDHALL COFFEE-HOUSE.

April 8, 1784.] At a numerous and respectable meeting of the Committee for conducting Mr. Sawbridge's Election, held at Guildhall Coffee-house,
Mr. SAMUEL THORPE in the Chair.

It was resolved unanimously,

"That it is the opinion of this meeting, that Mr. Fox's conduct in Parliament has been such as to merit the support of the Independent Livery of London.

"That this Committee will, to the utmost of their power, support the Election of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox for the City of Westminster.

"That these Resolutions be published in the morning papers.

Signed by the Chairman,

SAMUEL THORPE,

To the Free and Independent Electors of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

When you consider that Sir Cecil Wray is only 296 a-head of Mr. Fox, notwithstanding all the dependents of the Court, the clerks and servants of the public offices, and the soldiers have voted, you will see that by a proper exertion of Mr. Fox's friends, he must unavoidably gain his election.

So convinced is the Back-stair Baronet of this matter, that finding Mr. Fox was gaining ground upon him very fast about an hour before the close of the Poll this day, he insisted upon a new oath, of considerable length, being administered to the Electors instead of the usual one.

Full 250 of Mr. Fox's friends were hindered from voting by this manœuvre, as no more than 50 could be sworn in an hour, and if the common oath had been used, they would have polled near 300 in the same time.

To such base shifts are the abettors of Secret Influence reduced---but the spirit of the worthy Electors, it is to be hoped, will now be thoroughly roused; and that, foregoing all other considerations, they will bravely stand forth in defence of the Champion of their privileges, and their own rights, against all undue influence whatever.

The present appearance for the Viper Baronet is only to shew---there is at this moment a majority of fair Electors in favour of Mr. Fox---Soldiers and lodgers have been permitted to poll for the former---none but true and independent citizens have come forward for the latter. Do not then, my fellow countrymen, be deceived by appearances, or from a supposition that you can do no service with your single votes, refuse to give them; but step forth nobly, and as we have now the advantage, let us, by exertions of those who have not already voted, keep it.

To

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of Westminster.

The state of yesterday's poll evinces that the influence of the Court is, at length, wholly exhausted. If you exert yourselves, you may yet conquer. There are no more regiments of the Guards to obstruct your approach to the hustings.

Your late member, Mr. Fox, has truly told you, in his last advertisement, that your interests are more deeply engaged than his. He has received invitations from many boroughs, and from many capital cities, to represent them in the ensuing Parliament; but he remembers, with pride and gratitude, the glorious time, when, in his favour, you first rescued yourselves from the tyranny of those who had long nominated your Representatives for you. He will, therefore, not desert you, if you desert not yourselves. You have yet some few days to determine whether you will for ever establish, or for ever betray the cause of your own independency; whether you will choose for yourselves, or implicitly submit to the mandates of the Minister.

AN INDEPENDENT ELECTOR.

To the Independent Electors of Westminster.

Sir Cecil Wray's majority over Mr. Fox at the conclusion of yesterday's poll, was no more than 296, and the most incontestible information has been received, that in the course of the poll, not less than 400 persons have already voted for Sir Cecil, who have no legal right to a vote whatever. This information, which is founded upon the most indisputable evidence, will convince you that the appearance of advantage on the part of the Court Candidate, is in the highest degree fallacious; and you are therefore earnestly requested to make the real majority on the part of Mr. Fox more decisive by an early attendance at the Hustings this morning, in behalf of your tried friend, and justly celebrated Representative.

To the Right Honourable Lord Howe.

My Lord,

The high character which your Lordship has acquired in your profession, and the remarkable attention which you have ever paid to the preservation of the discipline of the navy, made your Lordship's appointment to the distinguished situation which you now fill peculiarly acceptable to the nation. It is, however, a matter of astonishment to many of the warmest admirers of your Lordship's character, that whilst you are at the head of the naval department, the town should be disturbed by a banditti of sailors, who infest the streets, under pretence of supporting the interests of a naval Candidate, against whom no party has attempted any hostile proceeding whatever to occasion a scene of tumult to the last degree alarming and dangerous to the safety of the peaceable inhabitants of this city. I am far from suspecting your Lordship of being so biassed to party motives, as to connive at such scandalous and unwarrantable proceedings, from any wishes which your Lordship may entertain with regard to the issue of the contest; yet the remedy of this evil, so universally complained of, is so extremely obvious, that

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we can scarcely comprehend why your Lordship has not yet adopted it. I mean the issuing public orders to the Captains of all men of war, to order the seamen to repair on board their respective ships immediately, and to suffer none of their crews to be absent on any pretence whatever. Perhaps, were such orders extended even to some of the officers who appear daily on the Hustings in Covent Garden, behaving in a manner not perfectly suitable to their characters and conditions, those who feel for the honour of the navy, and are really attached to the profession, might think your Lordship had taken a judicious step well calculated to promote the discipline, credit, and character of the service.

I beg your Lordship to believe that I have not written the above from any party views whatever; for, although an Elector of Westminster, I am one who am determined to take no part in the present contest; but, feeling for the honour of a profession which I revere, and at the same time being a lover of peace, good order, and tranquillity, I cannot help thinking that both the good of the service, and the safety of the public, call upon your Lordship to issue the orders I have taken the liberty of suggesting, without loss of time.

AN ADMIRER OF LORD HOWE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It has been strongly reported, and not hitherto contradicted, that the cause of Mr. Fox's opponents has been supported, not only by the Guards, the Cooks in a Great Man's kitchen, Stable Boys and Helpers, a Great Lady's Musical Band of Foreigners, Lodgers of all descriptions, from the cellar to the garret, but also by convicted Felons, discharged from the ballast lighters.

To the truly Independent Electors of Westminster.

A cause supported by the influence of a Court, and the union of two great and powerful Noblemen, is necessarily capable of more sudden exertion than an opposition resting solely on the separate efforts of many free and independent individuals. To this circumstance, Sir Cecil Wray is wholly indebted for his temporary majorities. But the tide is now turned. Yesterday you gained an advantage, however small, yet sufficient to animate you to further endeavours. If you have still the spirit which you shewed in your first election of Mr. Fox, it is undoubtedly yet in your power to insure success. The Guards, perhaps, have ever been in some degree employed to turn the scale of a contest in favour of a Court Candidate. But hitherto decency, at least, was preserved on similar occasions. You well know, that they were never before marched to the Hustings in such bodies; I may say, in companies and regiments. If you have the independency of Englishmen, or the common feelings of men, suffer not such a daring attack on the Freedom of Election; or will you wait, till you see the whole corps in regimentals, with fixed bayonets, drawn up in Covent Garden? That only will remain, if you acquiesce in the present insult.

To

To the Independent Electors of Westminster.

As the last effort of Sir Cecil Wray's exhausted party, a report has been most industriously propagated that Mr. Fox means to decline the poll. The independent Electors are assured, that their firm and intrepid champion entertains no such idea: he is convinced that there are still numbers enough of real Electors to give him a decided majority over all the pretended votes collected by the partizans of the Court, from all the soldiers, lodgers, and foreigners, whom gold could corrupt, or threats intimidate. The canvass of his friends, these last two days, have determined this point beyond a doubt; and, with the assistance of the honest, the unbiassed, and the independent, the cause of freedom, and the man who is proscribed, merely because he is resolved to stand or fall with that cause, must triumph in the end.

Love and Liberty ! Freedom and Fox !

Ye friends of these dear names, exert yourselves at this trying moment. If ever our smiles were your delight; if ever the blessings of Liberty were an Englishman's pride, support a cause on which our happiness and your own security equally depend!

Remember you are now called forth to defend the cause of Love and Liberty !--- Assert your own rights !---Defend ours!

THE WOMEN OF WESTMINSTER.

WESTMINSTER RIOTS.

The Court Candidates, and their Committees, well knowing that Mr. Fox, from his open, manly, and consistent conduct, notwithstanding the clamour so unjustly excited against him, had not lost the good opinion and confidence of the truly independent Electors of Westminster, and of the common people, retained in their service at the beginning of the Election, a numerous gang of men, habited like sailors. Bye-standers at first were lead to believe that they were a body of honest Jack Tars, who having been discharged from their ships, had come together as volunteers in support of their Admiral. It was not long however before the public was undeceived. For having fixed the ensign which they had brought, over the windows at Wood's Hotel, where the Committee were sitting, this gang were conducted by some sea officers and others down to Paterfon's Room, in King-street, which had been engaged for the reception of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's voters. Here, no doubt, they were instructed as to their future behaviour, for when they came out, they from time to time formed two lines extending from Paterfon's Rooms, to the Hustings in Covent Garden, making a passage between them for the admission of the friends and voters of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray only; never suffering even *one* in Mr. Fox's interest to pass them. When they were not thus engaged, they paraded up and down King street, and along the top of Covent Garden, insulting and jostling every body who called out "Fox for ever," or wore a cockade with Mr. Fox's name upon it. This sort of behaviour, though it drove back,

and terrified several of Mr. Fox's voters, occasioned no very great riot or disturbance, either the first or second days of the Election. On the third, they appeared in greater numbers and force; all armed with bludgeons, and having surrounded the door of the Shakespeare where Mr. Fox's Committee were, and insulted several gentlemen coming in and going out of the house, three or four of them were in the course of the morning taken into custody, but were soon discharged, at the request of some sea officers; not however before the men had confessed that they received five shillings a day, each man, for his attendance, besides having a good dinner, and as much porter as they could drink. Mr. Fox's Committee upon this wrote to their opponents, desiring that they would dismiss the sailors, and thereby prevent the consequences that were justly to be dreaded from a continuance of them; representing at the same time how Mr. Fox's friends had been insulted; and that the freedom of Election had been grossly violated. To this letter no answer was given. At the conclusion of the Poll that day, several affrays happened. In the evening, all the lamps under the Piazza were put out, and the Shakespeare was besieged; but by a spirited sally of the gentlemen from within, the sailors were dispersed for that night, without doing any further mischief, though they threatened to pull down the Shakespeare, and Free Masons Tavern.

On the Monday (the fourth day) the sailors appeared in greater force than before, continuing their former behaviour till towards the close of the poll, when they rushed forth to the front of the Hustings, and there struck several persons who called out for Mr. Fox. The honest mob then assembled, no longer able to endure the insults of these desperadoes and assassins, fell upon them and soon routed them; several had their skulls fractured, others were afterwards picked up with arms, legs, and ribs, broken. It was thought this retaliation would have prevented these pretended sailors (for true sailors could not be hired for such abandoned purposes) from assembling again. or at least would have induced Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's Committee to forego their services, and disperse them, to prevent any further disturbance, or more bloodshed. But it did not; for they rallied again, and proceeded to St. James's-street, with a view to fall upon the Chairmen, (who they apprehended formed the principal party against them) and destroy their chairs. The Chairmen, however, defended themselves and their property, and the Sailors were again worsted; and several more had their skulls, arms, and legs fractured. A party of the Guards at last quelled this riot. Tuesday (the fifth day) the Sailors appeared as before, with greater bludgeons than ever, their opponents consisting of Chairmen, Butchers, Brewers, and others of the common people, who had been abused by them, appeared also in force towards the conclusion of the Poll. The Sailors dreading another conflict with their victorious opponents, way-laid Mr. Fox in the afternoon, in going from the Shakespeare to canvass some votes in Westminster. Mr. Fox, and the few friends with him, had a very narrow escape of their lives. They had just time to get into a house at Charing cross, before the Sailors came up with them; and it was with difficulty they were persuaded that Mr. Fox was gone on for Westminster. They proceeded, however, towards Westminster; and, on their return, in the Strand, they fell in with their opponents, who again routed them. The same evening another riot happened in Bond-street, and another in Covent Garden, in all of which the Sailors were worsted, and several of them were carried to the hospitals, without hopes of recovery. On the Wednesday, in the afternoon, the Sailors fell upon three Chairmen, and wounded them in a shocking manner; and soon afterwards, at the dusk of the evening the Sailors being assembled in King-street, the other party came round the Garden in pursuit of them, when a terrible engagement ensued. No less than twenty or thirty of the Sailors fell in this conflict, and about nine or ten of them that were carried from the field of action to the neighbouring surgeons, were reported to be irrecoverable. Thursday very few sailors appeared, and no riot happened about the Garden. The Electors were permitted

mitted to poll without molestation or insult, and as a great number remains yet unpolled, it is hoped that there will be no more riots during the Election. If there should be any more, as the riots have all along proceeded from the Sailors, the Electors and inhabitants of Westminster, and the public at large will know to whom they are to be attributed.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

The unflattering aspect of Mr. Fox's cause results from the conduct of two classes of men. First, of those who, assuming the name of *Moderation*, behold in silence and inaction every disaster that befalls the Constitution and the Country: And, Secondly, of men who persuade themselves that the majority against him is too great to be surmounted, and under an idea that their vote *individually* cannot out-number the majority against him, consider their aid as wholly useless.

To the first of these it would be idle, because it would be ineffectual, to say any thing. Chiefly to them is to be attributed the loss of liberty in every other nation of Europe--- Men who look no farther than present convenience, and who would sacrifice the best of political blessings rather than risk the slightest fatigue. They are a sort of excrescence in a free Constitution, which *will* maintain a listless insipid existence in despite of shame, of Ridicule, and reason.

But upon the other description of persons, I am not without hope of producing some effect.

It is not true that Mr. Fox is out-numbered in *real votes*. He has, even at this moment, a majority of legal suffrages over Sir Cecil Wray. You therefore who imagine that your *single* voice can be of no service are betraying yourselves, and ruining the real object of your choice by this gross mistake. There are at this moment 3000 unpolled votes. But if the number were three times as many, whilst each man with-holds his vote under a false idea that *he* cannot turn the fate of the Election, it will be utterly impossible to succeed. Every man's vote is valuable, for the *greatest* majorities are constituted by the junction of *individuals*. If, at the close of the poll, Mr. Fox should have a superiority, his enemies (conscious of their own guilt) will not dare to attempt a scrutiny. If, on the other hand, the Court Candidate, by continuing to poll the kind of beings that voted for him during the last three days (not one in five of whom are legally qualified) should retain a majority, it is of infinite importance that Mr. Fox should have the largest possible number of votes, as a scrutiny will most indisputably secure his return, and rescue the City of Westminster from the infamy that would follow his failure.

Whatever difference prevails upon general politics, this sentiment at least uniformly pervades the body of the public---that Mr. Fox's miscarriage in this instance would be the eternal disgrace of Westminster. Not only the situation in which he stands (the object of all the persecution of Government)---not only the cause he is defending against a very formidable confederacy---but even the despicableness of his adversaries should give him some advantage. Lives there one man free in his mind and judgment who thinks that such a creature as Wray should be elected in preference to Fox?

Of Wray there is but one opinion; his unmatched baseness is a topic of universal abhorrence. But there is in his guilt something complicate and uncommon.

It is not simply his ingratitude to Mr. Fox (who brought him in for Westminster against the real wishes of that Court whose creature he now professes himself---and in declared

declared opposition to that very Lord with whom he is at this time so closely linked)---but it is his treachery to the *principle* upon which he was elected that I reprobate. This man, who was chosen for Westminster upon the ground of an acknowledged independence of the Court and of the Houses of Northumberland and Newcastle, is now the very instrument of replunging this City into that same servitude to the Court and to those haughty interests, which ruled it with an iron hand for such a series of years, and from which it was so lately redeemed by the spirit and abilities of Mr. Fox.

Open your eyes and see the gulph into which you are sinking. Behold the danger like men, and like men resist it. It is not the cause of Fox but your own cause, I call on you to support. His unconquerable mind will furnish him with resources in the worst difficulties, but if *you* are once vanquished in this conflict, you will become the helpless objects of the contempt of your enemies, and the scorn of the public. That each man's separate share of disgrace will be light in the mass of common shame is a miserable consolation. Let the reflection rather be---*who shall do most in his individual capacity to save the general body of citizens from dishonour*. The number of unpolled votes is more than sufficient to defeat the combination formed to ruin you. Whilst yet the evil is within the reach of remedy, I implore you to exert yourselves. All is now in your power---to-morrow the opportunity may be gone for ever. Lose not then a moment in lending your hand to save your City from the mischief that threatens it. And whatever may be the issue of the present distractions, it will be some satisfaction to you hereafter to show, that, so far as depended on *you*, the cause of the public was not sacrificed, but that you discharged the duty of an honest citizen with spirit and independence.

AN ELECTOR.

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster.

Friends and Fellow Citizens,

You are now earnestly called upon to exert yourselves in the cause of liberty and your country. The hour is arrived in which it is absolutely necessary for you to stand forth as Britons, and claim, after the manner of your glorious *ancestors*, your privileges and birth-right, in spite of *ministerial* menaces, or the smiles of *royalty*. It is but lately you delivered yourselves from a state of *slavery*, in which you had long been held; and told the *Court* you were determined to be free, in spite of a *corrupted* Minister. You nobly then stood forth, and chose the Right Honourable Charles James Fox for your Representative: a gentleman who merited, and had your confidence, and I trust, you are collectively of opinion, he never abused it. He has constantly stood forth at all times, both in and out of office, your faithful watchman over *ministerial* encroachment, and indefatigably has endeavoured to keep up the consequence of the people in the scale of government, by giving them that weight in the Senate, which our glorious Constitution has provided in the written palladium of our liberties, the great charter of the land.

Good God then, Gentlemen, what are ye about to do! You cannot mean to desert such a tried friend as this! Besides, is it not necessary for our salvation at this *critical moment*, that you should be represented by a man of the first-rate abilities? Then look round, and see if you can find an equal to Mr. Fox! I know with what respect he is spoke of throughout Europe, and to you who knew him so well, it would be idle in me to attempt

THE WESTMINSTER WATCHMAN.



To the Independent Electors of Westminster This Post of their Staunch Old Watchman The Guardian of their Rights and Privileges is dedicated by a grateful Elector.

Be wary of counterfeits as the Greenwich and Chelsea Watchmen are upon the look out.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Ireland's, Bow-street.

It being now absolutely ascertained, that Mr. Fox has a majority of legal votes upon the Poll, his friends are requested to pay no regard to the false appearance of advantage obtained by the most scandalous means on the part of his opponents; but to continue their efforts to render the number of legal votes on their side as great as possible. It is determined to keep the Poll open till the independent Electors have had a full and complete opportunity of vindicating their rights.

Ireland's, Bow-street.

S E L E C T C O M M I T T E E.

F A L S E V O T E S F O R H O O D A N D W R A Y.

The Select Committee think it their duty to inform the friends of Mr. Fox, that they have already received the most indisputable testimony of above two hundred false votes polled for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, and that they have every reason to be convinced that Mr. Fox has at this moment a majority of legal votes upon the Poll.

An authenticated state of some of the extraordinary cases of flagrant imposition, practised upon this occasion, is preparing to be laid before the public immediately.

R. MORRELL, Sec.

Wood's Hotel.

To the Worthy and Independent Serjeants, Corporals, and the Gentlemen Soldiers belonging to the Guards, resident in the Savoy, or dwelling in or near the City of Westminster.

Gentlemen and Fellow Citizens,

You are earnestly requested to stand forward this day, to lend a finishing hand to the great and virtuous work, which you have hitherto defended with so much zeal, disinterestedness, and success. You know we mean the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray for Westminster. Your exertions in that cause will never be forgotten, while the idea of a Constitution, or the name of Liberty remains in this country—Never let it escape your recollection for a moment, Gentlemen, that if your master should triumph on the present occasion, it is to your virtue it is principally, if not solely owing. Never forget that your activity, at this crisis, can only be equalled by the unexampled novelty of your endeavours; and that you have, without bloodshed, completely effected, at least one half a soldier's duty, whatever may be the consequence to your country. Let these glorious reflections stimulate you—stand forward—is it any good reason that a man should not have the right of voting at an Election, because he happens to share in the apartment of a friend; or because, from a mere principle of society and friendship, ten of you should chuse to associate and dwell in the same habitation. Nonsense! These are the quibbles of a despairing faction! Let not such idle stories intimidate you!

Recollect

Recollect also, friends and fellow-citizens, that even double diligence in a good cause is an offence very easily pardoned, what every true Life-guardian will applaud, save one, and the employers of every true Life-guardian will, without much difficulty, be prevailed upon to overlook a transgression so casual and inoffensive. You understand what we mean---double diligence is the word---your early appearance is expected.

HOOD AND WRAY FOR EVER!

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster, who love their Country, and are determined to be Free.

Friends and Fellow-citizens,

I sincerely congratulate you on the event of this day's Poll. Our Champion and Friend has outdone Sir Cecil, by a majority of forty-five, a number propitious to English liberty, I rejoice to find you have taken the hint I threw out to you, and have spoken out like Britons; I consider this as a mortal wound given to the enemy, who at this moment is exhausted. For God's sake then, Gentlemen, as you value your lives, liberties, and properties, exert yourselves, speak out, instantly unite, and come forward, follow up the blow, do but persevere, and the day is our own; we are led to the field by as brave a General as ages past can boast of, who will sooner part with the last drop of his blood, than desert or give up your cause, there cannot therefore be a doubt of success. I see Victory hovering over us to crown him with laurels, and liberty with extended arms, panting to receive and press her beloved Hero, her Fox, to her bosom; so shall we in the end secure to *ourselves*, to our *children*, and to *posterity*, those blessings which none but the noble, the virtuous, and the free, are intitled to, or can inherit.

I am, Gentlemen,

With great truth,

Yours, &c.

Tuesday, April 13, 1784.

AN INDEPENDENT ELECTOR.

In the Devil's Name, help Judas!

Pandemonium Palace, April 1784.

At a Public Council, held by command of His Most Diabolical Majesty, Lucifer, King of Hell, the Princes, Potentates, &c. &c. of his kingdom being present, the following resolutions were agreed to, and

Resolved unanimously,

“ That every effort be exerted to secure by the most illegal and villainous methods the Election of our well-beloved subject Judas Iscariot, Knt. of the Back-stairs, he having proved himself on divers occasions a steady friend to our interests.

“ That his truly infernal conduct (however misrepresented) in proposing a tax on Maid Servants, is such as merits the *particular thanks* of this Assembly; as it tended to disstress those innocent beings who were designed to be protected by, and add comfort to man!

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“ That

“ That his ungrateful behaviour to his patron and friend, is a fresh proof of his
 “ loyalty to us, and entitles him to the approbation of all lovers of vice and
 “ ingratitude.

“ That the thanks of this Assembly be given to those *Gentlemen pick-pockets, returned*
 “ *transports*, and others of our subjects, who have during the contest, ill-used the
 “ friends of Judas's opponent, he being the declared Champion of the people's rights and
 “ privileges, against the attacks of our dark-lanthorn allies.

CHURCH-HELL, Secretary.

To the Worthy Electors who wish well to the Election of Mr. Fox,
 and have not yet polled.

Wednesday, April 14.

It must be evident to every man who has attended the canvass in behalf of Mr. Fox these three last days, that there is strength enough among the friends to the cause he supports, to carry it triumphantly. I rather put this address upon the cause, than upon the Candidate, highly as he deserves respect for his talents and his merit.

The issue of this contest, considered even in a confined view, is decisive upon the independency of the city of Westminster. The question is, shall this city be saved from becoming a burgrave tenure borough to the Court and Lords, or Lords that are to be bartered in recompence for favours received, or as the price for favours to come?

The contest, considered in the extensive sense, is that of the people of England against an attempt to destroy them in their great essential privilege, their collective voice in Parliament, as one of the three estates of the realm.

It is not my purpose to demonstrate these truths for the purpose of making converts---our cause wants no converts. It claims only the general and due exertions of that great and glorious majority, the believers, and the convinced in these truths, who nevertheless procrastinate their appearance at the poll. It is to you, my fellow citizens, of that description, that I appeal, and I call upon you, by your consistency, by your consequence, by your honour, and by your private interests, ultimately (if private interest can have place in breasts open to these noble feelings) to follow the example of those five thousand companion advocates of the same cause who have already nobly committed themselves, and to avow your public principle in the face of the world.

Examine, for a moment, as men of honesty and spirit, the excuse upon which some men have been persuaded to hang back, viz. “ that they have friends on both sides, and “ would disoblige none. Ask your own hearts, as Englishmen, as guardians of our Constitution, as entrusted with the preservation of the people, delivered down to you from your ancestors, and now depending upon you to be transferred inviolable to your posterity. You are as effectually acting at this moment, in this great public capacity, as your Delegates will be after the assembling of Parliament. Think what would be your thoughts of them, if they proffered to you, upon any great national struggle, the excuse sometimes tendered upon this canvass, that private interest must be preferred to duty. Be assured, you affront yourselves grossly, when you let it be supposed, for a moment, that you put the risk of a few personal resentments against you, in competition with the great national trust now in your hands. You have no right to withhold a franchise, in which the public welfare is concerned; it is part of the common stock of the people; to keep it unemployed, or to misemploy it, is the same; and you incur the censure of the gospel upon the man who buried the talent placed in his hand for beneficial purposes.

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This reasoning ought to have weight in the minds of Englishmen, were private interest the most deeply affected; but I deny that it is so, in a small degree. You pay an ill compliment to your customers, when you suppose you can give any material offence in voting for the men of your choice. Few, very few indeed will be so illiberal, and their resentment will recoil upon their own characters, while it will serve to recommend and endear your conduct to every admirer of justice and of spirit.

Neutrality may make as many enemies as decision—it cannot make one friend.

Neutrality in a great public cause, and in a free nation, has always been held a crime; and it is the more odious, as it is a mean crime. There is an honest pride in the Electors of Westminster, that will never bear the possibility of such an imputation.

The security of success to a great cause, and of honour to the supporters of it, depends upon every individual acting, as if victory was the consequence of his single exertion.

A NATIVE and CITIZEN of WESTMINSTER.

Second Chapter of the Times !

1. And after the people had proclaimed that Fox should be one of their Elders, the tribe of Judas arose and said, “It shall not be so, we will have one of our own kidney, yea one that will support the *Back-slairs*.”

2. “And lo we will have a Poll demanded, as in the times of Trentham and Vandewater, put, and moreover we will send forth our bludgeon-men and terrify the people,” and they did so.

3. And they thought themselves sure, and scoffed and reviled the Man of the People, saying, “We have conquered.”

4. Now it came to pass that there arose a fair and wise woman from the west; and she said, “I will prevail against the unfaithful, and will join in the cause of the just.”

5. Then she ordered the steeds to her chariot, and girded herself with the armour of truth; and her face was bright as an angel, and her voice as a fine toned cymbal.

6. Then she went into the city saying, “Hearken unto me, O ye matrons, our fathers left us a free people, let us break the shackles preparing for us, lest our children be bond slaves.” And they blessed her, yea women with infants at their breasts sang in her praise.

7. But as she passed by, a certain Dippite reviled her; and his face was as the colour of a tallow candle, and on his head was a cap like unto his heart, for behold it was black.

8. And when he saw the daughter of Truth succeed, he smote his breast and gnashed his teeth, and called upon *Satan* to bring his *Rains forth* to trouble the children of Truth.

9. Then the men of the city arose as from a deep sleep, and their eyes were opened, and they said, “Let us go up in numbers, for our cause is good; and let the sin of ingratitude fall on Judas Iscariot.”

10. Now this Judas was a lanky man; and when he saw the people's champion prevail, his jaw dropped, and his face was an ell long; and when he would have spoken, a certain quivering came over him, yea even from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and he fell flat on his back, even as a flounder.

11. And it came to pass that there issued from him an unfavoury smell, infomuch that the people cried, "Cast him out, cast him out." And they did so.

12. Then they brought forth their champion and seated him in triumph, crowning him with laurels, and singing,
LONG LIVE FOX!—MAY OUR CHAMPION LIVE FOR EVER!

Found in Covent Garden.—A Manuscript Tragedy.

The Owner may have it again without further Expence, than procuring Twenty V---s for Judas Iscariot. Apply to George Antifox, up the Back Stairs, No. 3, Crown-court, Cecil-street.

The following is quoted from Act II. Scene I.

The curtain rising discovers a tall Baronet sitting in pensive mood.

Enter the D--V--L.

D-V-L. Well! say my faithful servant, what request
Hast thou to make?

BART. I know thy influence o'er the minds of men,
I know thy sov'rain pow'r;
Name but thy terms, thou knowest all I want
Before I crave.

D-V-L. * * * * * then I
For every subject added to my kingdom,
Will send thee an Elector.

BART. Thanks worthy master, but devise a scheme
That may insure success.

D-V-L. The shortest way t' accomplish this design,
Is to drive merit quickly to despair,
And then t' increase the number of the fair
Seducers of mankind.

BART. But how?

D-V-L. Destroy the noblest charity on earth,
Then bring (with caution, lest the truth appears,)
A bill to tax each virtuous servant maid,
Thus burthen'd, I my agents will employ,
To take advantage of their dire distress,
And catch the yielding prey.

BART. Agreed, to-morrow's sun shall witness bear
That I obey.

EXEUNT OMNES.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty
of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

I cannot find words sufficient to express my sentiments to you upon the present occasion; your conduct is such as ought and I doubt not will be followed by every true Englishman and lover of his country.

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, In a *land of liberty* there is always a *trait* to be discovered which characterises and marks the people; in you it is that this character now shines forth in its brightest lustre; at a moment when we seemed upon the very brink of the precipice, when, through the *threats* of *Ministers*, the *smiles* of *Royalty*, and the powerful workings of *Secret-Influence*, every thing was carried away, and seemed to yield to the *desperate efforts* of a *Court faction*. I say, Gentlemen, at this *awful moment*, seeing the *danger* before your eyes, you have nobly stood forth, and by your manly exertions bid fair to save the *liberties* of your *country*; you have come forward with firmness, and spoke out that language which souls like yours only are capable of speaking, as men who felt their *country's wrongs*, and are determined to redress them.

But, Gentlemen, we must not rest here; we must press forward, and persevere in the *cause*. Our enemies are practising every manœuvre that art and cunning can suggest to deceive and betray you. I therefore conjure you, by the love you bear your country, to be vigilant, stir up your friends and neighbours;---come on---speak boldly---support your *tried* Champion, and tell the man, who dares to deceive and betray his country's *best* friend, that he shall, by your deserting him on the present occasion, fall under that chastisement from your hands, which his ingratitude and his baseness merits.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your's most truly,

Wednesday, 14th April, 1784.

AN INDEPENDANT ELECTOR.

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

It affords me the highest satisfaction to find that the sensible and pointed addresses of an *Independent Elector*, recently distributed, have had every effect the patriotic philanthropy of that gentleman could wish. Your understandings are now lighted up, and the *courtly damp* he spoke of, rolls back on its promoters and confounds the enemy. Pursue then, Gentlemen, the dawn of conquest that now breaks in, and cease not to persevere in your exertions, until victory in meridian splendor shines out to crown your cause in glory. My heart at this moment exults in the thought that places once again the *friend of his country and darling of the people* above the reach of a *Court faction*, assisting his Sovereign in restoring to a state of vigour the Constitution and splendour of a kingdom, that on the accession of his present Majesty, had become the envy and admiration of surrounding nations. It is painful to reflect at this moment, Gentlemen, how rapidly since that period we have declined as to weight and consequence in the political balance of Europe; the same Sovereign is still on the throne, but *wretched Councils* have prevailed to destroy---I will speak out, Gentlemen, ever since the *Butcher system* found its way into the *Cabinet*, not one *great or comprehensive design* has distinguished our politics---That *little, narrow, moleworking* principle, governing by *intrigue* has been the *Dragon of the Court*. During Lord North's administration, this phantom of *cunning and wickedness* bewitched the nation and lost us America. Indefatigable in his endeavours to destroy this *demon of Scotch Extractions*, Mr. Fox persevered to the last and conquered;---he came into the *Cabinet* and gave a jubilee to his country---but alas! short was the triumph!---*Secret Influence* still operating, he found his colleagues in office going over to the *tyrant*---Immediately he resigns---But again nobly attempts the *cause of the people*---A convert to his principles, Lord North unites with him, and they jointly succeed,---By this *Coalition*, the *snake in the grass* trembled for its existence,---There is but one resource

resource say they, *Damn the Coalition*.—Now, Gentlemen, I say, *Damn the union*,—but not the union of *North and Fox*,—*Damn the heterogeneous mixture* in the present Cabinet, where a *Pitt* and a *Jenkinson*, a *Gower* and a *Richmond*, a *Dundas* and a *Sydney*, all coalesce and form a *mess of Viper broth* for the good of our tottering Constitution! Gentlemen, can ye swallow this, and sacrifice your liberties at the altar of folly!—I hope not, no,---A city inferior to none in the kingdom for the respectability of its inhabitants, and hitherto superior to all in *independence of principle*, cannot sure in this awful moment at once resign into the hands of *aristocratic power* every thing *dear*, every thing *noble*, every thing *characteristic of Englishmen*,---*Yet this do ye do, O ye Electors of Westminster!* if you suffer the meddling *Peers of the day*, to wrest *Election* out of your hands, and return a *creature* of their own, who has already betrayed his *country* and his *friend*, as the first step to gain their favour.

Thursday,
April 15, 1784.

AN INHABITANT OF WESTMINSTER.

SELECT COMMITTEE.

Ireland's, Bow-street, April 16, 1784.

The friends of Mr. Fox undoubtedly have not expected that the Select Committee should pay any attention to an anonymous advertisement, dated Wood's Hotel, pretending to reply to the authentic information given to the public by this Committee relative to the false votes polled for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray. However, as the Select Committee have some reason to believe that Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's Committee at Wood's, do really avow that advertisement, they beg leave to intrude on the patience of the public by making a few remarks upon it.

The Committee at Wood's think it "necessary to inform the Electors of Westminster, that the several Parish Committees in the interest of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have taken the utmost pains to prevent any illegal votes being polled for them."—Here is a direct confession that such have heretofore been the habits and the practices of the supporters of the Court Candidates in Westminster, that it required the utmost pains, in these pure Parish Committees, to prevent illegal votes being polled for their friends on the present occasion! If these great exertions have really been so made, it is truly to be regretted, that the pains of the Parish Committees should have been wholly defeated by the determined zeal of the numerous lodgers, soldiers, sailors, King's menial servants, and others, in the interest of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray!

The Committee at Wood's however deny this notorious fact, and further inform the public, that "they are well assured, that should a scrutiny take place, the majority of legal votes of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, will be found much larger than it now stands on the books!" This confidence must arise from the number of illegal votes presumed by the Committee at Wood's, to have been polled for Mr. Fox: so that these assiduous Parish Committees, who have taken such infinite pains to prevent bad votes being polled upon their own side, profess to have taken no pains at all to prevent bad votes being polled against them. A point which, as they had the parish books in their possession, was completely in their power, if the practices alluded to had been attempted by the friends of Mr. Fox.

However, the best answer to these flimsy evasions of undeniable truths shall be given to the public, in a few plain facts to-morrow; containing a short specimen of that
rectitude

rectitude of conduct, which the Committee at Wood's are so anxious the public should give them credit for, as well as of their peculiar regard to the rights of the real Electors of the city of Westminster.

By order of the said Committee,

R. MORRELL, Secretary.

April the 16th, 1784.

To be SOLD by AUCTION,

This and every day during the Poll, at SUFFOLK and PATERSON's Auction Rooms, Covent Garden, a parcel of

Riotous and pretended ELECTORS of WESTMINSTER.

Who cannot (since the eyes of the friends of Virtue, Fox, and Freedom, have been opened,) be of any further service to their late purchaser, Sir Sillyman Wronghead.

May be viewed, and particulars had, by applying to the Auction Rooms, or to Long Legs and Tax Girl, Auctioneers, or their Spaniels, Messrs. Dip and Twisthead, at Timber's Hotel.

To the Serjeants, Corporals, and Privates, of the Three Regiments of Guards, Electors of Westminster, the following plain Questions are addressed:

Will you vote for Mr. Fox, who, when Sir George Howard brought forward, in the House of Commons, a proposal for augmenting the number of Letter-men at Chelsea Hospital, gave it the most strenuous support, by which means alone it was carried through the House, and consequently insured a comfortable provision for a large number of your body? Or,

Will you give your support to Sir Cecil Wray, who actually proposed, in that same House, to have Chelsea Hospital itself demolished, and consequently, when old age or casualties should render you unfit for service, to send you to the Parish Workhouse, as that would then be the only place left to receive you?

To the Electors of Great Britain.

Permit me, at this awful period, to call your attention to the real state of the kingdom; on your present determination the fate of it depends. It concerns you, therefore, in a peculiar degree, to be circumspect and collected; to despise equally the blustering of party, and the bellowing of the mob; and to be cautious, in the extreme, how you suffer your judgment to be perverted in a decision of such infinite importance.

When Mr. Fox formed the Coalition with Lord North, which has since been so frequently, and I will venture to say unjustly, reprobated, his comprehensive mind took in at one view the multifarious evils which weigh down this unfortunate country, with their respective remedies. He perceived that extraordinary exertions were necessary to relieve us from the burthen of a debt of two hundred and forty millions, and an annual deficiency

deficiency of two millions interest. He knew, likewise, nothing effectual could be done, nothing adequate to the pressing exigencies of the State, unless he could obtain an equivalent support in the House of Commons. He therefore formed, without hesitation, a junction with the powerful interest in it; and having formed it with these views, in what consists the criminality? Whence originated the maledictions with which it has been so amply loaded? From the very party who aimed at the same object, and envied him the acquisition.

Of the India Bill, I will only say at present, that it was calculated to retrieve the national character, and the Company's affairs in Asia, as far as the antecedent misconduct and peculations of their servants would admit. At least, it would have operated as some atonement for the oppressions, barbarities, and assassinations, that have so long contaminated the eastern hemisphere under British patronage. But the demon of party beheld its progress with a jaundiced eye, and exulted in its influence over a deluded nation, sacrificed its honour at the shrine of despotism, and stifled its sensibility in the birth.

If the same malignant spirit should permit us to attempt any regulation there, in future, a twelvemonth, at least must elapse, before it can take place, and what may occur in the interval, is too obvious to require a comment. The disposition of the natives towards us is already written in characters of blood. While the collective power of the House of Bourbon hangs over us as our evil genius, and waits only for the precise opportunity to descend and crush us with its weight.

Such are the consequences that will probably attend the lust of despotism, and the misguided fervor of puerile ambition; such the effects that may be expected from the late premature addresses, and the prevention of that union which alone was adequate to the salvation of the country.

The machinations of those miscreants who, in the revolutions of human events, have effected the ruin of their country, have been generally too secret and refined to attract immediate notice. But, in the present instance, there is an ostensibility of treachery, that can only be accounted for by the notorious audacity of the traitors, and the credulity of the betrayed. The principal promoter of all the mischiefs that have, or are to happen, has had the unexampled temerity to declare, more than once, in a certain great assembly, *that the Peers have an equal right to move for, and to bring in money bills of all denominations with the Commons.*

If the eyes of the nation had not closed beyond the reach of euphrasy, this daring assertion could have opened them. But wrapped in a fatal consciousness of its security, the open attacks on its most sacred rights and privileges are unattended to; a convincing proof that the measure of its iniquities is nearly full, while it lies prostrate at the foot of pride, regardless of its humiliation, and self-devoted to destruction.

If the Minister should meet a considerable majority in the next Parliament, the first step will be to rescind all the resolutions of the last, respecting the peculiar privileges which it derived from the constitution; by which means the finishing stroke will be put to the boasted liberties of Englishmen, and having no constitutional protection from the most arbitrary and oppressive measures, the people must either submit to the shackles they have forged for themselves, or have recourse to their last dreadful remedy.

It may yet be in your power to rescue the kingdom from these impending calamities. You have yet to determine whether the constitution shall be unhinged, and your country exposed to the ridicule and invasion of its enemies; or whether you will unite your exertions to raise it to its former eminence, and make it what it once was, the admiration and terror of surrounding nations.

J U N I U S.

CARD.

C A R D.

Lord Mountmorres presents his compliments to his *brother lodgers*, and others, the free and independent *Electors* of *Westminster*, in the interest of Sir Cecil Wray, hopes they will not overlook *his* exertions of yesterday in behalf of the above *worthy* Candidate.—A *nobleman* standing forth to serve a *cause* at the expence of *honour*, and in *defiance* of the *legal qualification* as regulated by Parliament to constitute a vote, *he* doubts not will endear *him* to the *Society* which is formed to destroy the *rights* of *Englishmen*, and render *slavery* and *aristocracy* palatable to a *land of freedom*!-- Lord M. flatters *himself*, that though *his* vote was not admitted by the *patriotic party* on discovering the *imposition*, Sir Cecil Wray will not think the *less* of *his* good wishes to serve *him*, since every art and subterfuge were made *use of* by Lord M. to evade detection, and pass the *illegal* suffrage—assuring *himself* of the plaudits of all Sir Cecil Wray's friends, Lord M. *now* takes *his* leave, hoping notwithstanding that *he* may be quite free from any apprehensions respecting the *threat* of the subjoined advertisement *, published yesterday morning, before Lord Mountmorres voted, by Sir Cecil Wray's Committee. Lord M. *cannot* think that any thing is meant by it—more than a puff of integrity, intended to edify *knaves*, and gain over *honest* men.

17th April, 1784.

To the Friends of Sir Cecil Wray.

Lord Pompey being at present rather overstocked with *impudence* and other *haberdashery* from *Knaves-acre*, he deems it expedient, at this important crisis, to dispose of the *excess* to those noble and praiseworthy sons of Despotism, the *Electors* of *Westminster* in the interest of that respectable promoter of *Pitt* and *Prerogative*, Sir Cecil Wray, Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.

For this purpose Lord P. intends dividing his *impudence* into three separate lots for the convenience of purchasers, under the following arrangement, viz.

1. Impudence of phiz.
2. Impudence of step.
3. Impudence of speech.

Note, In the last lot some folly will be added to increase its value, particularly the art of laying the "*root of the axe to the tree of the Constitution*," &c. &c. The lots to be sold without reserve, and subject to such conditions of sale only as *men* of an enlarged conscience and great equivocal capabilities, shall feel themselves inclined to approve. Mr. Jackson has most kindly promised Lord P. to be his auctioneer on this occasion, for which he begs leave to thank him in this public manner, and further takes this opportunity of re-

* WESTMINSTER ELECTION.—A CAUTION.

Whereas authentic information has been received, that numbers of persons who are neither *Electors* nor inhabitants of *Westminster*, have had the audacity to vote for Mr. Fox; and whereas it appears evident, that particularly on Tuesday and Wednesday, the majority of those who voted for Mr. Fox were lodgers, and consequently not legally authorised to give their votes: This is to give notice, that whoever, on a scrutiny, shall appear to have been guilty of perjury, or *misdemeanor*, by receiving money for his votes, or by *falsely declaring himself to be a housekeeper*, the names of such persons will be published, and they will be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law.

Wood's Hotel, April 15, 1784.

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commending this gentleman to the notice of every Candidate in a desperate cause, at any Election throughout the kingdom. He will be found a most useful hand in collecting bad votes and assembling *knaves*. These gentry flock round him as it were by instinct, and always feel themselves quite at home in his company. To speak the truth he is indeed the "*devil of a fellow*," and on this account Lord P. lies under no apprehension that any lot, such an auctioneer shall sell for him, will get into the enemy's hands. Mr. J. will easily distinguish the bidders, for, possessed of a peculiar faculty, this worthy gentleman never looks an honest man in the face but he feels a sting, that tells him at once such an one is not *his* friend. Secure then in a worthy agent who will take care to see *impudence* and *knavery* properly dispersed and applied, Lord P. is of opinion no great stake will be risked in their cause by this sale. Even should the patriotic party think it necessary to purchase any of the articles that Lord P. only means should be bought by the abettors of *Secret Influence*, for Mr. Jackson's monitor is invariable, and always pricks the truth. Before Lord Pompey concludes his advertisement, he begs leave to hint to the High Bailiff of Westminster, that as the sale is to be this day immediately after the *poll* is declared, it will be necessary to order on duty an extra body of Sir Cecil Wray's constables to prevent the *auctioneer's* being knocked down along with his lots, as the resentment of *irritated honesty* is sometimes a weighty article, and often more than even a *Jackson* can stand under, or carry off without aching *bones*!

In lodgings, ready furnished on a new construction, which qualifies to vote for Westminster, imported from Ireland in an *air balloon*, and now standing to be viewed in May-fair.

POMPEY.

WESTMINSTER INTELLIGENCE.

Saturday night.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Civil and Religious Liberty!

The Ancient Families and the Old Nobility!

LIBERTY OF ELECTION!

No Court Candidates! No Back Stairs Gentlemen!

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND THE LADIES,

AND THE

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS!

Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

GOD save the PEOPLE!

We have authority to inform the people, that the Earl of Galloway, one of the Lords of the King's Bedchamber, and Lord George Gordon, had a long conversation together, in Leicester Fields, yesterday, with respect to the alarming situation of public affairs, before Lord George Gordon joined himself, heart and hand, with the friends of Liberty, to support Mr. Fox, in his present laudable undertaking. It is thought that some recent intelligence of the daring attacks of the Duke of Rutland's party, in Ireland, levelled against the Freedom of the Press, and the avowed enemies of Reformation Principles, in Scotland, joining the Court standard, have determined the true old Whig families to oppose the new Ministry to the uttermost of their power. The new Ministry, indeed, call themselves Whigs. They are right in that. It is pleasant and profitable to have a good name. Hence we observe those persons, who are about to do any thing disingenuous, unworthy, or of evil fame, generally first bethink themselves of some plausible pretences to impose upon the credulity of mankind.--- But Mr. Pitt and his Whig friends, Dundas, Jenkinson, Atkinson, Nugent, Thurlow, and

and Robinson, must all act like Whigs, and good Whigs too, before a discerning people, like the Scots, will lift up their countenance upon them, or shew them their favour and protection. The whole world seems to be grown wiser with respect to Civil Liberty. The name instead of the thing, and the shadow in the room of the substance, do not pass quite so currently in this enlightened age as the Court party could wish. The King's new Ministry must and will be well watched and opposed in England, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Switzerland, and America. We all know very well that courts, societies, and bodies of men, have often continued to go under favourable names too long after the original principles and ends of their institution have been lost and betrayed. Thus, though the Roman Senate (meaning a free and independent branch of the legislature) was no more after the usurpation of Julius Cæsar, yet the title continued to be given to an assembly, which was only the echo of the Emperor's will and pleasure. In like manner Great Britain may now have a new Parliament, and yet want, what every true Briton understands by the word, a Guardian of the Rights and Liberties of the People. In this way, designing and ambitious men prevail upon unexperienced youths to put such titles on their rash projects and undertakings, as are best calculated to deceive the vulgar and ignorant into a favourable opinion of these projects and undertakings, and to divert the attention from their real nature and tendency. It is a common artifice, and yet almost every day we see it, in some degree, successful. The scriptures (which indeed supply armour against every evil, civil as well as religious) warn us against this flagrant abuse of language, telling us, in the New Testament, of some *who say they are Jews and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan*. Let the good People of Great Britain then in general, and the honest Electors of Westminster in particular, guard against taking up with the fictitious sound of a Whig Administration of Government at St. James's, where they know in their hearts that the principles and the ends of its institution have been long ago forsaken. And let the Electors also remember, that this treacherous forsaking of the ways of wisdom, and the principles of the Constitution, in the King's Cabinet, lost America; and by most wickedly and obstinately persisting in their same evil courses, the Royal Party are now beginning to embroil and overwhelm the people in confusions and distractions of all sorts, throughout the remaining dominions of the Crown, as may easily be seen by the present state of Dublin, Coventry, and Scotland. The Right Honourable Charles James Fox, and other wise men, who in God's Providence have some discernment of the times, told the Court Party plainly, that all these calamities were likely to follow hard upon their heels and heads, if they rashly dissolved the Parliament, as they have done, in a manner altogether unbecoming the House of Hanover.

Copy of a Letter from the Committee of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, to the Right Honourable Lord George Gordon.

" My Lord,

" The Committee for conducting Mr. Fox's Election have desired me to return your Lordship their thanks for the honour of your support; and as a continuance of the exertions of Mr. Fox's friends cannot fail to insure his return to Parliament, I am desired to request your Lordship's canvass in his favour.

" I have the honour to be,

" My Lord,

" Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

" J. R. COCKER, Secretary."

Shakespeare, April 17, 1784.

We hear from authority, that Lord George Gordon and his friends are immediately to begin canvassing for Mr. Fox. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! No Court Candidates! No Back Stairs Gentlemen! No fear of success; the cause is good; the friends are numerous; and they are determined to persevere.

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SELECT

S E L E C T C O M M I T T E E.

Ireland's, Bow-street, April 17, 1784.

The Select Committee are under the necessity of postponing the publication of the facts, announced in the papers of yesterday, relative to the conduct of the Election, by the friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, till Monday next, as it has been suggested, that the making some of them public, at the present moment, might furnish an opportunity to their opponents of counteracting the measures they are now taking to vindicate the rights of the real Electors, against those who have so grossly invaded them, by having brought up to poll a large number of persons not legally qualified to vote. Some instances, however, not liable to the above-mentioned objection, will certainly be laid before the public on Monday next.

By order of the said Committee,

R. MORRELL, Sec.

Another Chapter of the Times.

1. And it came to pass there was a great division in the West, among the people concerning their prerogatives and rights, and the people cried unto their elders, saying, redress our grievances.

2. And a certain man named Judas, one of the elders, cried no; and he said, let us yoke the people as oxen, and purge them with small beer, and it was so.

3. Now it came to pass that the time was come, when the people were to choose their elders; and behold this Judas went forth to the people, and he said, choose me one of your elders, and many were led astray.

4. And behold the people assembled in bodies at the Hustings, nigh unto the place of cabbages.

5. And Judas said, I will forsake my best friend, and I will tread down the man of the people; and he cried with a loud voice unto the people, choose me, choose me.

6. And he stirred up much strife among the people, for many days, and opened houses, and the people were well filled with plenty of small beer, and chuck beef, and swallowed boluses of rebellion against their champion many days.

7. And he procured many soldiers, and many weavers, bearing shuttles in their hands; and they cried with loud voices, Judas is the man, down with the champion.

8. And many of the rulers, and heads of the land assembled together, and said, we will not have this man to be one of our elders, let us go in person, and open the eyes of the people, and they did so.

9. And Judas hired certain men of war, giving to each certain pieces of silver, and said, whomsoever I shall point at, the same knock down, and they did so, and many were cast into prison; and the spirit of rebellion raged in the breasts of the people many days.

10. And it came to pass that the heads of the people went out, and opened the eyes of the people, and the spirit of rebellion was much abated.

11. Now when Judas found that the spirit of rebellion was likely to cease among the people, he said, let us apply to the book of names, for many false Prophets are come to support their champion, and they did so.

12. And the people were crowned with success, and the books were brought, and they turned in favour of the man of the people.

13. Now

13. Now when Judas found he was likely to loose his point, he cried with a loud voice, men and brethren, hear me, am I not keeper of the back-stairs, choose me, choose me.

14. And the people cried with loud voices, away with you, we will have the man of the people; thinkest thou to deceive us, as thou hast him; thou deceiver that wanted to tax our innocent maidens, and to destroy the house of refuge for the helpless, lame, and blind.

15. And many who had been led away in his interest, when they found what they had done, wept bitterly; and the people cried out with a loud voice, away with this man, and return to us our champion, and supporter of our rights.

16. And the man of the people was returned, and the people shouted, and returned thanks, and cried

LONG LIVE OUR CHAMPION! FOX AND LIBERTY FOR EVER!

Meeting of the Independent Electors of Westminster in the Interest of Mr. Fox.

Many of the friends of Mr. Fox having expressed a wish that the independent Electors in his interest should dine together in the course of the present Election, the Stewards appointed at the last meeting, in compliance with the request, most earnestly entreat the favour of their company at Willis's Rooms, late Almack's, this day, April 19, 1784, where dinner will be prepared, and be upon table at four o'clock precisely.

The Right Hon. C. J. FOX in the Chair.

Tickets, at five shillings each, to be had at Willis's; Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street; and of the Secretary to Mr. Fox's Committee, Shakespeare Tavern, Covent-garden.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The following advertisement, dated Wood's Hotel, having been hastily and inaccurately inserted in the papers of yesterday, the public are requested to correct the mistakes of the print as marked below, and then to adopt the principle and reasoning in their fullest extent.

Mr. Fox's friends, happy to acknowledge the justness of their opponents remarks in this instance, are ready to unite with them in the most complete discountenance of neutrality. Let all those, who, by illiberal threats and undue influence, have been dissuaded from voting, come forth, and be the Election tried upon that issue!

Let every tradesmen, who, from mistaken considerations of private interest, withholds the franchise intrusted to him by the constitution for the maintenance of the rights of the people, meet the slight he deserves from all parties!

Should the independence of Westminster be lost for ever, let it be considered, it is lost not by the superior numbers of Mr. Fox's opponents, but by the lukewarmness of his well-wishers!

Stand forth every unpoll'd Elector!
Spirit, and independence, and no neutrality!

Corrected

Corrected Advertisement of Wood's Hotel, dated April 19, 1784.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

"It appearing beyond all doubt, that there are many very respectable inhabitants of this city sincere and hearty in the interest of Mr. Fox *, who have hitherto, by the most illiberal threats, and every species of undue influence, been dissuaded from voting for † him. The Committee, engaged to conduct the Election of the above worthy ‡ Candidate, beg leave to submit to all such friends as have not yet appeared in § his favour, whether in consequence of the many base and illegal means practised by § his opponents to force a member upon the real inhabitants, contrary to their avowed inclination, the time is not come, in which it is absolutely necessary for all well-wishers to their country to determine to sacrifice every private consideration to public principle, boldly, as men and as Englishmen, to assert their own independent opinions, and to stand forth in defence of that most valuable of all privileges—the freedom of election."

SELECT COMMITTEE.

Ireland's, Bow-street; April 19, 1784.

The following short specimen of the boasted *rectitude of conduct* of the supporters of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, is submitted to the public. The Select Committee have given their reasons for having, upon legal advice, taken from the list which they had sent to press, the whole of the specimens of *bad votes*, merely as *lodgers*, polled for the Court Candidates, the instances of which, though reserved for the Scrutiny, the Select Committee pledge themselves to prove to be infinitely more numerous than they had related them in their advertisement.

April 6, 1784.] John Lewis, living in a house belonging to the King's Mews, and for which he *pays no taxes*, certifies, that he has polled at this Election for Hood and Wray, and that he has reason to believe that *most of the persons belonging to his Majesty's Mews* have done the same.

JOHN LEWIS, King's Mews.

William Broughton, John Taylor, Alexander Robbins, John Hawkes,
William Lofts, John Cotton, and John Stewart,

have polled as Housekeepers in Westminster for Hood and Wray ;--their votes are illegal, as they receive a bounty called, *The Woolstaple Charity in Westminster*, of 5l. 6s. per ann. paid to them by Mr. Zouch, Deputy Receiver of his Majesty's Quit-rents for Westminster, London, &c. No. 15, Duke's-court, St. Martin's-lane.

James Schrainer, No. 69, Strutton-ground, Westminster, certifies, that he went up to poll on Saturday the 17th of April, and stated himself his doubts upon the validity of his vote, when he was assured by the Inspectors and other officers, at the Books, that his vote was perfectly good; but when he came to be asked who he polled for, having answered, for Mr. Fox,--he *was instantly and abusively rejected by the same persons*.

JAMES SCHRAINER.

ERRATA in the Original Copy.

• Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

† Them.

‡ Candidates.

§ Their.

John

John Stenson, at the White Horse, Clare Market, certifies, That though he could not enter into his house before the 8th day of April, yet he pays the taxes from Midsummer last; that he proceeded to poll on Saturday for Mr. Fox, but was rejected; at the same time he certifies that John Grigg, a Chandler, in Pullen-street, entered his house within a day or two of the same time, and paying *no taxes before that time*, yet he was suffered to poll for Hood and Wray.

JOHN STENSON.

Mr. Martin has polled for Hood and Wray, for the King's Arms, Poland-street, which he left at Christmas last, and which has been shut up ever since.

Mr. Stapleton, Cook, Chandos-street, though he quitted his house some months since, has now polled for Hood and Wray; certified by three gentlemen, who have left their names with Mr. Jarvis, No. 283, Strand.

N. B. These specimens to be continued occasionally during the Poll.

By order of the Committee,

R. MORRELL, Sec.

A true Character of one of Judas's Committee.

A well known gentleman living in the environs of the Broadway, Westminster, a pretender to the Holy Cloth, was employed as an acting person in Sir Cecil's Committee, but having the stomach of a Dyer, he preferred his gut before he did the cause in hand. But a report being made to his master, the Small Beer K---t, he was dismissed from his office, and in order to gain favour, has since taken up the honourable profession of Thief-taker. Judge me, Gentlemen, if this is not a true friend to the cause.

AN ELECTOR.

P R O C L A M A T I O N,

By His High Mightiness, the Most Puissant Potentate, JOHN CHURCHILL, Prince of the United Parishes of St. John's and St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Whereas it has been represented to us, that divers of our subjects and vassals, Electors of the city of Westminster, residing in these our dominions, the united parishes of St. John's and St. Margaret's, have neglected to comply with the orders, issued in our former proclamation, bearing date the 1st of April, 1784, to give their votes in favour of our well-beloved Candidates, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray;—we do hereby strictly enjoin and command all such persons, under pain of our high displeasure, to repair forthwith to the Hustings, in Covent Garden, there to poll for the above-mentioned Candidates.

And whereas it has been further represented to us, that a refractory and rebellious spirit has, during the present Election, manifested itself within these our dominions, inasmuch that sundry persons have presumed, in contradiction to our express commands, to vote for the Right Hon. C. J. Fox, our open and declared enemy, who, upon a former occasion, contemptuously rejected our alliance, when we graciously were pleased to offer ourself to be his Colleague, as Representative for this city in Parliament; we do

do hereby declare, that every person so offending, shall, upon conviction thereof, be debarred from all benefit of our professional aid, in case of sickness, and that we will not, upon any terms whatsoever, purge, bleed, vomit, blister, glister, potion, lotion, cup, scarify, or administer any medical assistance whatever, to any person who shall appear to have been guilty of the above-mentioned high crime and misdemeanor, in contempt of our authority, and in open defiance of our declared will and pleasure.

By command of his High Mightiness,
Given at our Shop in Parliament-street, BENJAMIN BOLUS.
this 20th day of April, 1784.

Ireland's, Bow-street, April 21st, 1784.

S E L E C T C O M M I T T E E.

The Select Committee congratulate the friends of freedom on the decisive event of yesterday's Poll, as affording complete demonstration, as well of the exhausted state to which the cause of the Court Candidates is reduced, as of the increasing spirit of the friends to the real dignity and independence of the city of Westminster. They take the liberty, at the same time, of soliciting the most strenuous continuance of the exertions of Mr. Fox's friends, which it is now evident must be finally crowned with deserved success. With regard to the various scurrilous advertisements which issue daily from Wood's Hotel, this Committee will take no further notice of them than to join most cordially in that part of one of them, which calls (however burlesque it may appear from such a quarter) on the Electors of Westminster, "to sacrifice every private consideration to public principle, and to come forth boldly as men and Englishmen to assert their own independent opinions." And for the coarse abuse and vulgar invectives which appear in certain manifestos, signed John Churchill, the Select Committee are only sorry to see the friends of the Court Candidates so very angry at this period of the Poll, as they will probably stand in need of some portion of temper at the close of it. With this caution they leave the Committee at Wood's at full liberty to rave about bribes and bludgeons, perjuries and butchers, lodgers and wounds, weavers and cleavers, and according to their own discretion to decorate their advertisements, with all that Election quackery suggests in desperate cases.

By order of the Committee,

R. MORRELL, Secy.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

Shakespeare Tavern, April 21, 1784.

On account of the many false reports propagated by Mr. Fox's opponents, that the Poll will finally close this day or to-morrow, the Committee for conducting Mr. Fox's Election, to undeceive the Electors of Westminster, think it necessary to inform them, that near two thousand voters are now unpollled; and that so long as of that number there shall remain sufficient to counterbalance Sir Ceecil Wray's inconsiderable apparent majority, the Poll will certainly be kept open, to enable the independent Electors to assert their own rights and privileges, by giving their suffrages for that tried friend to the cause of the people.

By order of the Committee,

J. R. COCKER, Secretary.

IRELAND'S

IRELAND's, Bow-street, April 21, 1784.

SELECT COMMITTEE.

SUBORNATION OF PERJURY.

Among the many base and contemptible arts practised by the opponents of Mr. Fox, and detected by this Committee, it is not without concern they inform the public, that a new instance of the miserable depravity of the Court party, and one of the very blackest dye, is now come well authenticated to their hands. Two unfortunate wretches have confessed that they have actually received a sum of money to swear that they were bribed to poll for Mr. Fox! The friends to justice may rest assured, that proper legal steps are now taking to bring the matter home to the unprincipled managers in this dark and detestable transaction, who, in the eye of reason, are undoubtedly more guilty than their deluded instruments, who have now a proper sense of the iniquitous snare they were drawn into.

By order of the Committee,

R. MORRELL, Secretary.

Truth, Decency, and Common Sense, violated! *

Whereas a most foolish, false, and flimsy fallacy has been this day attempted to be imposed upon the public, by the advertisement of a reward for apprehending certain persons concerned in a riot which never happened, under the signature of a Secretary, who, in all probability, never existed: this is to caution all persons from wasting their time, in the idle pursuit of endeavouring to obtain the said reward, as the authors of this weak device were most assuredly well satisfied of the impossibility of their being called upon for the payment of the twenty pounds in question, before they thought proper to offer it under the signature of

J. P. ATKINSON,

Secretary to the Scrub Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

ORDER OF THE STAR.

At a Grand Chapter of the Order held this evening, April 21st,

The GRAND MASTER in the Chair.

Resolved unanimously,

" That it having been industriously circulated by the friends of the Court Candidate,
 " that the public declaration of this Order in support of the Right Honourable Charles
 " James Fox, was a forgery of that gentleman's Committee, and that the Order of
 " the Star were friends to Sir Cecil Wray, it becomes absolutely necessary for this
 " Order to declare, that they are determined to support the Right Honourable Charles
 " James Fox with all their influence, That a great part of the members of this Order,

* See page 107 of Hood and Wray's advertisements, for the advertisement of which this is a parody.

“ who are Electors of Westminster, have already polled for Mr. Fox. That some of their members have come from the continent for that express purpose. And that they have no doubt of the Electors of Westminster obtaining a complete triumph over Secret Influence and Court Candidates.”

Resolved unanimously,

“ That the thanks of this Order be given to the Right Honourable Lord George Gordon, for his patriotic and manly conduct in not only polling for Mr. Fox, but having canvassed for him; and that the Secretary be ordered to request his Lordship to continue his exertions, and they have no doubt of their meeting the desired success; which will redound to the lasting honour of those glorious supporters of constitutional principles, who have distinguished themselves in the support of the Champion of the rights of Englishmen, and in opposition to the corrupt influence of the Crown.”

Resolved unanimously,

“ That the Secretary be ordered to sign these Resolutions in behalf of the Order.”

CHARLES WILLIAM SMITH, Secretary.

Wednesday evening, April 21, 1784.

A most wanton and unmatched Outrage has been perpetrated by a Brute, in the Shape of a Constable, this Day, at the Close of the Poll at Covent Garden.

A youth of Westminster School standing upon the Hustings, and crying out *Fox for ever!* was knocked down by the aforesaid constable, and severely cut. The constable was immediately taken into custody, but to secure him from that rage which his own barbarity provoked in the populace, he was given up in charge to the high constable, who engaged that he should be forthcoming for prosecution.

The object of this hand-bill is to request, that those who were witnesses of this base unmanly act, will send their names to Mr. Claridge, Attorney at Law, in Craven-street, for the purpose of bringing this wretch to immediate justice.

Four o'clock Thursday evening, 22 April, 1784.

Shakespeare, Covent Garden, April 24, 1784.

Meeting of the Independent Electors of Westminster, in the Interest of Mr. Fox.

The Committee for conducting Mr. Fox's Election have learned with great concern that many Gentlemen were yesterday disappointed at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, owing to the very numerous attendance of Mr. Fox's friends, in not finding places, although dinner was provided for more than four hundred persons. They lose no time in acquainting the independent Electors in Mr. Fox's interest, that another meeting will be given notice of as soon as a proper place can be fixed on, where it is hoped the whole company assembled may be conveniently accommodated.

WEST-

W E S T M I N S T E R.

April 24, 1784.

Westminster, } Whereas it is represented to me, that our dearly and well-beloved friend,
to wit. } Mr. *Jackson*, has been missing for these two days past from the Hustings,
 at Covent Garden, and it is greatly to be feared he is gone after his old sport of pig-
 jobbing*: Any person or persons that will bring the said amiable Mr. *Jackson*, or give
 any information to Judas Iscariot, shall be rewarded with two sheep's heads, and some
 small beer.

By me,

JOHN PEEP-AT-HIM.

To the Worthy Electors of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

The present state of the poll exhibits a glorious example of what may be expected from the perseverance of independent men, in the cause of Liberty and the Constitution.

I beg leave most earnestly to solicit the continuance of your generous exertions in my favour. The importance of every individual vote is now sufficiently evident, and the number of Electors who have assured me that they would come forward, whenever it should appear that their votes might probably be decisive, leaves no doubt of success.

The unprecedented exertions which the servants of the Crown have thought themselves at liberty to make against me, as well by an indecent prostitution of the most sacred names, as by every other species of unconstitutional influence, have produced the effects naturally to be expected from such proceedings, by raising the spirit and awaking the indignation of every honest and independent Elector.

My public life is too well known to you to make any professions necessary. Those principles which brought about the glorious Revolution, which seated his Majesty's Illustrious Family upon the Throne, and which have preserved the liberty of this Constitution, have ever been the invariable rule of my political conduct.

Upon these grounds I again presume to request your support, and if I should be happy enough to be re-elected Representative of this great and reputable City, you may depend upon finding in me a steady supporter of the Whig Cause, a determined enemy to that Secret Influence, by which the present Administration was created, and an unalterable friend to the rights of the People.

I am,

With every sentiment of gratitude and respect,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

St. James's-street,

April 26, 1784.

C. J. FOX.

* Pig-jobbing being a cant phrase, it may not be amiss to explain the term to our readers. At Elections, when voters appear rather in an equivocal light, and are suspected of having accepted a *bribe* for their suffrage, such voters, in Election language, are called *Guinea-pigs*, because of taking a guinea possibly for a vote. It is thus sort of pig-jobbing, we presume, the writer of the above hand-bill suspected the gentleman in question to be gone about.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

April 26, 1784.] Judas Iscariot, who has for several days past been *dangerously* afflicted with a political consumption, was this day, by order of his Body-physician (formerly a dealer in pigs, and purloiner of sheeps heads) brought forth for the benefit of his health, to an exalted spot, adjoining a large house of prayer, and "near unto the place of cabbages;" when, contrary to his expectations, the ulcer of ingratitude, that has corroded his integrity, and preys upon his vitals, was so violently inflamed by the gale of Liberty and Independence, which blew fresh, that at three o'clock it turned to a gangrene, and it is thought by the skilfull, that a mortification must shortly take place, and if not effect his total dissolution, at least for ever deprive this pliant Small-beer Member from exercising his functions, in the back-stairs system of puerile politics.

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

Your noble exertions in the *cause of Liberty* are such as animate my soul, and call for the warmest return of thanks, not from me alone, but from every well-wisher and lover of his country. Your conduct towards our truly *patriotic Champion*, Mr. Fox upon the present occasion, does you the highest honour; and his exertions in *your* and *his country's cause* must endear him to you by the strongest ties.---This noble struggle between a people determined to be free, and the whole *force and power of a ministerial faction*, must transmit your names with the brightest lustre to posterity, amongst the many illustrious deeds performed by your virtuous and renowned ancestors.

Gentlemen, I lament to find that the attention of any of my countrymen should at this moment have been diverted from its *true object*, that of chusing for their Representatives those men, whose known abilities and tried principles, had upon former occasions brought them forward to public view, as men worthy of their choice. But alas! this we see is the case, an *influenza* rages, a *ministerial fever* is gone abroad and seized the minds of the people, who seem at present delirious; in this state, they are *mised, deceived, and betrayed*; and I trust, when the disorder abates, and the people regain their cool sober senses, they will stand amazed at the mischief they have done, and scarce believe that their own hands could have been guilty of such acts of violence, such political suicide.

But, Gentlemen, let *us* not be diverted, let *us* not be amused by a *phantom*, by the false lights of this *WILL-o'-th'-Wisp*; let *us* not turn to the right hand or to the left, but like men look forward; let *us* keep in the straight path, and pursue the real substance, the true *sun* whose rays shine forth with splendour to the remotest parts of the globe.

Gentlemen, It is improbable such a contest as the present may ever happen again in our time; that we may ever have such another Candidate to support, is, I think, impossible. A man, who, "*Take him for all in all we ne'er shall look upon his like again.*" Our children's children shall read with pleasure the force of his resolute oratory in the senate, in favour of Liberty and the Rights of Mankind, making a corrupted Minister tremble in his seat, and fired with emulation catch the noble flame, and transfuse it to ages yet unborn.

Let no man then lose this glorious opportunity of doing honour to himself and his country.---Let each man come forward, and suppose that victory depends on his single
vote

vote---Let none of us, through obstinacy, fear, or misrepresentation, remain any longer neuter---but let us exercise our own understandings---Let us dare to act like Englishmen---Let us tell the *flattering, treacherous* abettors of *Secret Influence*, that neither their promises nor their threats shall prevent us from making use of a *franchise* vested in us by the laws of the land, and that we are determined to support, with our united force, that man who *dare*, who *can*, who *will* protect our rights and liberties, and use his utmost exertions to save this distracted country from the jaws of destruction.

I am, Gentlemen,

With the greatest esteem, your's, &c.

April 26th, 1784.

AN INDEPENDENT ELECTOR.

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of pow'r deliver'd down
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood :)
Oh! never let it perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great *Liberty*! inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

Oh! Help Judas, lest he fall into the Pitt of Ingratitude!!!

The *prayers* of all bad Christians, Heathens, Infidels, and Devil's-Agents, are most earnestly requested for their dear friend

JUDAS ISCARIOT, Knt. of the Back-Stairs,
lying at the period of political dissolution; having received a dreadful wound from the exertions of the Lovers of Liberty and the Constitution, in the Poll of the last ten days at the Hustings, nigh unto the Place of Cabbages.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Mr. FOX returns his most grateful thanks to the worthy and independent Electors of the City of Westminster, whose generous exertions and spirited perseverance in his favour have triumphed over every obstacle in giving him a majority over his opponent, that no-pretence may be left to their adversaries to have recourse to vexatious and vindictive measures, in order to delay the return, and embarrass the triumph of this great and respectable city upon the issue of a contest which now stands a glorious example to the country of the effects of steadiness and perseverance in a just and honourable cause.

S T A T E of the P O L L.

For Mr. Fox	5827
Lord Hood	6468
Sir Cecil Wray	5806
Majority in favour of Mr. Fox, Twenty-one.	

LORD

LORD MOUNTMORRES

This day

Attempted to poll for

LORD HOOD AND SIR CECIL WRAY,

But his Lordship (being only a lodger)

Was rejected.

It is hoped this circumstance will be a sufficient hint to those who only occupy

READY FURNISHED LODGINGS.

An Anecdote of the Day.

In every degree of life, from the Peasant to the Peer, eccentricity of character is to be met with. The position is exemplified, in the higher station, in the person of a certain Hibernian Peer, who this day (being seized with a more than ordinary fit of political phrenzy) made his appearance in public, and on the public, madly and without success, endeavoured to impose himself, as an Elector of Westminster, in favour of the Court Candidates; in order to support that increasing Prerogative, which, some years ago, he vociferously vowed in Westminster Hall he would lay "the root to the axe" to suppress. This extraordinary phenomenon needs very little comment. He is a lodger at an hotel in the vicinity of St. James's, and not a house-keeper in this city.

Quere 1st. Was the noble Lord so far intoxicated with his own consequence, or so securely stimulated by the successful example of the greater number of the three regiments of Foot Guards, Royal Cooks, Scullions, Stable Boys, &c. since the commencement of the present Election, as vainly to imagine, that he should be able to cram so glaring an imposition down the throat of any man of common sense?

Quere 2d. Does not the attempt level his rank and distinction with the meanest vassal, or most obsequious hireling, that turns out his toes upon the parade?

To what a contemptible situation must the enemies of the rights of the people be reduced, when they descend to such bare-faced pitiful tricks!

A FRIEND TO THE FREEDOM OF ELECTION.*

To all the World whom it concerns..

Whereas it has been *maliciously, scandalously, and invidiously* represented, with a view to injure me in my Election, and the good opinion of his Majesty's *loyal subjects*, that, in order to secure the whole of my brother's fortune, I contracted matrimony with his wife, and that he had children by the said woman.

* It is a certain fact, that Lord Mountmorres's vote was refused on account of his being at that time a lodger; but he was not, as here stated, a lodger at an hotel. The true state of the case turned out to be, that Lord Mountmorres lived in a house he had hired ready furnished, for which he paid not any taxes, the landlord of the premises being the person rated in the parish books; of course Lord Mountmorres was in strictness *only a lodger*. After his Lordship was turned away from the Hustings, this business was thus manœuvred: Lord Mountmorres immediately advanced the taxes, took his house as it were on new terms, got his name entered in the parish books, and the next day came and voted for Hood and Wray. This explanation (which we can assure our readers is the truth) will throw some light on the laconic advertisement from Wood's Hotel, beginning "The Lye of the Day," to which we refer the reader, page 106 in this work.

In

In justice to my character, which has suffered by so vile an aspersions, I do now solemnly protest, in presence of Belzebub, Prince of Hell, and Major Gallipot, my beloved Associate, that the charge is false, groundless, and calculated for the worst of purposes, and that the following is the naked truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me *Hood*.

My late brother kept a mistress, but by whom he had no children; and when he died, he left his fortune between her and myself. Avarice prompted me to marry her, and *she* is now the wife of

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

Timber's Hotel, April 27, 1784.

Help! Help! Murder! Treason!

What! are ye all *asleep*? or are ye determined to adore the conqueror, that ye do not exert yourselves? Is the *Fox* so terrible that ye dare not face him? Despicable cowardice!

Is it not enough that I cannot bear a retrospect of my actions; that I feel all the terrors of a *scrutiny*; that I have been visited by the most dreadful assemblage of horrors that ever tortured the mind of man; but at last I must be abandoned and sacrificed?—Superlative treachery! superior, if possible, to *mine*!

Wolfe! Wolfe! thy fate, an immortal memento to *courtiers* and *sycophants*, makes me tremble. Ah! miserable man, how soon art thou led away from the path of rectitude! Had I not been *contaminated*, the loss of my wife's maidenhead would not have troubled the apostate soul of

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

April 28, 1784.

Lost by an Invalid, who took Coach at St. James's, and was set down at the Hustings, at Covent Garden,

318 B A D V O T E S.

Whoever will bring the said Votes, or any part of them, to Major Bolus, at the Prerogative Hotel, in George-street, Chelsea, shall be rewarded with a *place* in the Excise, or Customs, and have no questions asked.

If offered to be pawned or sold, stop the Traitor, and you shall, in addition to the above, be made Jack Ketch at the approaching melancholy exit of

April 28, 1784.

JUDAS THE APOSTATE.

To the Friends of Sir Cecil Wray.

Sir Cecil Wray requests his numerous friends, who have not yet polled, to favour him with an early attendance at the Hustings this day and to-morrow, to support in his person the character of *independent* Members of the British Senate; in order to obviate some doubts, which, he understands, many Gentlemen retain respecting the validity

lidity of their votes, he begs leave to mention a few qualifications, which will be allowed by the H---h B---ff:

A lease of an house drawn and executed the night before the tenant polls, is admitted to give a right of voting---Determined in the case of Lord Mountmorres.

Gentlemen breaking into a house, being then in full possession of it, and liable to taxes and other dues, have also a right of voting.

Gentlemen choosing rather to sleep with their *Horses* than with their *Wives*, may vote in right of their *Stable*---Determined in the case of his honour the Master of the Rolls.

All *Foreigners*, provided they produce the act of their naturalization; but if lately come to England, a *Mediterranean Pass*, or Policy of Insurance, will be accepted in its stead.

Unfortunate Gentlemen, whom the rigour of our laws obliges to go abroad for seven years, provided they had habitations at Wapping or Mile-End, may poll e'er they embark, or, if already embarked, *Government* cutters will be dispatched after them to any quarter of the world, at the expence of the *Public*---Sir Cecil cannot express in what *Transport* he shall receive them.

Gentlemen may be accommodated with *leases* and *beds* at the shortest notice, at Lord Mountmorres's and the D--- of Newcastle's.

Sir Cecil cannot take leave of his friends without solicitating them on the daily decline of Mr. Fox's interest, which he thinks cannot be more strongly evinced, than by Sir William Gorden, (a Gentleman who is indebted to the friendship of Mr. Fox, for the greatest part of his present income) having refused to vote for him, when lately requested, though Sir Cecil can vouch for Sir William's possessing a *heart*, as replete with sentiments of *honour and gratitude*, as his own.

Westminster, April 29, 1784.

A Chapter of the Times.

1. Again the sons of Judas assembled themselves together, at the Hotel in the market-place, to present themselves before the Lord (H---,) and *Envy* came also to present himself among them.

2. And *Truth* said unto *Envy*, from whence comest thou? and *Envy* answered, and said, from walking to and fro in the garden, and appearing upon the hustings.

3. Then *Truth* said unto *Envy*, hast thou considered my servant Fox, that there is none like him upon the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that revereth me, and escheweth evil? and still he holdeth his integrity, although thou movedst against him, to destroy him without a cause.

4. Then *Envy* said, skin for skin, yea all that a man hath, will he give for a majority.

5. But put forth thine hand and touch him, and he will curse thee to thy face.

6. And *Truth* said unto *Envy*, behold he is in thine hand, but spare his Election.

7. So *envy* went forth, from the presence of *truth*, and raised up a majority against Fox, of three hundred and eighteen men.

8. Then *Insinuation* said unto Fox, dost thou still retain thy perseverance? *Curse the poll, and decline.*

9. But Fox answered and said, thou speakest as one of the foolish sisters speaketh; my cause is just, and I will persevere.

10. And in all these things, Fox sinned not.

11. Now

11. Now when Fox's three friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him, they came every one from her own place, *Georgiana the Devonite, Dorothy the Portlandite, and Harriet the Duncannonite.*

12. For they had made an appointment together, to canvass for him, they being *virtuous women*, and servants of *Truth*.

13. And their endeavours were finally crowned with success, so that *Truth* blessed the latter end of the poll, more than the beginning, inasmuch, that Fox triumphed over his enemies, with a daily *majority*.

F. H.

Another Chapter of the Times.

1. After these things, Judas opened his mouth and said,

2. "Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night wherein such a wretch as I was conceived."

3. And behold while he yet spake came one of the *House of Wardour*, and with him a great multitude, servants of *Truth*, and behold their interest was in favour of Mr. Fox.

4. And their interest was crowned with success, inasmuch that in the space of seven days Fox triumphed over his enemies with a majority of one hundred and thirty-six men.

5. And Judas went forth from the presence of Lord (H---) and he hastened to his house, and the windows of his chamber being opened towards the Park, he kneeled down and called upon *Envy*, three times a day as he had done aforetime.

6. And *Envy* said unto him, "What wouldst thou that I should do for thee?"

7. And Judas answered and said, "That I may gain my Election."

8. And behold *Envy* said unto him, "Have I not done all I can for you, and sent many false Prophets to support you, and did I not give you a majority of three hundred and eighteen men, all my servants?"

9. And Judas answered and said, "Yea, I know it, but hast thou no more left that I may gain my cause?"

10. And *Envy* said unto him, "Decline, and call not a scrutiny, for his cause is just."

11. "For they of the Houses of Devon, Portland, and Duncannon, are come against thee, and their ways are just, for behold they are servants of *Truth*."

12. And the servants of *Truth* prevailed over *Envy*, and Judas was polled out.

13. And Fox was restored to his seat again, and the people crowned him with laurels, and bare him on their shoulders, and many went before him, wearing laurels on their heads, and they cried with loud voices,

LONG LIVE FOX!—MAY OUR CHAMPION LIVE FOR EVER!

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

When the insidious dagger of ministerial influence is drawn and pointed at the very vitals of the Constitution, by endeavouring to subvert the freedom of election, and by that means secure a corrupt majority in the Grand Assembly of the nation, nothing but a spirited and patriotic exertion in the people, like that which has distinguished

guished us at the present contest, in support of that tried and unshaken friend of *Liberty*, Mr. Fox, against the nomination of the Minister, can protect or guard our unalienable rights and privileges, or snatch our devoted country from the merciless jaws of insatiate *Prerogative*, which now gapes to swallow it.---Let us persevere, Gentlemen, in our generous and disinterested support of the *man* whom our judgments approve.---We first invited him to the important trust of representing us in Parliament; his integrity and abilities have proved him equal to that trust---he can never deceive us---he has given us manifest proofs that the firm, liberal, and broad basis of his political conduct can never be affected to our prejudice, by the chicanery or artifice of a *Back Stairs system of wretched politics*, or the insinuating manœuvres of groveling Court sycophants, who will descend to any meanness, however vile, to accomplish their ends --witness the insults offered to our understandings by the filthy prints and hand bills which have lately been distributed, tending to reflect on the character of one of the first * women in the world, whose name even the breath of Censure has never before attempted to profane---one would scarcely imagine, that the most abject state of despondency could induce even the ingratitude of the lank disappointed Baronet himself, or his Grub-street hirelings, to descend to such groveling subterfuges---fie! fie!--but they are unworthy further animadversion, and can only serve, like the rest of their poor paltry tricks, to double our efforts and exertions, in order to prove the superior power of Virtue and Independence, to that of *Secret Influence and Corruption*.---Let us, therefore, my Fellow Citizens, show an example to the Electors of the kingdom in general, and let our posterity be told, that their virtuous forefathers were among those *champions of Liberty*, who, when the State was in danger, bravely stood foremost in the firm support of the *Constitution* of England, on revolutionary principles, and the honour and dignity of

Charing-cross, 29th of April, 1784.

A FREE ELECTOR.

A C A U T I O N.

Whereas a well known Court Candidate, who has for many days infested the Hustings at Covent Garden, was, on Tuesday the 27th day of April, seized with a violent disorder, inasmuch, that it is to be feared in a few days he will be quite mad. This is to caution all persons, such as *grocers, oilmen, chandlers, rope-makers, apothecaries*, or any other persons selling *ropes*, or any *poisonous drugs*, that they be very cautious not to let any person, answering the following descriptions, have any of the above-mentioned goods, as it is to be feared he intends to make away with himself in the course of a few days.

Note, He is a tall thin man, about five feet ten inches high, very slow of speech, and sometimes smiles; wears an old light coloured great coat, or else an old blue one; his hair rather inclinable to be grey; wears sometimes a round hat, or else a cocked one, with the hind part commonly on one side.

* D— of D—.

See! in full blossom how her virtues shine,
Such matchless excellence, such spotless fame,
Are emanations of a spirit divine,
By Heav'n design'd to dignify her name.
Long may the glories of celestial light
Translucent beam in her concordant soul;
Point out her paths to permanent delight,
And happiness supreme without controul!

A CAUTION.

A C A U T I O N.

Whereas a magnificent folio hand-bill, will this day be published, purporting to support the cause of Sir Cecil Wray, now needing, God knows, every support of every sort that can be given it? And whereas the said magnificent folio hand-bill will be full of fine phrases, such as may well be expected from the literary talents of the accomplished Committee at Wood's, telling us of the "*internal feelings of Sir Cecil Wray,*" and assuring us, "*that if he is beat, how much he will feel for this city, and how little for himself!*"---And whereas the said magnificent folio hand-bill will display the great historical knowledge of the said Committee, in an ominous detail of the execution and expulsion of some of our former Kings, and a proper panegyric on the virtues of our present gracious Monarch. And whereas the said hand-bill will execrate the accursed American war, and the authors of it reeking with the blood of millions; and will also execrate the corrupt and venal Parliament which put a stop to that war, and which turned out that Minister. Now this is to give notice, that the said folio sheet of sound political intelligence, and fine chosen phraseology, is not insidiously written by any of Mr. Fox's friends, as will no doubt be immediately suspected, but is in sober sadness published as a serious vindication of the Court Candidates.---O lamentable!

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Ladies, in the interest of Mr. Fox, have appointed a Committee to enquire into the cases of such tradesmen as have suffered from the oppression of the Court party, many of whom have been formally acquainted, that in consequence of their having voted in the present Election, contrary to the wishes of their employers, they are in future to be deprived of their custom. This Committee is to prepare a list of such persons for the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Ladies above-mentioned, who have entered into a most laudable association, to employ those only, in their several trades, in lieu of such as have basely betrayed their country, by sacrificing their franchises to the undue influence of the Court, or of those who have not dared manfully to stand forth at the risque of their interest, and have endeavoured to screen themselves from all danger by a pitiful neutrality.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Whereas a paragraph appeared in a Morning Paper of the 27th ult. insinuating that a certain Duchess had bought fifty pound of hair powder, for which I received my own price, as voting for Mr. Fox. I do now declare, and am willing to make an affidavit to the contrary. The fact is as follows: A Mr. E. a gentleman in the law in Charlotte-street, Portland Chapel, asked me if I would take 25l. for my vote; to which question I replied, that if a bribe had been an object, I might have taken an order for fifty pound of hair powder at my own price, provided I would vote as I should be directed. I told

C c 2

him

him that a bribe should never influence me; whenever I voted, it would be independent of any pecuniary consideration whatever. The day after, I gave my suffrage to Mr. Fox, Mr. E. discharged me, which has not given me any pain, though I wish he had confined himself to that matter only.

Wardour-street.

R. JACKSON.

The Committee for the intended Scrutiny of the Court Candidates,

Take this method of informing their friends, that besides the places already mentioned to receive subscriptions, the following places are also appointed:

The Soldiers Ordinary, King-street, Westminster.

The Pye Woman at the Horse Guards.

The Sausage Stall, Covent Garden Market.

Sweeps Academy, Swallow-street.

The Plying Place, Hungerford Market.

Sir John Glysterpipe, Parliament-street.

Mr. Strap, Penny Barber, Broadway, Westminster.

The Committee return their sincerest thanks to the generous public, for the following donations already received:

To the Gentlemen of the first, second, and third regiments of foot, for a large number of false votes.

For three counterfeit halfpence, left at the Horse Guards.

For a bad sixpence, left at Mrs. Greasy's Stall, Covent Garden.

For three bags of foot from Sweeps Academy, to blind the people with, as they come to poll for their Champion.

For a large volley of curses, damns, and broken heads, bestowed in Covent Garden for many days, by the Hungerford Gentlemen.

For two ounces of sincerity left at Mr. Glysterpipes for our friend Judas, to be taken against the next Election.

For a bad shilling, left at Mr. Strap's, the Penny Barber.

It will be esteemed a favour of any Publican or others, having cut or counterfeit halfpence, or bad silver, to bestow their mites cheerfully, as all money is to be taken to support the cause.

To JOHN CHURCHILL, *Chairman*.

I am a very poor *Chairman* too, as well as yourself; and God knows I stand in as much need of public charity; for I have been laying on the broad of my back these four months; and myself, and my wife, and five small children must have starved, but for Paddy Gaffney and some of my Comrades, who have been very good to us. As you sign yourself a *Chairman*, from Wood's Hotel, you must have heard of Tim. Flanagan, that is my name; and I have used the *Garden*, man and boy, these thirty years: all I would *axe* and desire is, that you will think of my distress, and put my name down with Lord Hood's and Sir Cecil Wray's, for some little share of that same collection you are going to have. And that God may give a blessing to your charitable endeavours, will be the constant prayer of your brother *Chairman*.

May 6.

TIM. FLANAGAN.

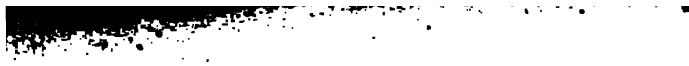
WOOD's



THE WESTMINSTER MENDICANT.

Ye Christians, charitable, good and civil,
 Pray something give to this poor wandering Devil.
 By Man cast out, perhaps, by God forgiven,
 Then may one Devil find a road to Heaven.

Printed by H. Knapton
 1727, Strand



W O O D's H O T E L

May 7.] The Committee for conducting the scrutiny in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray (unanimously appointed by the Grand Committee) return their most humble and grateful thanks, for the numerous and liberal subscriptions which have been already made, by the truly loyal, high-spirited, and independent Electors of Westminster, towards supporting and carrying on their patriotic and virtuous cause, viz.

Left at Mess. Drummonds, Charing-cross	-	0	1	6
Mess. Coutts and Co. the Strand	-	0	3	0
Mess. Crofts and Co. Pall-mall, by Jackson	-	0	0	0
Mess. Hodfoll and Mitchell, in the Strand	-	0	1	1
Mess. Pybus and Co. Bond-street, by the Tribe of Iscariot	-	0	2	0
Total	-	0	7	8

The Committee most earnestly implore the charitable contributions of all Tories and the friends of a Back-Stairs system.

Signed by order of the Mendicant Committee,
J. CHURCHILL.

Notice is hereby given,

That on Sunday next, being the 9th day of May, *Charity Sermons* will be preached in every church and chapel within the city and liberty of Westminster, for the benefit of raising a fund for carrying on the Scrutiny for this city.

N. B. Small sums will be thankfully received, and the subscribers names will not be published.

Third Chapter of the Times!

1. Now Judas being cast out from the Electors, went unto the Rulers of the *Back-stairs*; and said unto them, "Though my tongue is as a rusty bar, and although with trouble and vexation it cleaveth unto the roof of my mouth;

2. "Yet verily, verily, I say unto you, that I have done as you desired; yea I have betrayed my best friend, and have lost the Eldership: and moreover, am become a bye-word among the citizens."

3. And they answered him straightway; saying, "What is that to us? look thou to that!-----Go, seek a subscription, for the Treasury is low, and demand a Scrutiny."

4. Then he departed, and caused the money-changers to carry a box through the city, crying with a mournful voice; *Remember poor Judas---Pray remember the Scrutiny.* And they gathered of the copper coin, about thirteen pieces and a half.

5. And it came to pass that Judas's conscience began to smite him sore: and he went a second time unto those that had hired him, and said: "O ye men of Prerogative! what have ye done! ye have made me to be a scorn and derision amongst the people."

"people." Then he threw down the subscription box, and the copper pieces, and retired, intending to hang himself.

6. And the chief of the *Back-stairs* took up the money, saying; "it is not lawful for us to put it in the Treasury, because it is the *price of ingratitude*."

7. And they took counsel, and parted the money among themselves; and then came to pass what the people's Champion had foretold, that they would divide the spoil with the unrighteous, and eat the bread of infamy.

8. Now the people assembled together in numbers, with tokens of great joy; saying, "Behold the patriots have conquered, and the sons of darkness are fallen into the pit of their own iniquity; yea, into the PITT of *Secret Influence*."

9. "And the names of *Judas* the Candidate, and Churchy the Gallipote, with their brethren, are laid low; for they have discharged their filth! and lo, they are become an abomination amongst the sons of Westminster."

10. Then Fox was elected their Elder; and they placed him in a Chair of State, covered with laurels and silks, and rich embroideries, and costly attire; worked by the handmaids of the citizens.

11. And they carried him in great triumph through all the parts of the city; from the east unto the west, even by the palace of the King; from the rising until the going down of the sun: the musicians, and the singing men and women going before, shouting with the people, and singing,

G O D S A V E F O X!

LONG LIVE FOX! MAY OUR CHAMPION LIVE FOR EVER!

Shakespeare Tavern, Monday Evening, May 13, 1784.

At a meeting of the Committee for conducting Mr. Fox's Election, held to take into consideration the circumstances of the riot which happened at the close of this morning's Poll, and has been continued through the whole of the day,

Lord ROBERT SPENCER in the Chair;

Resolved unanimously,

"That there appears to be the strongest grounds to believe that the whole has arisen from a most profligate and iniquitous conspiracy on the part of the opponents of Mr. Fox, to endeavour to break the peace of the Election, and to overawe the Independent Citizens by the most flagrant unconstitutional means which the despair of a corrupt and unprincipled party could suggest.

Resolved,

"That the introduction of the military, after every appearance of riot had ceased in the morning, their seizing persons peaceably remaining on the spot, retaining them under a military guard, refusing the admission of any evidence in their behalf, and assaulting, with fixed bayonets, a party of Gentlemen who came by appointment with the Magistrates, to offer bail for them, are acts which, if countenanced, violate not only the freedom of Election, but every principle of liberty in the country.

Resolved,

"That the beginning of the riot is solely to be attributed to the extraordinary act of magisterial power exercised this morning in bringing to the Hustings a body of ruffians within the Polling Rail, under pretence of their being new-made Constables, though the peaceable conduct of the Poll for many days past has proved that no such force was necessary for any good purpose.

Resolved,

Resolved,

“ That the letter hereunder published, affords strong grounds of suspicion of the quarter and principles from whence these measures originate.

Resolved,

“ That a Committee be immediately appointed to enquire into the whole of this atrocious and extraordinary transaction, by which the freedom of Election has been audaciously violated, and the most sacred rights of Englishmen tyrannically trampled under foot.

Copy of a Circular Letter sent by Direction of the Lord Lieutenant of the County to the different acting Justices.

S I R,

“ Having received a letter from the Duke of Northumberland, Custos Rotulorum of the county of Middlesex, and city and liberty of Westminster, of which the following is a copy :

“ S I R,

Northumberland House, 8 May, 1784.

“ I think it necessary that a meeting of all the acting magistrates of the city and liberty of Westminster should be held forthwith, to consider such measures as may be proper and adviseable to be adopted for the preservation of peace and good order, within the said City and Liberty, on the close of the poll, which it is expected will soon take place.

“ I must therefore desire you will call such meeting on Monday next, to be held at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at the Guildhall in King-street, Westminster, and I have no doubt *you will be careful to recommend*, that such steps as shall then be determined on, may be pursued with *vigour and effect*.

“ I am with great regard,

“ S I R,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

“ NORTHUMBERLAND.”

William Mainwaring, Esq.

“ I take the earliest opportunity of communicating it to you, and doubt not you will pay attention to his Grace's wishes upon the matter, and that you will meet on Monday next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at the Guildhall, Westminster, pursuant thereto. I am, Sir,

“ Your most obedient servant,

“ WILLIAM MAINWARING,

“ Chairman of the Sessions.”

By order of the Committee,

J. R. COCKER, Secretary.

A N T I C I P A T I O N.

The following extract of a letter will appear in the Paris Gazette.

Extract of a letter from London, May the 10th, 1784.

“ This day a most dreadful riot took place at Covent Garden, between the contending parties in the opposing interests of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, Lord Hood, and Sir Cecil Wray, candidates to serve the city of Westminster in the ensuing Parliament.

“ The

"The contest was long, and the consequences dreadful. To describe the fray would be impossible, as each party contend---it was in the cause of *Liberty*. The *peace-officers* took the *liberty* of attempting to apprehend some *musicians*, who are admirable in performing on *marrow-bones* and *cleavers*; and the *musicians*, on the other hand, took the liberty of applying their *instruments* to the heads of the peace-officers. This produced a disagreeable discord, which, however, terminated in the silencing of several, but the Guards being called in, the musicians were overpowered.

"The fire kept up by the guards was astonishing---an old woman received a bullet in the ear, which has not yet been extracted, though a consultation of the faculty sat upon the wound four hours.

"A musket ball penetrated the head of a magistrate four inches, but it not having reached the brain, his Worship is in a fair way of recovery.

"A noble Lord received a violent blow from a broadsword, on the temple; but meeting opposition from a horn under his Lordship's hat, it glanced aside, and cut off the false nose of an Honourable Baronet.

"Among the Ladies, two lost their têtes. One had a cork rump shot off, and several were deprived of their eye-brows."

Massacre and Military Government !

Gentlemen,

Were ye witnesses to the proceedings of yesterday ? It was the fatal 10th of May, the anniversary of the murder of young Allen, in Saint George's Fields, by the *Third Regiment of Guards*. Did you not see the same *regiment* surrounding the Hustings at *Covent Garden*, in open violation of the *freedom* of Election, and at *night* committing outrages, which, if we tamely submit to, we are as we deserve to be

S L A V E S.

Shakespeare Tavern, Wednesday Night, May 12, 1784.

G E N E R A L C O M M I T T E E.

The Select Committee, appointed to enquire into the cause of the late riot, have reported many circumstances, substantiated by the most incontrovertible evidence, by which it now indisputably appears, that the late tumult, and the unfortunate consequences which followed, are to be attributed solely to the atrocious conduct of the *Magistrate* who brought to the Hustings of Covent Garden, under pretence of assisting the peace officers on Monday last, a desperate banditti, against the opinion and remonstrances of all the other Magistrates who met at Guildhall, Westminster, on that morning. A warrant is obtained against one of the ringleaders in the execution of this daring plan. Enquiries are making after others, and proper methods pursuing to bring the offending Magistrate to justice.

Resolved,

"That the Select Committee be desired to persevere in their enquiries in this business, and that a state of the iniquitous transactions already brought to light be immediately prepared for publication."

By order of the Committee,

J. R. COCKER, Sec.

GENERAL

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

Shakespeare Tavern, May 14.

Authentic information being received, that the measure of bringing a body of near *two hundred armed ruffians*, under pretence of assisting the Westminster peace officers on Monday last, and lodging them in the Committee Room of *Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, in King-street*, from whence they issued to the place of poll, and at the close of it commenced the fatal outrages which ensued, was in no respect authorised by, or concerted with, the Magistrates assembled that morning by the Lord Lieutenant, but was, on the contrary, the sole act of *Justice Wilmot, against the advice and remonstrances of all the said Magistrates.*

The Committee for conducting Mr. Fox's Election, think it incumbent on them immediately to retract any reflection which may appear to be contained in their former advertisement on this subject against the Magistrates in general who formed the *aforesaid* meeting.

And the Committee further pledge themselves, to prosecute to the utmost, the Magistrate who planned this most iniquitous business, as well as the ringleaders, who were so audaciously active in the execution of it.

It is unnecessary for this Committee to request the public to suspend their opinion on this affair, till the authentic particulars are laid before them to-morrow. The falsehoods and scurrilities issued from Wood's Hotel are so base and contemptible, that they can have produced no other effect, but a general suspicion of the guilt of the party they are meant to exculpate.

By order of the Committee,

J. R. COCKER, Sec.

A M U R D E R !

Whereas a desperate banditti, hired against the will and remonstrances of all the Westminster Magistrates, and armed with bludgeons, staves, and pistols, under pretence of assisting the Westminster Peace Officers, did, on Monday last, issue forth from *Hood and Wray's Committee Room, in King-street*, to the place of poll in Covent Garden, and at the close thereof did violently and inhumanly assault fundry peaceable persons, and did thereby raise an affray, in which *Nicholas Casson* lost his life:

This is to give notice, that a reward of *one hundred guineas* will be paid by the Secretary to the Committee for conducting Mr. Fox's Election, to any person or persons who shall discover and apprehend, (so that they may be prosecuted to conviction,) any of the said daring offenders, or the party who hired, paid, or undertook to pay them.

N. B. As warrants are obtained against two of the ringleaders, persons present at the actual commencement of the affray are requested instantly to communicate any material information relative to their accomplices, or their employers, to Mr. Fox's Committee at the Shakespeare.

By Order of the Committee,

J. R. COCKER, Sec.

D d

For

For the Benefit of Slavery.

At the Prerogative Theatre, Westminster, is performing a new Tragedy, called
THE BACK STAIRS CONSPIRACY!

Prompter, by Lord Boots.

Dark Lanthorn, by Lord Backstairs.

Cat's paw, by Billy Plumb.

Combustible, by Viscount Hone.

Dirty Work, by Jack Renegado.

Corruption, by Duke of Badcastle.

1st Jack Ketch, by Lord Pompey.

2d Jack Ketch, by Lord Gaul.

Doodle, by Lord Sapwood, and

Ingratitude, by Judas Iscariot.

Attendant Bullies, by Badcastle's Bone-picker; the Clare-market Dippite; the Scrub-Committee; Parson Swindle; Assa-Foetida, the Parliament-street Glisterer; and a numerous train of young Gentlemen, from Mr. Campbell's Thames Academy, who have been let loose on the occasion.

End of Act I. the celebrated Trio, "How merrily we live who Turn-coats be," by Signors Wilkini, Dundassini, and Jack Renegado.

End of Act II. A Discourse on Virginity, by Billy Plumb.

End of Act III. a Duetto on the Salt Box, by Hurlo Thrumbo and Malagrida.

End of Act IV. a Chorus in praise of the Vegetation of Mushrooms, by some Lords, lately created; being their first appearance.

And at the end of the Tragedy, will be performed a grand Ballet d'Action, entitled

T H E A P O S T A T E S.

In which will be introduced a *pas de deux* by Signors Wilkini and Whelpinetto, to the tune of Young Allen. To conclude with a minuet by Messrs. Balf and McQuirk.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

"Shakespeare Tavern, May 15, 1784.

Resolved,

"That it was highly praise-worthy in the inspectors for Mr. Fox to propose the adjournment of the poll at two o'clock yesterday, upon positive information being received, that an iniquitous plan had been adopted, and was then executing to bring the body of the unfortunate man who lost his life in the affray caused on Monday last by Justice Wilmot's banditti, for burial, at three o'clock, to Covent Garden church, attended by a tumultuous cavalcade, with flags, and incendiary hand-bills, calculated to provoke the most outrageous disorders.

Resolved,

"That the thanks of this Committee be given to the Parish Officers of Covent Garden, for their laudable endeavours to prevent this most indecent and detestable device, to disturb again the peace of Election, and renew the fatal violences of Monday last.

Resolved,

"That this wicked and malevolent proceeding is an additional and decisive proof, that the present object of Mr. Fox's opponents, is to endeavour to render the place of
 "Election.

“ Election a scene of riot and bloodshed, in order to damp the public demonstrations of triumph, which are naturally to be expected on the overthrow of a corrupt cause, supported by the basest exertions of ministerial influence.

Resolved,

“ That it be most earnestly recommended to all well wishers to Mr. Fox, to defeat those iniquitous machinations, by the most peaceable conduct both at the poll and on chairing their deservedly popular Candidate, and to meet the provocations of their adversaries, with the contempt due to the pitiful and unmanly rage of a worthless and disappointed faction.”

By order of the Committee,

J. R. COCKER, Sec.

The Speech of Earl Mansfield, (then Mr. Murray) as Counsel for the City and Liberty of Westminster, complaining of an undue Election for the said City, on Account of the Introduction of the Military during the Poll; delivered before the House of Commons on Tuesday, December 15, 1741.*

“ There is, Sir, a very material fact, concerning the late Election for Westminster,--- a phenomenon, which, I believe, never appeared in England before that time; that is, a body of troops, armed and accoutred, coming to the Election; and, as it is a matter which may perhaps deserve the full consideration of this House, I will beg only to throw out a proposition for your consideration: first a general, and next a particular one. The general is, that a body of regular armed troops, under military discipline, and military command, ought to be present at the place of Election on no pretence whatsoever: and the next is, that in the present case the body of troops came with a view to influence, and in fact did influence, the Election and Return. Sir, I am aware of the latitude in which the first proposition is submitted to you that I have said, on no pretence whatsoever, and I mean to argue it (with deference to your future opinion) as largely as it is a constitutional proposition; one of the corner-stones (if I may so say) of our happy Constitution, is this maxim, that all Elections ought to be free, for much of the rights and liberties of the subject depend upon this House, and the well-being of this House depends on the freedom of Elections. Sir, the Commons, so long ago as the 3d of King Edward the First, would not rest this valuable right on the bare maxim of the common law, but thought fit to have a parliamentary declaration of it; and (to make use of my Lord Coke's observation) was very wisely penned, in such words as to bind the King himself. Can a body of troops armed, with their pieces loaded, be present at an Election, and carry no terror or menace along with them? Regular troops were unknown to the common law; and by the Bill of Rights, after the Revolution, it is declared, they are all contrary to law, unless declared by Act of Parliament; and their presence at an Election have been thought so incompatible, that constantly the troops have withdrawn out of any town where the Election was to be, and have staid till the Election was over; and this was the opinion of every body.

“ Sir, in the first year of the last Parliament, on the question incidentally arising, whether it was in the power of the Crown to leave troops quartered in a town where the Election was? though the Act recites it never had been done, on the bare question being started, the Parliament thought fit that doubt should not last any longer, but they brought in a Bill to remove the possibility of a doubt on that head. What

* This extract from that celebrated speech was printed in the form of a hand-bill, and distributed from the Hurlings, at Covent Garden on this very similar occasion.

“ is the preamble to the Bill? why, that all Elections ought to be free; and the conclusion is, that all troops shall go out of the town, and not to return till after the day of election. Besides this, Sir, it was the opinion of the legislature, last Parliament, that it was a necessary consequence that all troops should withdraw from the place of Election. I am aware of an objection that will be made by way of exception; it will be said, What! cannot the troops come to keep the peace? A specious pretext indeed! I believe there never was, nor ever will be, the case of an army being present at an Election, but every *soldier* has a *double vote*. We need not go into many instances to shew this has been the case. The same cause will produce the same effect. It will be urged, I suppose, the civil magistrate was not strong enough; shall he not then call in their assistance? I beg leave to say, the law of England will not suffer a supposition of that sort to be made; for if a Sheriff, who is armed (I am aware of the objection) I say, if a Sheriff, who is armed with the civil power of his country, or if a Bailiff, who is armed by the law, if he should return as an answer, for not executing the King's writ, that he was resisted, though the fact be true, the law considers it as a fact not to be supposed, and an action lies against him at the suit of the party; and why, because it is a libel on the Government, to suppose the civil magistrate is not strong enough. Sir, I would observe a noted distinction taken in the law-books; if a gaol is broke by a foreign enemy, that is an excuse; but if a gaol was broke open by rebels, the law will not allow the Sheriff to give that in excuse, though it be ever so true, because it is a reflection on the Government. He must arm himself with the civil power, which is strong enough to support itself. Many have been the instances, where a corporation has been disfranchised and fined, because these riots were never quelled, and the law expects they should do it. This is the notion of the common law, and, I beg leave to say, the statute law too.

“ Sir, these troops are kept up by annual Bills;—*not for the assistance of the civil magistrate*; that would be annual keeping up of troops for a reason that lasts for ever:—they are never kept up but upon great occasions, such as carrying on the war with Spain;—there is no intimation that the civil Magistrate wants assistance. This will still further appear from this (which you will give me leave to say) that *no civil Magistrate can command assistance from any body of troops*; and if the law considered them as necessary to assist him, the law would give the civil Magistrate some power to command them there; but when troops do go, they go by virtue of *military authority*, and act there under *military command*. Sir, the authority which the law gives the civil Magistrate, I speak only of those Magistrates that are applicable to the present case, and their defence in the execution of legal commands, is this: they may command assistance of every man within their jurisdiction: every man is a constable for keeping the peace; and what is the consequence if they do not obey; they are liable to a prosecution by indictment or information, and they are clearly so liable. *But can any civil Magistrate send any warrant to the Guards?* Sir, the proposition I have laid down, is not with regard to any single soldier happening to stand there, but a body under military command.

“ *Is there such a warrant known to the law?* Would any military officer be obliged to obey it? No, certainly; for, if he did not, there could be no prosecution against him. Wherever they go, they go by virtue of *military authority*, but not by the *command of the civil Magistrate*, because they are liable to no prosecution if they do not obey. When they are there, they do not act under the civil command; if they did, the only consequence of misbehaviour would be, that they were liable to prosecution on indictments or informations: but will it be contended, that if a body of troops come there, and any one deserts, he is not liable to be shot to death, according to military discipline? *If the Sheriff was to order a soldier to do one thing, and his officer*

“ *officer another, I submit it to you, if he disobeys the officer, whether he must not be tried by a Court-martial: that shews they go by military authority, and there act by military command. Sir, I beg leave to say, in fact, the civil government of this city is substantially strong to support itself: it has supported itself at every other Election throughout the kingdom, and yet there may have come complaints before you, where numbers have been angry at what the Returning Officer did: there is not an imagination of the peace’s being broke: what are the guards of the Court? The Justices: what are the guards of you, but barely the law and the civil authority?* ”

“ *Sir, I am warranted by the resolutions of this House, in the year 1733, to say, that riots and tumults have passed too near these doors; you sent your commands to the civil Magistrate, and instantly all was quiet. Would you, on pretence of keeping the peace, suffer a company of guards to stand in the Lobby? No man, Sir, would wish to live to see that day, when the civil government of this country cannot support itself without the assistance of the Military: I will be bold to say, when it is not, that civil government is undone; for, it is then not the law, but the military power governs; and I hope, in this country, the bare word of a Tipstaff will go as far as the commands of a Lieutenant General. I know it will be pressed still farther; but all this argument will hold, in general, in every case; but suppose a case of most extraordinary necessity, when the civil Magistrate is really overpowered, and there is fire set to the town, shall not the troops then be called in to his assistance? I think I put the objections as strong as I can. That fatal argument of contending for an exception to constitutional principles; that fatal argument has brought us many times to the brink of destruction. Nothing is clearer, than that no freeman is to be imprisoned but according to law: what, not if the King knows he is coming to attack him? The argument was specious, and the power of judging was trusted somewhere, and it took away the whole liberty of the subject. Every man was imprisoned for a *mandatum Domini Regis*. There was another resolution taken, that no money should be levied on the subject, but by the consent of Parliament: what, not on a case of necessity? They argued, it might in a case of necessity, and that overturned the whole rule; and, when money was raised, it was for necessity. Suppose there comes an extraordinary case, never within the intention of the legislature, that produced the dispensing power which dispensed with all the power of the legislature. It must tend to lodge a discretionary power with somebody to judge of that necessity. It must be lodged with the military officers; for it will not mend the case, if it is lodged with the Returning Officer. Shall it be laid down, that troops may go to an Election? These are fatal arguments indeed! How far is necessity to justify? Is it sufficient, that the Officer *suspects* or smells a riot? Is it sufficient, *when he knows in his own mind, he is going to do a thing which ought to provoke the people*. If so, that will conclude a too general discretionary latitude, wherever the Returning Officer thinks fit to have it; and, I believe, it will not much be doubted but the military Officer will exert himself according to the Candidates that sent for him.* ”

“ *Sir, the legislature, in the act I just mentioned, was so far from supposing this exception could be made, that they expressly enjoined, that no troops should come within two miles of the place of Election in a day after. Will a case of necessity dispense with that act? The act says, they shall not come within two miles of the town, till four and twenty hours after the Election!* ”*

* Notwithstanding the evident illegality of the proceeding, those of our readers, who frequented Covent Garden during the Election of which we treat, must have been frequent witnesses of the unconstitutional appearance of an armed military, arranged in battle array, under pretence of keeping the peace. Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, after experiencing the utility of the Guards as *Peers* for them at the Poll, (which, agreeable to COMMAND, they did almost to a man) stretched still further their *manageable services* in a military capacity, and brought them forward at last with guns and bayonets, to support the FREEDOM OF ELECTION!!

SHAKESPEARE TAVERN,

May 16.] A General Meeting of the Committee for conducting Mr. Fox's Election, and of all the Parochial Committees engaged in the same cause, will be held this evening, at eight o'clock, at the Shakespeare Tavern, where the attendance of Mr. Fox's friends is particularly requested upon special business.

The Jack Straw, Dr. J——, once a Parson and a pretended Friend to the Constitution, Vice President to the Charitable Fund.

For the Benefit of the Distressed Candidates, on Sunday Morning, May 16, 1784,
Will be preached in the Parish Church of St. Paul, Covent Garden,

A S E R M O N,

By the Rev. Mr. J---k---n, Small Beer Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of N---c---le,
in favour of the new and arbitrary Institution.

The Organ, by Mr. Bolus, of Parliament-street.

An Anthem to be sung to the tune of *The Prison Groans*, by Mr. Hairsfoot, of the Strand, and Mr. Powder Puff, of Catherine-street.

To be performed according to the *ancient adopted custom* of the *Sons of*

J U D A S I S C A R I O T.

N. B. Great care will be taken that all those who are lovers of slavery, and subscribe liberally to the support of the Court Candidates, shall have commodious seats, and those that are most *liberal* in their *donations* will be conducted in safety up the *Back Stairs*.

* * Strict secrecy may be depended upon, as being consistent with our proceedings.

S T E W A R D S.

Judas Iscariot,
Peter Topmast,

Jack Cross-Eye,
Mr. Rushlight.

Fourth Chapter of the Times!

1. Oh! ye Sons of Westminster! attend unto the lamentations of *Judas Iscariot*; for he hath been disappointed and cast down; and his pleasant things are turned into Wormwood and Gall. Behold, the day is come, when he can no more hearken unto the voices of singing men and women.

2. Lo, he lifted up his voice and cried, "Oh! my bowels, my bowels; how are ye troubled! my guts make a noise, I cannot hold my peace; because I have heard the sound of the trumpet, proclaiming the victory of Fox."

3. Then one of his tribe, called *Churchy* came unto him with bladder and pipe; and said, "Let me comfort thee!" But he answered, "Let me alone, for I am troubled with sore purgings; Oh, I have lost my Eldership, and am become an outcast and an alien."

4. "Forgotten be the day wherein I was born; and woe unto the messenger, who brought tidings to my Daddy; saying, an heir is born unto thee. For behold, I have betrayed my friend; yea, the friend of my country; and disgrace is on my head."

5. "Verily

5. "Verily, my nastiness is come upon me; and the pit that I digged for my friend, am I fallen into myself. Moreover, the people gather round about me, and they encompass me on every side; yea, I say they hedge me in on every side; saying, "Now is Judas broken down! Now is ingratitude punished."

6. Then came Pompey, the Mongrel, who was also sore grieved; and said, "Take courage, dear Judas, and be of good cheer; for it may come to pass that thou mayest yet be elected an Elder; yea, even for Garrat: for peradventure, Jeffery Dunstan will be created a Peer."

7. But he cried out the more vehemently, "Bear me hence, bear me hence; for the shoutings of the people are terrible to my ears, and my eyes wax dim."

8. And they took him up, and cast him on the shoulders of Pompey, Churchy, and a certain Dippite; even as butchers take up a dead calf. And they moved off; yea, in mournful array.

9. And his tribes followed; weeping bitterly, gnashing their teeth and crying, "Verily, verily, we are in the wrong box."

10. "Let us depart unto our dwellings, and hide our heads; and let us put on sackcloth and Ashes; for Satan hath deceived us, and the Man of the People, with the daughter of Truth hath prevailed."

11. Now the rest of the acts of the citizens of Westminster, are they not enrolled in the archives of the city? and will they not on future occasions be made known in the Book of Chronicles, commonly called *The Chapter of the Times*? Yea, they will.

Judas's last Farewell to the Electors of the City of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

It is with the utmost grief and confusion I now lay my case before you, which is so bad, that this day I must be obliged to quit the Hustings. My proceedings are such that I need not repeat more than what have been already related; I have done all I can to gain my Election; but find it in vain; I have stuck at nothing that might be of service to me, such as bad votes, bribery, or even causing riots and murder. Support me, O ye friends, and assist me in the Scrutiny, is the last desire of your old friend,

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

N. B. If any person can bring any account of my friend Justice W----, to the Prerogative Hotel, he shall be handsomely rewarded; as it is feared he is either run away or fettered since this day se'nnight.

The Lamentations of Judas the Apostate.

1. Oh! ye sons of Westminster! hearken unto the voice, and attend unto the lamentations of *Iscaiot*; for he hath been disappointed and cast down: and his pleasant things are turned into wormwood and gall.

2. "My bowels, my bowels; I am pained in my very heart; my belly makes a noise; I cannot hold my peace, because I have heard the sound of the trumpet, proclaiming the victory of Fox the patriot."

3. "Oh.

3. "Oh! Chief of the Back Stairs, thou knowest! remember and visit me! thy words seemed sound and I did eat them; for they were a joy and rejoicing unto thy poor servant.

4. "Forgotten be the day wherein I was born; and woe unto the messenger who brought tidings to my daddy, saying, an heir is born unto thee. For behold, I have betrayed my friend; yea, the friend of my country.

5. "Verily, my nativeness is come upon me; and the pit that I digged for my friend, am I fallen into myself. Moreover, the people gather round about me, and they encompass me on every side, saying,

6. "How is *Judas* broken down!--How are the mighty fallen!--Lo! his tribes pass by, and do not comfort him; no, not one; not even Churchy, the pot-carrier!--Mourn, Oh *Judas*! for the time of thy calamity is come!

7. "I will arise and put me on sackcloth and ashes; for I am a refuse and an off-scouring among the people; and I will humble myself before them: so shall it come to pass that I may become *Mayor of Garrat*.

8. "For Jeffery Dunstan, and Katterfelto, will not oppose me, saying, (We shall be created Peers.) Therefore, when my repentance shall be fulfilled, peradventure they may choose me."

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The independent Electors of Westminster are requested to dine together at Willis's Rooms, in King-street, St. James's, this day, after their return from chairing their illustrious Reprelenative.

The Right Hon. C. J. FOX in the Chair.

Tickets five shillings each, to be had only at the Thatched House and Shakespeare Taverns; and to prevent confusion, no person can possibly be admitted without a ticket previously obtained.

N. B. Gentlemen are requested to enquire for the Rooms, and number, as expressed on the ticket.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

St. James's-street, May 17, 1784.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

This day being appointed by the High Bailiff, for the final close of the poll, I most earnestly intreat the early attendance at the Hustings of each of my friends as have not yet honoured me with their suffrages.

Though the event of the Election is now beyond a doubt, yet it may be of advantage to the repose of this city, that the decision should be by as great a majority as possible.

The alarms which have been spread of tumults supposed to be likely to attend the close of the poll, and the strong reasons there are, that such tumults have been for
some



THE WESTMINSTER

some time past the object of my adversaries, make it peculiarly incumbent upon the REAL FRIENDS to LIBERTY and the CONSTITUTION, to distinguish themselves by their peaceable and orderly demeanor.

Proud as I am of the repeated testimonies you have given me of your esteem, your perseverance in this plan of conduct, will give me more real satisfaction, and redound more to the honour of the common cause we are engaged in, than any tumultuous demonstrations of triumph.

I have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
With every sentiment of gratitude and respect,
Your devoted and obedient servant,
C. J. F O X.

The following is the written Requisition delivered by Sir Cecil Wray to the High Bailiff of Westminster, at the final close of the Poll on Monday last, April 17, viz.

To Thomas Corbett, Esq. High Bailiff of the City and Liberty of Westminster.

" I, Sir CECIL WRAY, Bart. one of the Candidates to serve in Parliament for
" the city and liberty of Westminster, and we the under written Electors of the said
" city and liberty, do hereby demand of you a scrutiny of the votes taken at the pre-
" sent Election of two citizens to serve in Parliament for the said city and liberty, as
" witness our hands this 17th day of May, 1784.

CECIL WRAY."

Mountmorres,
R. Butler,
J. Meyer.
D. Mackenzie,
James Croft,
Morris Marfaut,
John Robertson,

Bateman,
Francis Atkinson,
William Adams,
Peter Paul,
John Jackson,
Rev. John Lloyd.

In consequence of which the said High Bailiff, to the astonishment of all mankind, and the hazard of his own *dignified* person, acceded to the demand of a scrutiny, which he declared should commence in the Vestry Room of the parish of St. Ann's, the morning of the 28th instant, to which declaration, however, was formally entered the following

P R O T E S T.

" WE, Robert Spencer, commonly called Lord Robert Spencer, James Hare, Esq.
" and Thomas Stanley, Esq. Electors of the city and liberty of Westminster, do hereby
" solemnly and wholly protest against the scrutiny now demanded and allowed by the
" High Bailiff, to commence after the return of the writ, and against all proceedings
" to be had and taken by the said High Bailiff in consequence thereof, as illegal and
" unprecedented, as witness our hands the 17th day of May, 1784.

ROBERT SPENCER,
JAMES HARE,
THOMAS STANLEY."

Witness, JOHN ROBERT COCKER.

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To

St. James's-street, June 10, 1784-

To the Independent Electors of the City of Westminster.

Gentlemen,

The difficulty of alluding with propriety, to a subject actually in discussion before the House of Commons, and the impossibility of wholly omitting the mention of the late return in any Address to you, have been the motives which have hitherto induced me to refuse myself the satisfaction of expressing my gratitude to you, for the great honour you have done me, in electing me a fourth time to be your Representative in Parliament.

I do assure you, that I do not feel the obligations you have conferred upon me the less, because they have not yet had their full effect. The plan which appears to have been concerted between his Majesty's Ministers and the High Bailiff, to deprive you of your rights, has been indeed but too successfully executed. The extreme caution with which the return appears to have been framed, in order studiously to avoid all legal examination, either in the common Courts of Justice, or before a Committee under Mr. Grenville's Act, and the art with which the Ministry have contrived to revive, in this instance, the judicature of the House of Commons in matters of Election, are circumstances which deserve your most serious attention, and which of themselves sufficiently evince the opinion entertained of these late measures by their authors. No other return could have answered their purpose of avoiding legal examination, and of precluding you from legal redress. If the High Bailiff had returned Sir Cecil Wray, a petition against such return must have been heard by a Committee upon oath, and a speedy remedy must have been obtained. If a double return had been the measure, your redress would have been still more immediate; the wisdom of our ancestors having given a just priority to such cases, upon that sacred and fundamental principle, never till now violated, that the first business of a House of Commons upon the meeting of Parliament, is to see that its numbers are complete. Even if Lord Hood had been returned singly, such a return could not have been explained away, so as not to fall under the provisions of Mr. Grenville's act. To avoid, therefore, the possibility of your cause being referred to any other tribunal than that of the House of Commons at large, a tribunal whose injustice and partiality, in matters of Election, have been recognized by the House itself, a mode of return was invented, for which no precedent has been found on the records of Parliament, and the House of Commons have determined that the High Bailiff may go on with the scrutiny. Respect to the House of Commons forbids me to make any other observation upon their decision, than that it must make the necessity of Mr. Grenville's act universally acknowledged.

I protest solemnly against the legality of this scrutiny; but I will shun no opportunity of vindicating the insulted character of my constituents. I therefore submit to proceed upon it, with this determination, while I am thanking you for past favours, I must earnestly solicit the continuance of your exertions in your several parishes, as well to detect the bad votes of our adversaries, as to defend such of our own, as may be unjustly attacked.

The audacious manner in which the High Bailiff justified himself at the bar of the House of Commons, upon those very grounds which he disclaimed with indignation in the Vestry Room---the virulence and party spirit that appeared in his written defence, which his friends were yet prudent enough to prevent being submitted to the perusal of the Members; and above all, the clandestine intercourse which appears to have been carried on between him and my opponents, during the whole time of the Election, and the boundless confidence which he seems to have given to all the idle tales of their agents, yield

yield us no very flattering prospect of equity or fairness in the Court before which this enquiry is to be conducted; but truth and justice, supported by perseverance and resolution, will ultimately be triumphant against the daring conspiracy which has been formed against them.

To raise tumults and riots by the means of Constables, whose duty it is to preserve the peace; to make such riots the pretence for an unconstitutional introduction of the military during an Election; to attempt, by a most infamous prosecution, to take away the lives of innocent men; and finally, by an unprecedented return, to exclude this city from the benefit of Mr. Grenville's Act, and to deprive you of your right of Representation, so that your money may be given and granted without your consent; these are the arts, by which those, who have in vain courted your favour, now hope to intimidate you into submission. I feel myself assured, they will find, that it is as impossible to terrify you, as to deceive; and that this respectable city, will, in this season of popular delusion, stand a splendid example of steadiness and attachment to those principles, to which the King owes his Crown, and Great Britain her liberty. It will be my humble task, both in and out of Parliament, to second your efforts, and to do all in my power to justify the partiality you have shewn me through such arduous trials and with such unshaken perseverance.

I must repeat again, that no words can express those sentiments of gratitude with which I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your most obliged,

and devoted servant,

C. J. FOX.*

* The above most sensible and elegant address needs no comment; yet we cannot in this place forego the pleasure of congratulating our fellow-citizens in Westminster, and the kingdom at large, on the glorious conquest obtained by so decided a majority over Court influence and ministerial manoeuvres. The Scrutiny now carrying on, if ever gone through with by Sir Cecil Wray, will, we doubt not, still more splendidly mark the overthrow of venality by the spirited independence of FREE MEN, who, in the very face of HIGH AUTHORITY *unconstitutionally exerted*, dared to oppose a *noble resistance* to arrogant invasion, and return, by legal suffrages, once more to Parliament, the man who never yet, either in or out of office, lost sight of those valuable rights of the people, that can alone preserve to us the true spirit and active principle of our happy Constitution, handed down to us by our ancestors in those two great Charters of Liberty, Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, as settled at the Revolution.

The Importance of Newspapers in a free Country (such as England) is never forgot by the Public Ministers; and Party Men of all Denominations are truly sensible of their Utility. At Elections they claim a particular Pre-eminence, and in no Election have they assumed and maintained more Consequence than in that of which we treat. We therefore doubt not of having the Approbation of the Public, in selecting from the Papers of the Day the following Paragraphs and miscellaneous Matter, which applied particularly to the Westminster Contest. We shall arrange the Paragraphs as we have done the Hand-bills and Advertisements;—those for Hood and Wray apart, and those for Mr. Fox likewise apart, to follow Hood and Wray's, with a running Title to each.

THE TRUE MEANING of Mr. FOX'S ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster.

His Majesty's Ministers (they ought to have been mine) having thought fit, (without my consent) in contradiction to their own declarations, (which I cannot refer to) in defiance of the sense of the House of Commons, (i. e. in defiance of the interest of a small majority, acting in defiance to the sense of the nation, and therefore nothing more than John Roe and Thomas Doe) and without any public pretence whatever, to subject the nation to all the inconveniences, &c. (this is giving the l--e direct to the Speech from the Throne, which assigns a specific reason viz. to take the sense of the nation on the late parliamentary usurpations upon the Crown and the India Company.) I humbly beg leave to solicit (very humble, not to say beggarly, indeed!) "To secure to the people of this country the weight that belongs to them in the scale of the Constitution, has ever been the principle of my political conduct." (Which people does the great patron of the nation's weight in the Constitution mean? the people without doors, or the people within? This depends upon his being in or out of office, in a majority or a minority. In the former, they are uniformly within doors; if in the latter, the people are without doors, wherever he can find them his friends; and by this poor bare-faced collusion has he kept up the farce of popularity, till now the very butcher's dog smells the cheat, and lifts the leg of contempt against the Man of the People. How very foolish are most cunning men!)

CARLO KHAN'S ADDRESS to the ELECTORS of W-----R.

Gentlemen,

Our gracious K--- having (unfortunately for me) discovered the full scope and design of my political conduct, from the features of my East India Bill, which would have robbed the first Company of Merchants in the world of their charter; which would have given me the patronage of two millions sterling a year, and have created a new power in this kingdom, of which I should have been the sole Director and Sovereign Protector; knowing too the turbulence of my temper, and the deranged state of my finances; for these, and such other like futile considerations, thought proper to dismiss me and my noble friend in the blue ribband from his service. Determined to resent this mark of the K---'s displeasure, and to recover (if possible) an office which procured me the annual sum of eight thousand pounds, I immediately exerted all those powers with which I am so happily gifted, to persuade the House that the Constitution

was at stake, and could not possibly be saved, unless my noble friend in the blue ribband and myself had the direction of his M-----y's Councils. We declared the new Minister had not our confidence, and therefore that his M-----y ought to dismiss him.

We addressed, for this purpose; stopped the business of the nation; I threatened to stop the supplies; in short, tried every means in our power to harass the best of K---s, and to bring the nation into anarchy and confusion, and have at last most happily brought about a dissolution of Parliament. Such, Gentlemen, has been my conduct. I intend firmly to persevere in the same steps, and, if possible, to dupe the whole people of this great nation, and make them believe that I am the only man in England who is their friend, and that unless myself and my noble friend in the blue ribband are restored to office, this country is ruined beyond all redemption; that the K. who is emphatically stiled the Father of his People, is Nobody; that the L---s are cyphers; and that a small majority of the House of Commons is the Constitution as by law established. Conscious that in every situation (both in and out of office) my system has been uniformly the same, I hope and trust that I shall be supported by all honest men at this Election, and by all patriots in the House, till the Constitution is completely demolished; till the K---, L---s, and People are my vassals, and till the glorious days of the Protector shall again return.

Having thus fully and dispassionately stated to you my political principles, and my political conduct, I can have no doubt in the world of meeting with every support on the present occasion.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c. &c.

March 31, 1784.

C. J. F.

MISCHIEFS arising from GENERAL ELECTIONS.

1. The greatest abuse of the most solemn action of a man's life, the taking of an oath.---By this abuse the sense of the importance of an oath abates, and men swear falsehoods on all other occasions with calmness and ease.
2. The propagation of falsehoods of the most glaring nature; the ruin of the peace of families and individuals, by slanders scattered with cunning, and seldom cleared up until too late. Hence friendship and philanthropy are driven from the breast of men, and self-interest and malice take place of those virtues.
3. Duplicity, treachery, false promises, protestations, and artifices of the most base kind are publicly exerted in order to succeed. Hence mutual confidence is destroyed between man and man, and a species of barbarous hostility erected in the minds of man against each other.
4. Men lose their temper, women lose their modesty, trade loses workmen, voters lose their senses, and disappointed candidates lose their money. Hence general integrity is weakened, and universal dissoluteness of manners advances hastily.
5. More promises are made than ever will be put in practice; more patriotism boasted than the country possesses; more assertions made than ever can be proved; more fools made than ever can be mended; and more idleness propagated than the country can admit. Hence the most serious things are turned into ridicule, and oaths, promises, &c. are considered as matters of course, and of indifference.

As for what may be said to be gained by a General Election, we shall consider that hereafter.

P R E S E N T P O L I T I C S. E L E C T I O N S.

Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.

John Bull (God help him and a Parliamentary Reform) now thinks of nothing else but Elections.

He

He is therefore furnished with these maxims.

Chuse no man-- who must be *perjured* when he swears *bona fide* he has a *qualification*!

Chuse no man---who has *nulla bona* but now and then a Roulleau or two from the *jo-ecularity* of fortune at Brookes's.

Chuse no man--who lives in ready furnished lodgings, and hires his carriage by the month--of course, who has *nulla bona*, no goods seizable by the Sheriff!

Chuse no man---who owes 20,000*l.* a year in gambling annuities.

Chuse no man---whose expences at the last Election are not yet all paid.

Chuse no man---who was to have been provided for by the late iniquitous East India bill.

Chuse no man---like the Bristol people---chuse no man---who was an accomplice of the late blasted coalition.

T. DOBBES.

Queries to the honest, loyal, and independent Electors of Westminster.

1. Who is the notorious and infamous *liar* that formed a coalition with Lord North?
2. Who is the *thief* that attempted to steal three great provinces of the Mogul empire?
3. Who is the consummate *hypocrite* that pretended to do this out of compassion to the natives?
4. Who *robbed* the India Company of their charter, trade, and revenue?
5. Who was the impudent *rogue* that professed to do this for the *benefit* of the *proprietors and the nation*?
6. Who attempted to *filch* the *Crown* of its prerogatives?
7. Who hired a gang of ruffians to *murder* the King's Minister?
8. Who *stole* the *Great Seal* from the Lord Chancellor?
9. Will any *soldier* or *loyal subject* vote for a man who insults his Sovereign?
10. Will any one with the feelings of a free Briton give his suffrage to the avowed contemner of the people?

The noted *Samah Houski*, keeper of a caravansera and trumpeter to *Carlo's* body guard, is said to be indefatigable in his endeavours to prevail on the troops to intoxicate themselves with beer, brandy, and American opium; it having been observed, that few men are so warmly attached to the *Can*, as those who are mad or drunk.

Mr. F--x, like his crafty name-fake, the well-known quadruped of *Vulpine* race, is never without a sly shift when necessity drives him to a pinch. Having first canvassed Westminster on his own bottom, with little hopes of success, he has now recourse to a stratagem from which he expects some advantage, by coupling the respectable name of Lord Hood with his own, in his latest hand-bills, as being united in the same common interest. This is such a barefaced imposition on the understanding of the Electors, after being publicly and authentically informed that Lord Hood had already embarked his cause with that of Sir Cecil Wray, as challenges the most pointed demonstrations of their indignation and repentment. But such impudent and deceitful policy is no new thing with that daring invader of *Chartered Rights*. He took the same liberty at the last General Election, with the name of Lord Rodney, then Sir George; but the friends who conducted the canvas for that gallant veteran, he being abroad himself on the public service, scouted the idea of such a connexion, by exposing the falsehood publicly; though the artifice had wrought so far before it was deemed worthy of notice, that they were not able ultimately to defeat the end it was intended to answer. This, says a correspondent, furnishes an example for Lord Hood, if we could suppose he stood in need of any precedent to direct his conduct in the present emergency; and he may assure himself, if he is not
early

early in his endeavours to undeceive the public, that the interest of Sir Cecil Wray may suffer *now* in the same manner as that of Lord Lincoln did on the *former* occasion.

Nothing can exceed the supine and inconsistent conduct of those who have *addressed* the King, and thanked him for dismissing his late charter-breaking Ministry, and yet refuse to stand forth in a body to support the tried friends of the Constitution, and to discourage the *creatures* of the flagitious *Coalition*. The *appeal* is made in vain, if the *people* will not seriously attend to it. Electors! awake! arise! or be *for ever fallen!!!*

The Electioneering Fortune is not the blind Goddess--Hitherto at least in this business her arrangements are such as perfectly to satisfy virtue and her friends.

The county of Middlesex, and the cities of London and Westminster, are the grand exemplaries of public conduct, which never fail to be felt and followed by every district not venal, not implicit throughout the kingdom.

Poor "fix to one" is quite chop fallen; *sans* hopes; *sans* votes; *sans* cash; *sans* credit; *sans* creditable friends; *sans* every thing.

A certain Gentleman in his canvas has met with a few thrusts not easily to be parried! "Pray, Sir, where is your qualification?" was the laconic knock-me-down at more than one house he went to---"Sir pay me what you owe me," in another: In one of the markets he was hooted, and the dogs set at him; and in almost every street through which he passed, if his delight was in *curfing*, he did not go empty away.

It has been said in some of the daily publications, that Mrs. H---- is retired to Weybridge *for the benefit of her health*. We are happy, however, to assure our readers, that she is by no means *indisposed*. Mr. H----- has a house there, and thinks that at this time of the year a little country air will not be unseasonable. Good *breeding* is not very prevalent in the country; yet there is not perhaps a spot, even in *Wales*, where the air is better adapted to that purpose.

The Prince of Wales has dismissed several of his tradesmen for not giving their support to the faction, now in opposition to his Father's Government, and to the general sentiments of the people. Among the rest, his butcher, who is worthy a better name and profession, was discharged for declaring, that with all due respect to his Highness, he should vote according to the best of his judgment, and should, in the present contest, follow the dictates of his own conscience. His tallow-chandler was also discharged for the same delinquency. When these facts are known, and fully authenticated, shall we hear Mr. Fox complain of a *Minister's* interference in an election, or of the undue interposition of the *regal influence*, to prevent the Crown from being enthralled, and the people sacrificed?

Indifferent as the world may be, the only parliamentary return that can do honour to any man, is for some district of large and populous habitation, where at least the majority of the inhabitants have to entrust their Representative with the confidence of a vote. As such we recommend it to Mr. Pitt to take his seat for the city of London, for Middlesex, or Westminster!

As far as the present view of the Electioneering Interests can carry us, it is at least four to one against Mr. Fox in Westminster---against Mr. Sawbridge for the City---and Sir Richard Hotham for the Borough.

Mr. Erskine and Mr. Sheridan are expected to be returned for one of the Boroughs belonging to the late Marquis of Rockingham.

The

The *Man of the People*---so to be called from his large dealings among all sorts of people, and his increasing impositions---has lately been the means of having an execution sent into the house of the *Silly Earl*, who, from the accession of great property, has of late become one of the Firms to the late blasted Coalition!

The execution above referred to was for the trifling sum of 4500*l.* and is no uncommon favour imparted by the great abilities of this Gentleman to his bosom friends---witness a similar ceremonial repeatedly performed at the Earl of C. Mr. C. Sir C. B. &c. &c.

Scarcely any public topic could be more diverting than the *ludicrous distresses* to which several conspicuous individuals in *Opposition* have been reduced, in raising their electioneering supplies!

Wherever your *Political Adventurer* shall start, let the *Qualification* be a thing sifted to the bottom---let the perjured front of each *Insolvent* be in all places hooted from the Hustings!

Parliamentary corruption is by no means a novelty; but one of the most memorable instances of venality in a British Parliament was in the reign of Edward II, who was impeached and barbarously murdered by their being the dupes of an infamous woman. At that time the Knights of Shires, during the sitting of Parliament, had ten groats a day allowed them; and if either of them happened to have the honour of being *dubbed*, his allowance was raised to four shillings. But the Parliament of these days, as has been hinted above, disgraced their Prerogative: A spirit of faction annihilated every principle of justice. They deposed their Monarch with the same facility they would have exiled a common individual. Edward fell a sacrifice to their tyranny, and *Majesty in distress* excited the tears of his subjects: For who could forbear to weep, when they saw *him* weep? Who could refrain to shudder at the thought of a red-hot iron being applied to the flesh, and finishing the existence of an amiable and virtuous Prince?

Several Candidates are much distressed for a steady friend to take the chair and keep it---for one that can drink without flinching for three days and nights together, and settle a score of Electors under the table at one time---who can, moreover, sing a good song---give good sentiments---toast eternally---and cajole every man that comes near him.

The French Ambassador is canvassing for Mr. Fox, and makes the most strenuous efforts for that renowned patriot. His Excellency is in this instance the real friend of *his Court*; for while we are quarrelling about the Ins and the Outs, our enemies are vigorously preparing for some future war, when this kingdom may (thanks to the coalition) be irretrievably undone!

Mr. Randall, the great glass-man in St. James's-street, is the firm friend to Karlo. Perhaps he may find to his cost, that his friend's promises are as brittle as the goods in his shop, and that he cannot receive any *lustre* from the connection!

We have been very confidently assured, that were the bare names, without the moving details of the sufferings and despair of *Fox's genuine Martyrs*, to be now published, it would far exceed in size all probable computation. By the above epithet are to be understood all those who attached themselves to his East India Bill, from the humble expectants of places of 50*l.* a year, promised by Sir Henry Fletcher, up to the Right Hon. Lord North.

The lovely Duchess of Devonshire is strong in the interest of Mr. Fox. Her Grace canvasses every day, and has caused a thousand Coalition medals to be struck on the occasion; one of which (though surely not with a kiss from her lovely lips) she gives to every Elector who promises a *plumper* for Mr. Fox!

Allowing

Allowing Mr. Fox ten years to recover his character, the vigour of his intellects must by that time begin to decline; so that his sun of glory has fairly set in meridian lustre, never to shine with equal brightness more.

We understand that *Carlo Khan*, at present, consumes a vast quantity of soap, in washing the dirt off his hands, contracted in canvassing, and in holding greasy handled pots in the different *alc-houses* of Westminster.

Carlo's bronze front is of prodigious service to him during his present canvass. He is obliged frequently to put up with the contumely of the very lowest order of the people, more grating than even the taunts or insolence of office.

Carlo Khan, dubious of success, and mistrustful of the fidelity of his *black* troops, *alias* body guards, has lately visited that noted *Bramin*, *Katterfelto**, and desired him to canvass the celestial powers, as his confidence in the terrestrial began to subside. But we are informed, that the *Bramin* declined the office, and very honestly assured *Carlo*, that he was no more a *conjurer* than the other was a *patriot*: Notwithstanding there was an expedient, by which he might secure success with the vulgar, viz. by amusing them with promises of doing wonders for them, together with a few deceptions, and a great deal of talk. This the sage assured him, was the method which he himself had practised with success on those very persons, whom *Carlo* now wished to gain over to his interest.

It is said that the D— of B—, and the P— of W—, are busy in canvassing for Mr. Fox. It must be supposed, that in this employment, so admirably suited to their high rank, they cannot be otherwise than successful.

It is pity the rough disposition of Mr. Fox should have made a dismissal of the Parliament necessary, while so much time must be lost in a regulation of India, agreed to be wanted on all hands: but surely there is a difference between taking a friend by the hand to raise him from distress, and knocking him on the head at once!

Col. Katterfelto is at present busily employed in canvassing for his friend *Carlo*. There was never, perhaps before seen so dark a canvassing group, composed of the *Khan* himself, the man whom all the country people imagine to be the devil, and his *black cat*.

When a certain Gentleman sent down an hundred guineas to the poor of Stafford, he wisely recollected, that "Charity covers a multitude of sins."

We understand, that notwithstanding a certain Orator's reprobation of *secret influence*, he has got a petticoat Committee to canvass and manage his business for him. Mrs. ———, of Bruton-street, is said to be *chair-woman*.

Ministers having been offered a Bill of Fare, on Tuesday last, we think it extremely hard that opposition should not experience a similar complaisance, especially as they are

* As *Katterfelto* has often been mentioned by the partizans of Hood and Wray, we beg leave here to acquaint our readers, that the said *Katterfelto* is a most infamous impostor, and pretender to philosophy; his native country Germany, probably a Hanoverian. For some time past he has collected money sufficient of the idiots of this country to pay the expences of his advertisements, besides, we believe, some little emolument to himself. But will the populace never grow wise? Must a *Katterfelto* and a Pitt impose upon the public for ever with equal success and equal ability?

at present more in need of a treat. We therefore present them with the following.
N. B. The dinner is to be given at the Shakespeare. End of Courier I. a song by Lord Derby*.

B I L L O F F A R E.

Lord North,	-	-	Hang-beef.
Colonel North,	-	-	Calf's-head hashed.
Mr. Sheridan,	-	-	Olives.
Mrs. Robinson,	-	-	Rumps and kidneys.
Mrs. Armistead,	-	-	Lamb's fry.
Mr. Rigby,	-	-	Suet pudding.
Mr. Stanhope,	-	-	Rabbits.
General Conway,	-	-	Minced veal.
Lord Loughborough,	-	-	Scotch haggis.
Lord Mansfield,	-	-	Scotch kail.
Jack Lee,	-	-	Hasty pudding.
Lord Beauchamp,	-	-	Potatoes and butter-milk.
Mr. Courtenay,	-	-	Hashed mutton.
Lord Derby,	-	-	Wood pigeons.
Lord Carlisle,	-	-	A turkey pout.
Mr. Foljambe,	-	-	Yorkshire pudding.
Harry House,	-	-	Pickles, &c.
Mr. Weltje,	-	-	German puddings.
Sam. House,	-	-	Porter and beef-flakes.
Mr. Burke,	-	-	Frogs fricassied.
The Cyprian Corps,	-	-	Marrowbones.

A more patriotic or benevolent sentiment was never uttered than Sir Cecil Wray's expression respecting Chelsea Hospital; it has indeed been twisted into all the horrid shapes that depravity could suggest; but it was nevertheless the effusion of an honest and a generous mind. What person can hear, that each of the pensioners on the Chelsea establishment costs no less a sum to this distressed country than fifty-one pounds per annum, knowing at the same time that they could be better subsisted, and with more content to themselves, for one-third of the sum? Who can hear this without heartily wishing the fabric to be demolished, and its revenue more beneficially applied? The munificence of the nation should be directed solely to objects of compassion, to heal the wounded, to comfort the distressed, and to recompence the toils and dangers of the brave; but, alas! how different are the appointments, and how inadequate the rewards! Instead of affording an asylum to the veteran who has fought in his country's cause---instead of proportioning pensions to the merits of professional claimants, and consequently admitting treble the present number to its comfortable participation; alas! who can but exclaim,---The bulk of the income is dissipated by extravagant appointments, and sinecure enjoyments of favourite females, pensionized footmen, and the dependent friends of some Minister in power.

We hear that the D---s of D----- grants favours to those who promise their votes and interest to Mr. Fox.

* This is a piece of wit of the most witty Mr. W. Editor of the Morning Post.---*Risum tenentis amici.*



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PROCESSION N^o 14.

Few words are more frequently abused, in modern politics, than the word *respectable*. To say the truth, it is a word entirely of newspaper creation, having no authority above a speech in Parliament, or a Coalition pamphlet, to defend it*.

A *respectable meeting of Electors* is a meeting when nine out of ten have neither house nor vote in the place.

A *respectable member* is one who is more assiduous to please his patron than his constituents; and of such *respectable* members the number has of late increased very much.

A correspondent thinks, that in future those members, who, *to serve their country*, give ten or fifteen thousand pounds, or perhaps squander a whole estate upon a borough, should make a bargain with Government that Parliament should last its whole time. Some *respectable* gentry seem to feel very sore on this point, and are wonderfully *nervous* on the mention of a dissolution.

It is remarkable, that the meetings of *respectable men* generally happen to be held in taverns†.

The citizens of London have now an opportunity of evincing to the world, that they really possess some degree of consistency, a matter at present much doubted. Mr. Pitt's Administration, and his conduct as a Member of Parliament, have hitherto deservedly received every mark of their approbation; let men of Mr. Pitt's principles then, the true friends of their King and Country, receive that confidence and support, which the abettors of an infamous and unprincipled faction have so justly forfeited.

Mr. Fox is an orator, and nothing but an orator; his whole conduct as a Minister proves his total want of experience or address in foreign negotiation, as well as his deficiency of public virtue in the management of our domestic concerns. *Sallust*, in one of his fragments, characterizes a famous orator of his country and times in this manner:—"Cujus omnis vis virtusque in Lingua sita est."

In the contest between Lord Hood and Mr. Fox, it will appear whether the people pay the greatest honour to the character of a crafty and subtle pleader, or to that of a plain and gallant soldier.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

April 2.] Yesterday at eleven o'clock the Election for the city and liberty of Westminster commenced at Covent Garden. The prodigious concourse of people assembled on the occasion considerably obstructed the regularity of the proceeding, and so far favoured the designs of Mr. Fox and his friends, whose intention seemed directed to create confusion.

Mr. Baker opened the business, by stating the nature and the importance of the trust about to be delegated; and as to the merits of the several candidates, he said he should consider them all as *equally honourable*. This expression excited general resentment; the auditors almost with one voice exclaiming, "Talk not of the honour of Mr. Fox." Others exclaiming, "What! compare him with Sir Cecil Wray, who is an HONEST MAN!"

Mr. Fox then advanced to the front of the Hustings, and amidst the hisses, cat-calls, and *execrations* of thousands, proceeded to harangue the multitude. He said he was extremely happy to meet his friends on the present occasion; that he loved the people, and had been uniform in supporting their rights; that the cause he had so lately

* An idea of the most *respectable* Mr. W.'s, Editor of that most *respectable* paper "The Morning Post."

† Happening to know something of the author of the above *newspaper* assertion, we beg leave to inform our readers, that all his *respectability* entirely arises from tavern doctrines and hearsay evidence.

struggled for, was the cause of the people; and that he conceived too well of their public spirit, to suppose them capable of deserting a man, whose strenuous efforts had been recently exerted in their behalf.

He was proceeding in this strain, when the hootings from every quarter preventing a syllable from being heard, he declined; and that it might not appear he was so universally the object of dislike, the *marrowbones and cleavers*, stationed for the purpose, struck up, and thus overpowered by their discordancy, the noise resulting from a general hiss.

This manœuvre being happily adjusted, Lord Mahon came forward, and was received with the loudest acclamations. His Lordship strongly recommended Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, as two characters deserving the most vigorous support of the Electors. The one had gallantly distinguished himself in the service of his King and country; the other, as a Member for Westminster, had acted with consistency, uprightness, and honour. That his conduct had been unexceptionable was evident; because, after the enemies of Sir Cecil Wray had exerted their utmost ingenuity to discover a cause for reducing him to a level with themselves, all they had been able to advance against him was, that he had declared, "*even another tax on domestics would be less oppressive than the Receipt Tax*;" which had been the odious measure so strongly supported by Mr. Fox.

Lord Mahon then retired to the back of the Hustings, and Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Hood advanced, both of whom experienced every mark of approbation. Lord Hood professed his intention of devoting the remainder of his life to the service of his Constituents, and in support of those measures only which would benefit the country.

Sir Cecil Wray declared himself entirely at the disposal of his Constituents. Their instructions he would always obey; their wishes he would consider as obligatory on his conduct. To every measure of national utility, he declared himself a friend. The Reform of Parliament, the repeal of the odious Receipt-tax, were objects nearest his heart. His late colleague Mr. Fox had deserted him on several occasions, particularly when the Receipt-tax was in agitation. That tax, so universally oppressive to trade and commerce, had been *approved by Mr. Fox*; but Sir Cecil said, that it had always met his marked disapprobation. He had spoken and voted against the Receipt-tax, in every stage of the Bill, from its first introduction to the final passing of it by the House of Commons.

This declaration called forth a burst of applause, and Sir Cecil Wray retiring from the Hustings, the High Bailiff proceeded to the business of nomination.

Mr. Baker nominated Mr. Fox on the inside of the Hustings.

Dr. Jebb in the same place nominated Sir Cecil Wray. He requested the attention of the people, and addressed himself to them in nearly the following words:

"Before I speak to the character and parliamentary merits of the gentleman, whom
 "it is my purpose to recommend to your suffrages, permit me to premise a few words
 "respecting a subject intirely unconnected with party, and which more immediately
 "concerns yourselves. You are now met to exercise the most important franchise you
 "possess to delegate the most important trust which can be conferred on man—the
 "power of making laws, which may possibly tend to your peace and welfare, but may
 "also be the occasion, to yourselves and posterity, of distress, of slavery, and final ruin.
 "By the present unconstitutional practice, you are called upon to delegate this trust for
 "seven years. It is therefore your duty, until the ancient salutary custom of annual
 "Parliaments shall, by the exertions of the people, be restored, to guard, with especial
 "care, a delegation of a nature so important, and to use every precaution which can
 "secure you against the consequences of its abuse; and it is more particularly incumbent upon you at this important crisis, when the attention of the people is so
 "strongly

“strongly called to that Parliamentary Reform, which alone can preserve this country from destruction. The city of London has set a noble example, worthy of imitation by the whole kingdom. The principle is liberal, constitutional, and just. It is my purpose therefore to call upon your Candidates to express their assent to the following declaration :

“I do declare upon my honour, that upon a fair signification of the wishes of a majority of my constituents, I will either act in conformity to their instructions, or embrace the first opportunity of vacating my seat.”

Dr. Jebb then proceeded to express his abhorrence of that coalition which had effected so much evil to the country; and pointed out, by variety of arguments, the necessity of marking it with peculiar censure. He declared, that if after such defection, men found they could regain the support and good opinion of the people, others would be encouraged to trifle with the most solemn engagements, and at first delude with false shews of patriotism, and afterwards at their pleasure insult the honest feelings of their countrymen. He then entered fully into the character and conduct of Sir Cecil Wray, whom he warmly recommended to the citizens of Westminster as a truly honest man; that his parliamentary conduct had always been steady and consistent; that he had ever been sedulously attentive to his duty; that he was the friend of parliamentary reform from principle, and that as he acted from principles of the purest kind, he trusted he would ever serve them with fidelity and zeal. With full persuasion, therefore, of his virtues, he with confidence nominated Sir Cecil Wray as a proper person to represent the City and Liberties of Westminster in Parliament. He was warmly seconded by Mr. Vardy.

Sir Cecil, in his speech, acquiesced in the preceding declaration.

The names of the Candidates being then severally put up, the majority of hands was declared to be in favour of Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Hood. A poll, however, being demanded by the friends of Mr. Fox, the books were opened, and it began at one o'clock, and closed at three, when the numbers stood,

For Mr. Fox,	-	-	302
Lord Hood,	-	-	264
Sir Cecil Wray,	-	-	238

Several Ladies of a certain rank in Westminster, are exerting very extraordinary *interest* for their friends.—Let who will rail against *secret influence*, and *back stairs*, there will always be some *influence*, and certain *stairs*, which honest men do not scruple to mount on certain occasions.

QUERIES and REPLIES.

What is the meaning of the phrase, Modern Patriot?—A man who, under pretence of rendering services to his country, is aiming at the acquisition of power to gratify his private ambition or avarice.

What is the meaning of the phrase, Political Consistency?—Acting directly in contradiction to strong professions and promises; speaking one thing to-day, and contradicting it to-morrow.

What is the meaning of the phrase, Secret Influence?—A political bugbear, used by some to alarm others; as nurses frighten children, by crying, *raw head and bloody bones!*

What is the Man of the People?—A barking dog of the Fox breed.

What is a Lord Chancellor?—Except one, the greatest man in Britain, if his name happens to be Thurlow.

What

What is a Lord?—A Lord is a *Temple*, which the people decorate with laurels.

What is the Crime of Youth?—To be eminently virtuous, and to possess the wisdom of old age, with the strength and spirit of manhood; to refuse associating with public plunderers, blacklegs, and sharpers.

The proper answer the public ought to give to those long winded orators on the *Source of the Evil, Back-stairs*, &c. is the reply of Cleomenes, the Spartan General, to the Ambassador of Samos, viz. "As to what you have said, the first part I do not re-member; the middle I do not understand; and the last I do not approve."

The public are respectfully informed, that in case of a vacancy in Chelsea Hospital, *General Blackbeard* intends offering himself as a Candidate; the dangerous wounds he received in the battle of Leadenhall-street, his loss of popularity, honour, and conscience, he trusts, will be the best recommendations in his favour.

The learned *divine* at the *Evangelical Cockpit* observes, that *election* must imply that there is a *re-probation*. It is imagined, that the ensuing General Election will verify his assertion, and that the number of the *reprobates* will be considerable.

The majority by which *Carlo* was admitted a *Knight of the Brush*, was of the same respectability with that by which he carried his last motion against the Minister. He was within one of being black-balled.

An eminent grocer being solicited by Mr. Fox to give him his vote, laconically replied, "We have tried your professions long enough already, and I'll be d--d if I give my consent to make any further experiments, either of your *honour* or *honesty*."

How sanguine soever Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray may be of the support of the *Chairmen* of Committees, their friends the *Chairmen* at Brooks's are determined to support the cause of Cataline, and to *poll* for him in Covent Garden in the same spirited manner *they did in St. James-street*; and it is said they have received their orders accordingly.

One cannot hesitate on which side to declare from the very emblems of the two parties that now contend for Westminster. On one side you see a union flag displayed over the colours taken from France and Spain, and their true motto is, the *Constitution*. On the other side the pitiful device of No Tax on Maid Servants, and a wretched allusion to what was never said respecting *Chelsea Hospital*, and their true motto, *Coalition*.

It is remarkable that two celebrated Duchesses are no less opponents in *politics* than rivals in *beauty*. Their relative condition seems to be much the same in both; the one is gradually declining, while the other is rising to her meridian.

We are much pleased to find, that *no-body* sends to our paper paragraphs to counteract matters of fact. It is also a happy circumstance that *no-body* takes an active part in supporting a faction against the united efforts of the King, the Lords, and the people.

Humphrey Cotes, Esq. set up, a good many years ago, as a Candidate for the Representation of Westminster on a very slight interest. At the close of the Poll, while the other Candidates were supported by thousands, for Humphrey Cotes there appeared only eighty; on which Mr. Cotes said, "I am surprised that I had so many, I did not think there had been that number of honest men in Westminster."

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St. James's parish have promised at least fifteen hundred *plumpers* to Mr. Fox. St. Clement's, St. Martin's, St. Anne's, and St. Paul's, are said to be at least five to one against him; the others are divided with tolerable equality.

A Gentleman passing through Covent Garden yesterday, observed, that he had long prognosticated what Mr. F.'s violent and factious disposition would bring him to in the end, yet he had not expected, three months ago, to see him so soon upon a *scaffold*.

It is expected that the present Election for Westminster will afford the warmest contest, since the time of Sir George Vandeput and Lord Trentham. Westminster is said to contain not less than forty thousand Electors, one half of whom are expected to poll on the present occasion.

We are informed that a huge foreigner goes about to the P. of Wales's tradesmen, with pretended orders for them to vote for a certain candidate, on pain of losing his R. H.'s custom. If he has no such orders, it should be disavowed; if he has them, his employers should be told seriously, that a menace is as unconstitutional as a bribe, and a violent infraction of the rights of the Electors, and of all the people; and is a mean, cowardly action.

Nothing but a Poll can ever ascertain the inclinations of the people of Westminster, as the place of meeting is open to all distinctions of society; and accordingly Covent Garden was on Thursday filled with chimney-sweepers, draymen, chairmen, pick-pockets, whores, bullies, blackguards, barrow-women, &c. &c. without number. Such, we aver, composed the majority of the Thursday's meeting.

The motives which actuate *voters* in disposing of their votes, are rather curious. One gives his vote to a member, because he has known him many years: Another, because he knows nothing at all about him, and therefore supposes he may be honest: Another, because he expects a favour from him: And another, because a friend of his was once obliged to him. Thus, not once in one hundred times do we find a voter qualified by knowledge, or by integrity, to give his vote to the man who deserves it.

The *Bub* and *Grub* Committees have already been very successful. Hardly a *rotten sheep*, or a bottle of *bad wine*, to be got in London, or its environs.

On Saturday a friend of Mr. Fox's, who had constantly obeyed the signal to *buzz*, given with a Fox's tail from the Hustings, was detected with his left hand in a gentleman's pocket, while he was waving his hat with the right. He was immediately consigned to the proper officers to undergo the usual discipline, from which neither his numerous friends, nor the blue cockade with his hero's name upon it, could protect him. Several *seals* were found about this rogue, and it is imagined, from the money in his pocket, that he had been *bribed*.

Among the many artifices used by Mr. Fox's friends to obtain votes, has been that of promising different tradesmen to procure them his R. H.'s custom. Some have been seduced by these means; but they will find themselves the dupes of their own credulity.

We hear that Joseph Surface, Esq. who has long officiated as *Jack Pudding* to *Carlo Khan*, has lately sworn horribly, that if he lost his Election, he would resign that post, and leave his friend Charles to eat fire, spin ribbands, and play on his own salt box.

Mr. F.—'s great attention to the property of the East India Company proves that he has no indifferent qualification for the place of an *overseer*.

The punishment for *bribery* is fine and imprisonment, though frequently the *pillory* is substituted in lieu of one or both of them. Should a certain *orator* be convicted in consequence of the bill of indictment found against him, he may possibly have an opportunity

portunity of haranguing the mob at Bridgewater, and having his brows crowned with a *wooden laurel*.

After having been once mad, when the people again return to their senses, it is seldom they relapse into their former folly. The leaders of the Coalition may flatter themselves with the hopes of a return of their popularity; but it is not to be expected that the public will be a second time duped by these *pretenders* to patriotism and virtue.

Mr. Fox is certain of at least five votes in the parish of St. James's. However his *Majesty* may be affected towards him, his interest is strong in *King's Place*. The *Ladies* from that seminary appeared at the Opera-house on Saturday, decorated with Fox's tails, and seemed determined to support, with all their influence, whether open or *secret*, their favourite Candidate. Hence an argument for the truth of an old adage, which the reader's recollection will render it needless to repeat.

Not long since a Gentleman, who was thought to be a well-wisher to the present Ministry, happened, in a mixed company, to assert, that of all men in this country, Mr. Fox was the most proper for a Prime Minister. How, said one present, is that *your* opinion? Yes, said the other, it is allowed on all sides, that these are *desperate* times, and by H---ns, he is the most *determined* v----- I ever knew.

Lord North lost his election at Banbury, by a single vote, which was given by the Mayor against his Lordship. When this defeat was first reported yesterday to Mr. Fox, on the hustings, he offered a bet of *five to one*, it was not true; but a friend, more in the secret than Mr. Fox, advised him to make no bet on the subject, as it was an undoubted fact*.

Nothing has more maimed a certain miscreant on his canvass, than the silly zeal of some of his adherents---ignorant as unprincipled, they mistook time and place, and treated the independent and substantial tradesmen of *Covent Garden parish*, like the groveling vassals of *Tavistock*!

Chelsea Hospital.--Sir Cecil Wray wishes to provide for the old soldier---Charles Fox wishes to provide for a number of foreign footmen and other drones in Chelsea Hospital. Thus Mr. Fox's friend, Rigby's man, one Petonet, a Frenchman, has a suite of rooms, that ought to hold a dozen old soldiers, at 100l. a year salary and other perquisites, which according to Sir Cecil's plan would feed and clothe six or eight of our decrepit warriors---Mr. Fox's friend, Rigby, has also a brother-in-law, who possesses the deputy government, a useless sinecure, with emoluments and apartments, that, if Sir Cecil's plan (as every good man must wish) was carried into execution, it would provide for half a regiment!!!!!!!! &c. &c. &c. Bakers who never bake, washerwomen who never wash. *Look at the red book.*

Nothing can equal the joy of the wife and good at Cambridge on the success of Mr. Pitt and Lord Euston. It is something more than a personal affair---it is the triumph of parts and virtue, over their deplorable opposites.

The contest for the city and liberty of Westminster is likely to prove so warm, that, in all probability, the Election will be spun out to the last possible hour for returning the members; and after that, should Mr. Fox be one of the two, it is strongly reported, that a scrutiny is resolved on. It is certain, that the majority of those who have hitherto polled for that Gentleman, had a most suspicious appearance. Their *drapery*, and other circumstances about, renders the validity of their votes extremely questionable.

The mode that prevails so much at present, of aspersing the characters, or otherwise misrepresenting the conduct of competitors in Elections, is no less unmanly, than wicked

* Poor Mr. Editor of the Morning Post was obliged soon after to retract the above assertion, which appeared in his paper. He owned it a LIE, and begged pardon of the public for telling it.

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and dishonourable. The late attacks on Sir Cecil Wray and Mr. Atkinson can only excite the indignation of men of liberal sentiments, instead of answering the malignant views of their authors, or serving the odious and dishonest purposes for which they were made. Calumny must ever give a bad title to recommendation. It is therefore, in good policy, as well as in common justice, the last expedient that a man of sense or honour ought to have recourse to for procuring favour: and none ought to trust those who think a crimination of others necessary to give an advantage to themselves. It is a sure sign that they cannot stand on the bottom of their own merits. The spirit that shewed itself in Covent Garden on Saturday proves the impotence of detraction in the one case; and it is to be hoped that Guildhall will exhibit a like laudable example in the other.

It must be a matter of indifference to Mr. Fox whether he is successful or not in his Election for Westminster: for should the indictment against him at Taunton Assizes be established upon trial, the immediate consequence must be an *expulsion* from Parliament.

It is not true that the late *watchmen* of the people were dismissed and sent home to their parishes for *sleeping* on their stands: the fact is, that more than half of them were detected in the attempt of plundering that very property, which it was their duty to *guard* and defend.

The tradesmen at the west end of the town shew altered countenances on the events of the Elections, as they have hitherto turned out. *Writs*, very different from those of Election, are already preparing. In a word, *Capias!!!*

"Let 'em look to their bond" is now the exulting language of the shopkeeper and money lender, on the near prospect of being able to *arrest* some of the *honourable sharpers*, who, under prophaned protections, have so long preyed upon the metropolis.

If the nation for their sins should ever be again visited with an Administration formed out of the club at Brookes's, and that incapable villainy which blundered through the American war, Mr. Weltje, and two or three of the head waiters, are certainly to be brought into Parliament; and, perhaps, made Bank or India Directors.

Mr. Fox's property is really spoken of as next—to the Duke of Bedford's!!!

Beautiful ladies, in all future Elections, it is thought, will be provided by all Candidates to assist them in seducing the Electors. Girls will be brought from Armenia, and the Grecian Islands; Covent Garden, with its environs too, will supply females for electioneering. In short, since it has become fashionable to seize the voters by this *handle*, there is no saying what may not be done.

Can there be a greater proof of the freedom of Election being *attempted* to be *destroyed by opposition*, than the threats which are daily making by *young hopeful*, the *lately* prolific Dukes, &c. denouncing *bankruptcy* on all those honest tradesmen who *dare vote* according to their *judgment*.

Mr. Fox, one day last week, on attempting to speak to his *little audience* at Covent Garden, found them rather vociferous and turbulent; on which he observed, that he did not think "he should *ever* be able to make them hear him again." Why, I fear not, said a gentleman that stood by; if you want your speeches to be heard, you must make them of a very different kind from what you have hitherto done; and you must now and then endeavour to substitute *actions* for *words*. My Lord Hood, added the Gentleman, is, you see, very well attended to; but then, you must observe, he has been on actual duty, and *his works speak for him**.

* Neither Lord Hood or Sir Cecil Wray ever addressed the Electors on the *out* or *inside* of the Hustings during the whole Election. The ceremony they performed each day after the Poll finished was to come in front of the stage, and join hands in dumb shew—bowing to the populace, and exhibiting the pantomime painted on many *sign posts*, known by the name of "*The Salvation*." Mr. FOX spoke every day for some time together.

The publication of the poll, confronted with the names of those who signed the Address, will be a strong *test* of the consistency and independence of the Westminster Electors.

Mr. Fox, at the close of the poll yesterday, attempted to harangue his *old friends the mob*, but the noise of *biffing* was so great, it was impossible for him to be heard; his carriage stood near the Hustings, with the harness *loosened* and *unbuckled*, and surrounded with a *chosen band*, in readiness for the business which was to follow. On his returning to the carriage, the horses were *instantly* taken out, and his *hireling few* drew him to his house in St. James's-street, *not* amidst the acclamations of the populace, as was expected by his friends who planned the scheme, for the manœuvre was *too paltry* and *too clearly* seen through, to excite any thing more than a *contemptuous laugh* at the absurd attempt to recover the popularity of a man, who seems to have lost every shadow of right to public favour.

When the Duchess of D——re was canvassing for Mr. Fox's party at St. Alban's, as she stepped out of her carriage to go into the house of a butcher, by some accident her shoe was torn, inasmuch that it was with difficulty she could keep it on her foot. In this embarrassment, the beautiful politician acquitted herself with great vivacity and good humour; she kicked the shoe from her, and said, "I gladly serve my friends, even bare-footed." When Julius Cæsar landed in Africa, as he jumped out of the vessel he stumbled, and fell to the ground. The superstitious soldiery would have been discomfited at so ominous an incident, had not Cæsar with great quietness turned it into a favourable prognostic. He grasped the earth, and exclaimed *Teneo, te Africa*. "I hold thee Africa." As if he would conquer in spite of fortune. What an excellent couple Julius Cæsar and the Duchess of D——e would have *formed*?

Monday at three o'clock, as one of the clerks appointed to take the Poll for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray was retiring from the Hustings, he was assaulted in a most outrageous manner by a chairman, who struck him several times on the shoulders with a bludgeon. The clerk endeavoured to make his escape to Wood's Hotel, but the chairman pursuing him, made a stroke at his head, and he fell down. The mob perceiving the transaction, protected the clerk from further violence, and they endeavoured to secure the chairman, who had also struck a sailor on the eye with his bludgeon, and it is supposed that the poor fellow will lose his sight.

The chairman being thus taken, was carried to Covent Garden Round-house, and the clerk's head was examined by a surgeon, who advised bleeding, the application of a poultice, and he pronounced the wound to be of a nature which rendered it impossible to answer for the consequence.

In the evening the chairman was removed from the Round-house to Bow-street, where Sir Sampson Wright attended as the acting magistrate. The person of the chairman was identified by several witnesses; the fact of his giving the blow, was proved on oath, and every circumstance was investigated with the greatest impartiality. The chairman of course denied the charge, and a person attended in quality of Solicitor to offer bail for his appearance. The consequences which might result from the confusion being not, however, yet ascertainable, the tender of bail was refused, and Mr. Patrick Joyce (for that is the chairman's name) was committed to prison.

It is curious to observe how the Candidates of every description, at the present moment, assume to themselves the title of *Friends of the People*. The venal and the ambitious, the tyrant landlord, the profligate gamester, the encroacher upon legal rights and constitutional privileges, all boldly pronounce upon the integrity of their past conduct, and talk of virtues which they never knew. Amongst the foremost of these bold Hypocrites, are the very persons who, in the contest for power, trampled upon
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the great charter, insulted their constituents, and would have sacrificed the *three* branches of the legislature to a *fourth* unnatural, hateful, monstrous *power* of their own creating. But let these truths be impressed upon the mind of every Elector throughout the kingdom :

1. The friend of the people is the friend of the constitution, as settled at the glorious *Revolution*.

2. He that would lop off any *one* branch of the legislature, is an enemy to *all*.

3. *Past* good conduct is the best test of *future* integrity.

Mr. Fox, in his canvas for the city of Westminster, met with many rude and mortifying refusals, but his great affability and facetious disposition gained him over some friends, who declared they could not refuse him a vote, (though they disliked his political principles); but his great support is from the Bedford and Devonshire interests, who strain every nerve to serve him.

Yesterday the beautiful *coalition Duchess* again exerted herself in the cause of her friend. Her Grace was dressed in a *black riding habit*, probably lamenting the hopeless condition of the party. The weather being rather cold, her Grace had Paddy L——, the blanket merchant, in her carriage. It was remarked, that affairs must be in a desperate way indeed, when the ladies were obliged to have recourse to brandy.

It is said, that speedily will be published, a new *List of the Covent Garden Ladies*.

When the *canvassing Duchess* solicited a tradesman in *Tork-street* for his vote and interest in favour of Mr. Fox, he said he could not have refused her request, if she had been in company with a *gentleman*.

It had been reported, that *Perdita's* carriage was distrained upon for a debt of several hundred pounds; but the *fair one* gave the lie to the report, by appearing yesterday in the Covent Garden cavalcade.

Notwithstanding the assiduity of our modern Venus, in her canvass of yesterday, to her great disappointment, she could not secure a single *plumper*.

The D—s of Dev—re says, at all events, if her friend Charley should be discharged at Westminster, the *only borough in her gift* is at his service.

If men find themselves abashed on being under the necessity of applying for votes among strangers, and people of rude and unpolished manners, what are we to expect from women? What are we to think of their female *softness* and *delicacy*, who bounce from shop to shop, insisting on men giving their voice according to their desire? In truth, these ladies may mean well; and it shews them to be friendly *at bottom*, but it also shews, that they have parted with that feminine modesty, and unassuming delicacy which form the characteristic of an amiable woman.

Though the tide was against the *Hood and Wray* men of war at their first setting out, yet the wind changed so favourably on Saturday, and the Commander of the former, being an experienced sailor, knew so well how to make a good use of it, that, taking his consort in tow, he shot rapidly a-head of the Fox fireship, which is left now beating up astern. Poor "*fix to one*," what a sad reverse! If some fair breeze, of which there is no appearance in the hemisphere at present, does not suddenly spring up, he will, in all likelihood, be obliged to invert the former reckoning of his log-book, and, in place of it, set down only *one to fix*.

A certain beautiful lady of quality, who has for some days past canvassed on foot for her favourite Candidate, met lately with such a reception as she might reasonably expect; one man offered 100 votes *for one of her favours*.

A tradesman of the Prince of W. being asked by his friends, whether he had voted for Mr. Fox, replied, "Yes, d---n him: but I have procured nine of my own dependants to vote against him." This anecdote, which proves how difficult it is to resist the popular current in a free country, may be depended on as a fact, although, from a regard to the interest of the spirited tradesman, we avoid giving any hints of his name, profession, or place of abode.

Anecdote.—The Duchefs of D--- asked a butcher for his vote, "I will give your Grace a *plumper*," says the tradesman, "and procure you *five* more, on a certain condition." "What is that?" "That your Grace will give me a *kiss*." "Why then," says the charming Duchefs, "*take one*."

A gentleman, who had a vote both for Westminster and Surry, being very strongly solicited, by a certain Duchefs, to vote for Charles Fox and Sir Robert Clayton, answered, "That he was very sorry that it was not in his power to oblige her Grace, but that he had made an unalterable resolution, neither to vote for *Fox* nor *Goose*."

Extract of a letter to Mr. Fox, from a certain canvassing Duchefs.

Dear Charles,

"Yesterday I sent you *three* votes, but went through great fatigue to procure them; it cost me *ten kisses* for every *plumper*. I'm much afraid *we are done up*—will see you at the *porter shop*, and consult ways and means.

Yours,

D---e House.

S---A D---E.

N. B. Clare Market is a *filthy* place—keep up your spirits; I have a borough—you know where.

The Duchefs of Devonshire yesterday canvassed the different alehouses of Westminster, in favour of Mr. Fox. About one o'clock she took her share of a pot of porter at Sam House's, in Wardour-street*.

Mr. Fox, it is said, means to stand for Middlesex, in conjunction with Mr. Byng.

Carlo Khan presents his compliments to his approved good friends, and requests them at least to *countenance* his cause, and not any longer to cast a damp upon his *hopeful prospects* by such *rueful* and *woe-begun* looks, as he has resources yet unexhausted. His *chairmen*, *porters*, *linkboys*, and *ballad-singers*, who have not yet polled, are requested to give an early attendance to-morrow. The *great coats*, purchased by the subscription-money, and the *shirts* and *small clothes*, furnished by her Grace the Duchefs of ---, will be delivered out at the several places of rendezvous.

On Tuesday night last it is certain that a very serious encounter was apprehended between the Irish chairmen and Lord Hood's sailors. The scene of action, it was expected, would be St. James's-street. A regiment of guards had orders to be in readiness.

Wednesday evening, about five o'clock, a strong party of chairmen pursued a few fugitive sailors into a Mews in Charlotte-street, Portland-place, where they absolutely killed one man: another seaman had his skull fractured, and many others were very much hurt.

Notwithstanding the exultation expressed by the opponents of Mr. Fox, upon his being rather behind upon the poll; and though appearances, it must be confessed, seem rather unpromising, yet it has been whispered by his friends, with some confidence, that should human means fail, he is not destitute of other resources, having been encouraged by repeated applausive purrings, to expect the aid of the superhuman talents and abilities of Dr. Katterfelto's thrice-celebrated *black cat*, the wonderful wonders already performed

* *Morning Post*. In the course of these paragraphs, we have only to caution our readers, that all the abuse and illiberality against the virtuous and lovely Duchefs of Devonshire is taken from this infamous paper, whose slander, however ill-meant, can never take effect with the lovers of truth, and those of the public, who know any thing of the Editor.

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by whom can leave no room to doubt a favourable issue for Mr. Fox in the present contest.

The Westminster Election, which now may be considered as settled in favour of Sir Cecil Wray, adds another proof to the old experience, that "honesty is the best policy," that nothing but shabby failure can attend a plan of imposition and roguery.

The publication of the Poll for Westminster will be the completest libel that ever was on the few individuals of decency and substance who have been surprised or forced among the infamous and insolvent wretches who have been the supporters of Mr. Fox—pimps, brothel-keepers, quack doctors, uncertificated bankrupts, blacklegs, and blackguards of all denominations!

It has ingratiated Sir Cecil Wray with all ranks of men, that he has pledged himself, according to Doctor John Jebb's test, to be the faithful agent of his constituents; and of course, among other proposed emendations of a public nature, is the fast friend of a Parliamentary Reform.

It was Mr. Wilkes and Sir Cecil Wray who laid before Administration the plan for taking off the last tax upon porter; by which that wholesome beverage will again be retailable at *three-pence a quart*!

The dissenters, a most valuable body of men, as well as all the London clergy, are decidedly in favour of Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Hood.

The other day upon the Hustings, but *where* our correspondent does not mention, a Candidate, whose private character was of a loose and profligate kind, was positively dunned for several debts in the hearing of all the bystanders.

Chelsea Hospital.—Look at the red book, and see how the French footmen, the foreign cooks, the runners, the parasites of former paymasters and their accomplices, are wallowing in costly and useless accommodations, to the exclusion and starvation of the worthy old warriors. Petonet, Rigby's footman, eats up 150l. a year; Beaumont, the Duche's of Bedford's butler, 250l. Horsington, Lord Keppel's bailiff, 100l. Champion, the baker, 100l. though all the bread is bought from a contractor, &c. &c. Let Charles Fox answer this if he can.

The Political CONFESSION OF FAITH of ——— before the great Congregation of the People, in solemn Meeting assembled on the 30th Day of the Month Abib.

NEGATIVE BELIEF.

A Representative ought not to have

Any eyes of his own
Any tongue of his own,
Any judgment of his own,
Any purse of his own.

AFFIRMATIVE BELIEF.

A Representative ought to have the

Eyes of his constituents,
Tongue of his constituents,
Judgment of his constituents,
Purse of his constituents.

Sic credo sic volo.

Temple

Temple Bar and the Counter-gate now lift up their heads—in hopes of their *proper garniture*. Their “promotion cometh neither from the East, from the West, nor yet “from the South!”

On the publication of the Poll for Westminster, a bet was offered last night at the Cocoa Tree, that not *one* considerable stock-holder in the public funds would be found in the Poll of Charles Fox. The bet going on the principle of self-interest, and each man's regard to his own property, was on its first face such a truism, as makes it sure of winning.

The friends of a certain desponding candidate having exhausted their immense stock of falsehood and abuse upon those real favourites of the citizens of Westminster, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, are determined at last to end the matter handsomely, by resigning their pretensions on the glorious 12th of April, and making the *amende honorable* to those brave men, on whom they have so unmeritedly thrown the most ungrounded aspersions.

We are assured that a certain Great Personage has ordered the German confectioner in St. James's-street to prepare an elegant model of the Ville de Paris striking to the Bartleur, with the other professional devices, to celebrate this second victory of the gallant Hood on this great day, so fatal to the enemies of Great Britain.

This being the 12th of April, the anniversary of that glorious day, when the empire of Great Britain was saved, perhaps from annihilation, by the victory over Admiral *De Grasse* in the West Indies; a victory which was acknowledged to have been obtained principally by the intrepidity and exertions of LORD HOOD; it is hoped that the people of this capital will not forget an occurrence so glorious and so beneficial to Britain, but will attend in Covent Garden to congratulate the brave veteran on the recollection of a triumph so flattering to the pride of every one, who deserves the honour of being called an ENGLISHMAN.

Let this anniversary be contrasted with that of the 27th of July; and then let a just comparison be drawn between the Coalition Admirals, and those who support the present Administration.

The story of Lord North's discomfiture at Banbury was an election manœuvre of good effect at Covent Garden, and well managed by Mr. Jackson, agent to the Duke of Newcastle. Printed bills were pasted on the walls, posts, &c. and parties brought to huzza the event. A note was handed up to the Chancellor, as he was hearing a cause. It threw him into a violent fit of laughter, from a state of gravity bordering on moroseness; and he communicated the occasion of his merriment to the Court.

Which is the most genuine description of *Secret Influence*? A Peer of the realm advising his Sovereign in great national concerns, and avowing it openly in the great national assembly, or a P-----e obliging his tradesmen by the terrors of dismissal, and D-----s employing all the fascinating attractions of female beauty, to cause them to vote contrary to their judgment, and in opposition to what they conceive to be for the public welfare?

We are assured, on authority not contemptible, that there is no borough at present vacant for Mr. Fox. The D. of P. kept one in reserve for some days, till it was thought that Mr. Fox was certain of carrying his point in Westminster. It is not to be imagined, however, that Mr. Fox will be in the situation of many among his friends. His great abilities entitle him to a seat in Parliament, and his usefulness to the party will ensure him a seat for one of the Coalition boroughs.

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Whatever measures the Minister may attempt to carry, he will meet with a formidable and *constant* opponent in Mr. F. unless it be during the interval the latter will be on his trial, or answering for the consequences of it in Somersetshire.

A certain Orator has lately won 15,000*l.* at Faro, and is said to have near twice that sum at his banker's. If so, it is not extraordinary that he should be so expensive to his friends.

Mr. Fox has met with great support, during his canvass, from the officers of the Pipe Office. This useless office was founded by Oliver Cromwell, and is now under the direction of the Duke of Portland's *eldest* son.

CROSS READINGS.

During the Election Mr. Fox has received the free, independent, and unbiassed suffrages of---A large body of Irish Chairmen, armed with cutlasses, bludgeons, &c. for the purpose.

Mr. Fox's Committee are still sanguine in their expectations of success---Should a majority of votes *appear* in his favour.

The Westminster Poll will close the end of next week---With the entertainment of the Devil to Pay.

When the D---s of D---e alighted, on Friday, at a tradesman's in T---street to solicit his vote for Mr. Fox, the man told her Grace, that her person was charming, her eyes bewitching, her *mouth* inviting; but all these made no alteration in the principles or conduct of Mr. Fox, he should adhere to his former declaration in the address, by giving his vote to Sir Cecil Wray.

A certain lady of great beauty and high rank, requests that in future when she condescends to favour any shoemaker, or other mechanic, with a salute, that he will *kiss* fair, and not take improper liberties.

Good *velvet* cushions will prevent the ladies, who drive about the town on canvassing business, from being too much jostled with the motion of the carriage.

Henrietta-street is now become the resort of all the fashionable *reps.* *Perdita* attends constantly, and throws out Fox's colours. Query, How many voters may *Perdita's* fair face gain over to the cause?

Perdita seems to have *lost* her bloom, as well as her spirits. Is the P--- still *insensible*? Or does she lament the *decay* of the party? By the little baskets of flowers, which so exactly resemble *coronets*, one may easily discover what her mind is fixed on.

Ladies of Pleasure have ever been of prodigious service to *conspirators.* Not only *Cataline*, but also the famous *Jacques Pierre*, and several other contrivers of mischief, have carried on their operations through the medium of a *Courtezane.*

Considering the quantity of *brimstone* used by a certain candidate in his canvass, it is rather extraordinary that he should be *over-matched.*

We can assure the public, that the beautiful and accomplished Duchesses of Rutland does not drive about the streets and alleys, or otherwise act in a manner unbecoming a lady of rank and delicacy.

The three *seducing* Duchesses have been *indefatigable* in their canvass, which they have managed in a *different way.* The old Dowager Duchess of Portland has attacked with
chit

abit chat and volluble persuasion. The Duchefs her daughter with *mildness* and sensible moderation; while the *lovely captivator* has ensnared with a glance, and carried her point by the majestic sweetness of her graces.

As Reynard was lately canvassing in Hedge-lane, and soliciting a nocturnal nymph there for her husband's vote, the fair one threw the contents of a *looking-glass* in his face, accompanied with a polite oath of denial, and a laugh, telling him not to be angry at her favour, as it was only some of the true *Devonshire brown*!

The modest women have now almost entirely deserted the *Fox Corner*, Covent Garden; so that the "Man of the People" is at present supported by the *Women of the People* only.

A treaty of marriage is said to be in agitation between the Hon. *Charles Fox* and the *Duchefs Dowager* of Bedford, through the medium of Mr. Rigby.

Among the *fairest* of the fair canvassers on the part of the *Man of the People*, none was more successful than the *Corbina*, alias the *White Crow*, not the *Bird of Paradise*, nor the *Perdita*, sent so many *polls* to the Hustings.

The Duchefs of Devonshire commenced her canvass at St. Martin's Le Grand, and concluded it in St. Margaret's parish: This was right, the *sun* should always rise in the east and set in the west.

It was observed of the Duchefs of *Devonshire* and Lady *Duncannon*, while they were soliciting votes in favour of Mr. Fox, on Saturday last, that they were the most *perfect pieces* that ever appeared upon a *canvass*.

We can assure the public, that the Duchefs of Rutland, far from driving about from shop to shop on the business of *seduction*, has not been in the capital since the Election began, and is now supposed to be in Ireland.

Who would not purchase the *kiss* of a favourite one at any price? Does not the *Duchefs* who gives a *kiss* for a vote, pay for it a *valuable consideration*? Have a care, fair *D—n*; bribery is by common law either imprisonment or the pillory.

While Mr. Fox and his people are at their last gasp, Sir Cecil and Lord Hood are in the fullest spirits; not one of their Committee is yet polled, nor any of their most intimate friends!

If Mr. Fox has any regard for the peace and welfare of Westminster, he would have given up the contest on Saturday. His friends have long since abandoned all hopes; but added, "The poll should be kept open, if it was but to vex the tradesmen, who thus dared to think for themselves!"

It is hoped the crowd, however exasperated by the provocation of undue influence, will not again insult the *fairest of culprits*. However faulty on this occasion, however calumniated, we dare believe her zeal can proceed from no improper motive!

Dr. Heberden, Mr. Jonas Hanway, and the Rev. Mr. Madan*, three of the most wise and virtuous characters of the time, on Saturday voted for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

The miscreant who on Saturday was detected in his attempt to poll more than once, and therefore underwent the discipline of ducking, is said to have been seduced into this iniquity, by *arguments more substantial* than common zeal. Several gentlemen in our hearing expressed themselves with much astonishment and abhorrence at the fellow's iniquity. A venerable gentleman in the crowd replied to them, "God help him! his

* Author of *Thelipthora*, or Treatise on the Lawfulness of a *Plurality of Wives*!—*Morning Post*, as usual.

"guilt is not half so atrocious as that of a *Candidate*, who sinking under the load of "notorious insolvency, must be also perjured when he swears to his qualification !!!"

A debt of 150 pieces was claimed in a most mal-apropos manner on the Hustings at this Election. The thing was getting wind, when one of the Committee, obviously with more money than wit, took the creditor home, and satisfied him!

The reason why Mr. Fox keeps open the Poll so long in Westminster, is because every day brings to town some few of the Coalition Members of the late House of Commons, who make it a point upon their arrival to repair to the booth in Covent Garden, and give a plumper to the Coalition Generalissimo. Quere, What are the friends of Mr. Pitt and Sir Cecil Wray about? Why don't they adopt the same mode?

The young Lord Holland is again thought to be irrecoverable by his physicians. On his decease, Mr. Charles Fox succeeds to the English Peerage.

The woman sent about Westminster in a carriage with *Ducal Coronets*, to canvass for "the Man of the People," is, we have reason to believe, not the owner of the carriage, but the pretty *Femme de Chambre* of the *Perdita*!!!

Again we say to the Electors of Westminster, imitate the inborn spirit of the county of Somerset—Determine against aristocratic assumptions—Let no man in the remainder to a Peerage be forced upon you. Again we say to all the Electors, chuse no man who is notoriously *worse than nothing*, who must be *perjured* when he swears to a qualification!

The female interest daily making for Mr. Fox, only serves to expose the wretchedness of his cause; for, the Candidate whose sole dependence is on the Ladies, must be put to his Shifts.

The very decent conduct, and modest exertions of certain ladies in favour of Mr. Fox, demonstrably prove the Right Honourable Candidate to be the meer creature of female influence; indebted for the support he has met with to those numerous Hoydens of quality, who, like Macheath's ladies in the Beggar's Opera, always sympathize with a *great man in distress*.

Peereffes being intitled to all the privileges of Peers (as was held in the case of the Ducheſs of Kingston, who was exempted from burning in the hand, though convicted of *felony*) of course they are liable to every *incapacity* annexed to the *peerage*. It is clear, therefore, that as it is held *unconstitutional* and *unlawful* for *Peers* to *interfere* at *elections*, it is equally so for *Peereffes*, and this may be further strengthened by another legal reason, that the act of the *wife* is the act of the *husband*.

We are pleased to hear, that Mr. Lambert, the P——'s tallow-chandler, neither *at his words*, nor retracted from his principles, but in spite of the sollicitations of Mr. W——e, on whom he retorted the charge of delusion, gave his vote to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

Mr. Wilkes polled on Monday for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

The Poll for the city ended on Tuesday. The very next morning Mr. Alderman Sawbridge proceeded to Covent Garden Hustings, and gave a single vote for Mr. Fox. These are the first fruits of obedience to the instructions of Constituents.

As Mr. Fox began his Election on the 1st of April, he seems likely to prove himself an *April-fool* in the contest.

Her Grace the Ducheſs of Devonshire having lately discarded her *black hair-dresser*, perhaps, as the sex is fickle, she may soon discard her *black patriot*.

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While

While her Grace is busied in canvassing the Constituents, her domestic husband is employed in the nursery, singing, "*Hey my kitten! my kitten!*" and comfortably rocking the cradle!

Many of Mr. Sawbridge's friends, who were present at Guildhall coffee-house on Thursday last, are much surprized at having seen an advertisement in all the daily papers, stating a resolution to have been entered into by them for assisting Mr. Fox in his canvass for Westminster. The Livery of London may be assured, that no such resolution was signed by the Chairman of that Committee, nor did he ever give his authority for such publication; it may therefore be considered as an Election squib.

A fact.—A few days ago, as a certain speechifier was on the *canvass hunt*, he went into the house of a man, with whom he had no manner of acquaintance. On asking him for his vote, he was desired to walk into the parlour, where the wife and daughter, he said, were impatient to receive him, that they might have the honour to salute so great a patriot. After Mr. Fox had favoured them with a kiss, now said the man, I think you should go through the family. You have nothing else to do, but to kiss my ---, and then instantly leave the house, *for if I had a thousand votes, you should not have one of them.*

Mr. Fox is now serving up his *second course*; which consists only of the first, *en bache*, & *fricassée*. No wonder that low wretches may be found to *perjure* themselves for a bribe; but it is rather extraordinary that a man of eminence should be a candidate for the pillory, by possessing both qualifications.

When Mr. F—— and his partners in the *Pharoah Bank* are ousted, the host of *Pharoah* may be said to be again overthrown; not in the *Red Sea*, but in a *Pit*.

In order to shew the detestation in which are held the measures, which have been pursued by the *Man*, who has arrogated to himself the title of *the Man of the People*, the day after the conclusion of the Yorkshire election, an air-balloon ascended from the Manorsore, amidst a very numerous circle of people of the first fashion and consequence of the county and city; to the lower part was affixed a halter, at the end of which dangled the effigy of a Fox, suspended by the neck, *fontis more*, from whose mouth issued a label with the following inscription: PRO PATRIA*.

Mr. F. seems to be gaining ground in his Election; and it is not to be wondered at, since the D—s and his other *female friends*, have left no stone unturned, in order to secure it. It, however, requires only a little exertion on the part of Sir Cecil and his Committee, to counteract all their *manœuvres*. They should be particularly attentive to detect the unqualified voters, by having a proper number of intelligent persons from every parish in Westminster on the Hustings.

It seems to be chiefly by good *management* that Mr. Fox has gained a little ground. A certain gentleman has marched the whole *corps dramatique*, from *King Richard* down to the *Carpenters*, *Scene-shifters*, and *Candle-snuffers*, to vote for their brother *actor*.

Sampson's manœuvre, in fastening firebrands to the Foxes tails, is now thought, by several sage people in Westminster, to have been a prophecy of the present times—as the firebrand of one Fox has been found infinitely more mischievous and destructive,

* Alas! how changeable are all sublunary things! The date of this publication (27th July, 1784) gives us an opportunity of informing the public, that within the distance of two months from the time of the meeting of the new Parliament, the Yorkshire people have quite changed their sentiments; the immaculate Minister, Mr. Pitt, was publicly burnt in effigy at York a few days ago, and all his adherents scouted for their slavish obedience to the nod of a *Prerogative Premier*!

in the present age, than all the firebrands that ever were before employed since they came first in fashion.

A man yesterday morning, who had just given his vote for Mr. Fox, was asked by some persons about the Hustings, "What part of the town he lived in?" but giving an equivocal answer, and afterwards owning he had *no vote*, but had been *prevailed on* to poll, the mob thought him a proper object to make an example of, which was instantly done, by giving him a most severe *pumping* on the spot.

It is generally believed, that not less than *one hundred* bad votes polled yesterday in Covent Garden; it is not a question on *which side* this happened, as the object of a *certain Candidate* is *now*, only to get at the head of the poll, for which purpose the town is ransacked for people desperate enough for the business.

Yesterday the noted *Barrington* voted for Mr. Fox; and, it was reported, at the *earnest solicitation* of her Grace of D——*.

We hear the celebrated Mr. Green, who made his escape out of Newgate (in the riots, when it was burnt) where he was confined on a conviction of perjury, and sentenced to stand in the *pillory*, has been very busy collecting a new *family*, many of whom have offered to swear themselves hired by the Court party for the purpose of rioting, though known to be instructed, and paid by an agent, on the other side. Mr. Green was the bosom friend of the noted *Tyrie*: no wonder he should be staunch to the *quondam Man of the People*.

A *certain Right Honourable Beauty*, in her canvass on Saturday for Charles Fox, met with several ludicrous rebuffs. Not being the best of pay, she was in more than one shop unexpectedly saluted with her *bill*. In the streets she was harrassed with low obloquy, and much indecent reference to the "*Fox's tail*!"

It is a certain fact, that in the subscription for the electioneering support of the principal insolvents and insurgents, the leading prostitutes and sharpers at gaming tables have supplied the largest individual sums!

During the Newmarket gambling, expresses are to be brought without intermission to Covent Garden. The sober Electors will have the goodness to take care they are not run over. As to any caution about their pockets being picked, they now *understand characters* too well to make any caution of that kind necessary!

It is asserted on good authority, that Mr. Fox offered on Monday to let the poll for Westminster be finally closed, on condition that the opposite party would agree to pay one half of his expences; but they peremptorily refused to accede to such terms. It is to be wished they may not have reason to repent their refusal, as the *fillip* in his favour, both on Tuesday and yesterday, may give a new turn to the scales.

The Committee and the large body of personal friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, all of whom are known not yet to have polled, should now poll without delay; not only to scout the ridiculous mischief of a scrutiny, but to terminate a poll, which however reputable in its progress to the Candidates they support, is extremely injurious to the trade and morals of the metropolis!

When fifty pounds to five guineas, Wray against Fox, were offered the other night at the Mount Coffee-house—By the Lord, exclaimed George *Bon-Mot*, "Give my

* The LIE of the noted Editor of that noted lying paper, The Morning Post. We would advise the proprietary of this print, so long as they continue their present Editor, to substitute in the title of their paper, after the words Morning Post, "*Daily Liar*," instead of "*Daily Advertiser*." This would prepare the reader (to speak after the manner of the Irish) for the *truth* of that which was to follow.

"friend Charles *but* character and property, and Sir Cecil would stand no chance with him." An ironical stroke, that cannot easily be parried.

Nothing could do more violence to us who are partial to beauty and modish levity, than the insulting language, and indeed outrageous indecencies, on Tuesday offered to some ladies on their canvass. Without calling their exertions either meritorious, or meretricious, their sex should at least entitle them to an escape from all *personal insult*!

A gentleman just arrived from the country, meeting a friend in Covent-garden, asked him how the poll stood, and whether a certain Candidate had any hopes of success? To which the other answered, in the words of Dryden,

"As much as when Physicians shake their heads;
"And bid their dying patients think of Heaven."

A greater number of persons have already polled for *Westminster* than was ever known at any former contest. Is that city increased, or are the bidders multiplied? Is perjury less dreaded, or are the temptations irresistible by *flesh and blood*?

The falsity of Mr. Fox's Committee in their assertion, that there were 200 bad votes on Lord Hood's Poll, is too obvious to impose on any but an idiot. If there were 20 bad votes known to be such, can it be doubted but for the purposes of an Election they would have been named---time when, and place where? &c. &c.

As an additional insult on the freedom of Election, there have been, with the undue influence of canvassing Countesses and Duchesses, all the upper servants of their families hurried into empty houses, and in this indefensible manner made housekeepers of the hour, have been brought forward in an illegal manner, to obstruct and overbear the free judgment and fair opinions of the qualified Electors.

We have authority to say, that the late unjustifiable exertions of the *electioneering ladies* are extremely offensive to their respective Lords. They feel how much their fortunes suffer, and how much more these equivocal attachments are injurious to their fame!

The Dukes of --- and --- have behaved with very becoming spirit on the present contest. Yesterday they sent for a tradesman, whom they found had, at their Duchesses suggestion, taken an active part on the canvass; and after reprimanding him very severely, *discharged* him from serving their respective Houses.

Yesterday a consultation was held on the subscription to the "Man of the People," when it was agreed that he should put in his pocket as much as he could, and that therefore *credit* should be got to the extreme inch of possibility! This, we hope, will be a hint to the credulous.

It is an absolute fact, that if a person on going up to the Shakespeare, can shew a *piece* of a shirt *only*, the Committee declares him *duly qualified*.

This day the *elegant* inhabitants of Borough-clink, Rag fair, Chick-lane, &c. go up with an address to Mr. Fox, at his *ready-furnished lodgings*, thanking him for his interest in the late extraordinary circulation of handkerchiefs.

A gentleman seeing the Duchess of D-----e, and a few other *free and easy* females of fashion, canvassing for CARLO, who is well known *not* to be the MAN of the *Women*, however he may be the Man of the People, observed, that their conduct was "Love's Last Shift, or, The Knave in fashion.

Should a scrutiny take place on the present Election for Westminster, it is shrewdly suspected from the amazing number of Cordwainers who have polled for the Coalition Candi-

Candidates, that by far the greater part of them will be found to inhabit *houses of one story*, commonly called *Cobler's-shalls*.

His Grace of D----e has hurried his *Cara Sposa* into the country, where it is thought she will undergo a pretty severe *scrutiny*.

The Duc de Chartres declared lately to his Grace of Queensberry, that he preferred the sport he enjoyed in the *Covent Garden Fox hunt*, to all the other hunts either in France or Britain.

A new political farce is in rehearsal at Devonshire-house, called the *Borough Beggars*; the principal characters by Lord John Cavendish, Lord Lucan, Mr. Erskine, &c. Mr. Fox intends to speak the *Epilogue*, riding from *Burlington-house on an ass*.

A gentleman yesterday observing Mr. *Prater*, the *linen-draper* very busy in bringing up Fox's *respectable* Electors to the Hustings, remarked, that he wondered any linen-draper could promote the interest of a man, whose partizans could not produce *three whole shirts* among the twenty voters then present. To which another replied, that his motives were the more interested, as he no doubt expected to furnish all Fox's Egyptians in linen, who were no better than Falstaff's ragged regiment.

Yesterday the notorious *Lady G--v--r* carried in her coach, a *marble polisher* of the *parish of St. Pancras*, a stout *butcher's* 'prentice of Carnaby-market, and a *journeyman lamp-lighter* of Tyler's-court, to poll for Mr. Fox.

The *amusement* of *pumping* is continued every day in Covent Garden on the friends of the *Coalition* Candidate, many of whom are *modest* enough to poll *five* or *six* times each.

It will be sometime before the canvassing Duchefs can possibly appear at Court, as it will be necessary for her to undergo a course of bathing, in order to cleanse her from the effluvia of *mutton-fat*, *foot*, and *charcoal*.

The idea of Mr. Pitt's raising the price of porter to four-pence a-pot is ridiculous to the last degree, that article having been already raised in many places to *five guineas* a-pot, by a celebrated *female canvasser*.

Yesterday se'nnight a poet who had gone to have his *lyre unstrung* at one of the delightful haunts in Hedge-lane, seeing the Duchefs of D-----re springing out of the same before eight in the morning, could not help invoking his muse. At so early an hour, however, the muse was inexorable. He therefore pulled Pope out of his pocket; and thus began---

"Round her fair brow, a spanking tail she wore,
"Which Dukes might kiss, and Wales himself adore;
"Her nimble strides two lovely legs disclose,
"Quick as her eyes, and more unfixed than those,
"Favours to some, to all she smiles extends;
"Oft she rejects, but never once offends."

Yesterday Lord John Cavendish being just returned from York, where he has lost his seat, appeared on the Hustings in Covent Garden, admonishing his friend to take warning by his sad example, to turn from his evil ways, and not wickedly keep open a poll, contrary to the sense of the real Electors; but *Carlo*, with all that violence which the late Lord Holland (*good man*!) used to say would one time or other be fatal to his *darling boy*, rejected with disdain the sage advice, and swore the books should not be closed while a *single man* could be picked up from Marybone to Whitechapel, in support of his *popular* cause.

The

The following is part of Sir Cecil Wray's speech to the Electors of Westminster:

"I have no private interest or ambition to gratify; the King has not a place in his gift, which I would accept; *I never have accepted nor ever will accept of any office or emolument whatever.* I will either be the *independent representative of independent Electors*, or I will not sit in Parliament." Such is the language of Sir Cecil. Can Mr. Fox, with truth, make a similar declaration?

It is necessary to acquaint the public*, that the agents of a *certain party*, which has long been aiming, either by violence or corruption, to subvert or undermine, all that remains of independence and integrity in this kingdom, have neither by *threats or promises* succeeded in their *attempts* to prostitute the property of *The Morning Post* to their purpose. Alarmed at the increasing demand which has lately been made for the Morning Post, in consequence of its *spirited and truly constitutional* principles, they have insidiously endeavoured to counteract its usual circulation; and have even had recourse to the *pitiful practice* of employing hireling wretches to *steal the paper* from several Coffee-houses in London and Westminster, relying on such means to prevent the *dark and desperate* manoeuvres of the *Coalition* being exposed to the world. It is hoped that the spirit of the people will revolt at these unfair attacks on the freedom of the press, and that those who chuse to honour *The Morning Post* with their preference will henceforward take care not to be imposed upon by the substitution of any other paper, as well as to guard against similar practices in future†.

"In the time of Antichrist, a Fox shall make his den in the same place where King Alexander did make his gates, and he shall dig in the earth so long till he pierce it through, and come among the *Jews*; and when they see the Fox, they shall have great marvel of him, for they never saw such a beast; but other beasts they have among them many. And they shall chase this Fox, and pursue him until he be fled again into the hole he came from, and then shall they dig after him, until they come to the gates that Alexander did make of great stones, well laid with mortar; then shall they break these gates, and find the way forth." *Mandeville's Travels, Chap. 84.*

It is no great wonder that the friends of a certain Candidate in Westminster are so witty, as most of them have been used to the *attic story*. A Candidate should canvass in a high phaeton, as it is more probable he will meet his friends in the *garret* than in the *cellar*.

The beautiful and accomplished Ladies *W----* are among the Ladies who interest themselves for the *Black Protector*. They lately gave a treat to above 150 of the *mob*, and presided themselves at the entertainment.

Mrs. E----'s child lies between *Lord C----* and the *P---* of *W----*. The *Lady* insists upon it, that it is the *Prince's*; but the latter denies it on account of its complexion, which greatly resembles that of *Carlo Khan*.

* We give this long paragraph (copied *verbatim* from the Morning Post) to our readers, as the most remarkable piece of Editorship impudence, as well as folly, that perhaps has ever occurred in the annals of newspaper management. Were all the *PUFFS* of that noted puffing impostor, Katterfelto, selected, and climax after climax picked out of the aggregate for the purpose of forming ONE great and tremendous Puff, that should almost blow truth to the Devil, we are decidedly of opinion, such an exaggerated Puff would hardly equal, much less exceed the *LIE* here told, which, for curiosity's sake, we preserve in our collection, as the most *laughable* piece of assurance we ever met with in a newspaper.

† Here ends the *Puff*. Now, good Mr. Editor, are you not a little out of breath? Has not this *excessive* exertion of your *lying* faculty rather *overstrained* you?—Pray ponder well, and examine yourself. We are rather doubtful that this very gross *lie* must have overstretched the finer ramifications of your brain in its workings, and probably injured the texture of those beautiful serpentine windings that are so often set a calculating schemes for the country's good, and the overthrow of this *darned Coalition*. Do, dear Mr. Editor, be careful *yourself*, or you will certainly burst!—Then, alas! what must poor Mr. Pitt do?

Carlo's

Carlo's *black* troops relieve guard regularly every morning. A certain number of houses are taken in Westminster, and the lease made over once in twenty-four hours, just after the tenant has *done his duty* at the Hustings.

Thursday, at the poll for Westminster, it was remarked that the *light troops* were polling. "It is very true (observed a gentleman) and the *sky-light troops* too."

Yesterday three *friends* to the *Man of the People*, were taken into the custody, for too great earnestness to serve their patron, by offering to vote without a legal qualification.

The metropolis is no longer to be looked up to as the great exemplar of political conduct to the rest of their fellow-countrymen. The free and honest yeomanry of York did not hesitate to brand the *vice* and *idiotism* of the times†;—where then, ye *Westminster* Electors, where are your apposite emotions of scorn and execration? The present contest is not between Wray and Fox, but between the Constitution and its natural enemies—between private character and infamy—between public credit and national bankruptcy—between England and France—between God and Belial! Halt not then between two opinions—chuse ye this day—Wray, Pitt, and truth for ever!

It appears to many people rather extraordinary that the Duc de Chartres and other affluent foreigners should at this time, above all others, have taken up their abode in London.

It was pretty currently given out, for these two days past, that Lord Hood was dead. What end such a report could serve, even for *electioneering* purposes, we are not quick sighted enough to discern; but we are happy to have it in our power to say, that it is totally without foundation.

Most people think Mr. Fox's late sudden rise on the Poll a very extraordinary circumstance; and a correspondent, who is not very apt to put the worst construction on things, cannot help expressing his own doubts, along with those of others, that every thing is not altogether as it ought. If, however, any have been so weak or so profligate hitherto, as to be induced, either through threats or promises, to act an improper part, it is to be hoped, now, such criminal practices will go no further, and that all others who may happen to be tampered with, will take proper warning. Independent of the enormity and guilt of taking a false oath, every one must see the legal hazards he runs from the resolution published by the opposite party, of demanding and supporting the most rigorous scrutiny.

Yesterday morning Mr. Fox canvassed St. Martin's Le Grand, for near two hours, attended by a great crowd of people. He has been for some days afflicted with a bilious complaint.

"I'll lay you five guineas," says a celebrated canvasser, and stake the money in your own hands, that you will not vote for Mr. Fox." "Done," says the Independent Elector of Westminster. Thus one more vote is procured for the *Man of the People*, and the Independent Elector boasts of winning his wager.

Lord Holland's death will kick Mr. Fox up stairs, as the late Lord Chesterfield expressed it, and by giving him a seat in the House of Peers, save the city of Westminster from the toil and turbulence of the Scrutiny threatened by the clubs.

The present struggle for Westminster is rather for example sake, than for any other purpose, to shew their sense of public credit and public virtue.

† See Note, page 234.

Lady Grosvenor, Lady Dornhoff, Lady Cr—, just come from Paris, and Lady Worley, are among the canvassers who have the *modesty* to attempt to *dictate* to the honest tradesman and independent artizan.

The Duke of Devonshire, who is certainly, though a silent yet a very sensible man, foretold the events of the present Election as they have happened, and urged Mr. Fox to accept of Knareborough or Derby.

The *sudden inflation* of Charles Fox's Poll, is the worst of all bad symptoms to his cause—the morbid blush of an expiring hectic—the taper blazing before its final close—the phrenzy of desperation.

The game now played against Sir Cecil Wray, is ascertained to be on the following principle of jockeyship. The clubs are all jockeys, to make a fictitious muster on the Poll; outnumbering the real voters of Westminster; and to frighten Sir Cecil from his determined purpose of a Scrutiny.

There can be no doubt but there must be no small number of bad votes on both sides; but Mr. Fox has most, as near as can be in the proportion of seven to four.

Yesterday two more executions were served in the house of Lord —; his Lordship having been security for his *friend*, the son of "Unaccounted Millions!"

The support of Mr. Fox, from drabs and duchesses, swindlers, uncertificated bankrupts, and foreigners, is exactly that which alone could be expected, and which would have been exhibited to any other hero, whose *property* and *principles* could have been equally depended on.

The following words of the late Dr. Gregory are humbly recommended to a certain *female canvassing character*.—"When a woman ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. I like to see an easy dignity in a woman, in public places; but not that confident ease, that unabashed countenance, which seems to set people at defiance! Wit is the most dangerous talent she can possess; it must be guarded with great discretion and goodnature, otherwise it will create many enemies."

No less than one hundred *unwashed, unshaven, and shirtless rogues*, (alias journeymen *Spitalfields weavers*) tendered their votes for Mr. Fox on Friday and Saturday last, but, owing to the excellent precaution of having the parish books at the Hustings, they were rejected. This accounts for the majority which Mr. Fox acquired on two days poll. The plan being now defeated, we may expect the Westminster Election will be declined in a few days.

The only reason that can be assigned why the *women of the town* are so much on the side of popular members, is, that they are in the habit of obeying the wills of their constituents.

The late Man of the People has cost some of the younglings of the party 100,000l. at least in counter securities, besides the Coalition.

A great deal of nonsense has been industriously circulated, concerning Sir Cecil Wray's proposal relative to Chelsea Hospital, as if he had made a proposal at once unjust and inhuman. Sir Cecil only proposed, for the public good, a commutation of costly lodgings, and stated invariable fare, for an annual pension to be enjoyed by the old soldier, how and with whom he pleased; an option which would undoubtedly be agreeable to almost all the inhabitants of Chelsea Hospital. Sir Cecil's humanity in this instance is perhaps not less conspicuous than in his generous motion in the House of Commons, respecting the defects of prisons, and the sufferings of prisoners.

There

There were no less than *six* Duchesses of D---n---e on the town yesterday, canvassing for Mr. Fox. Her Grace, *four* of her Grace's women, and Nicky Noodle's wife, the *needy* Squire of Northamptonshire (who, though he has got *glafs eyes--scurvy politician!* cannot see the *end* of his wife's *canvass*) all *equipped* and *titled* as her Grace. A tallow-chandler, who had been *careffed* by these *mock* Duchesses, humorously burst from his shop, and exclaimed with King Richard---

"Sure there be *six* Duchesses in the streets,
 " *Five* have I *kissed* to-day, instead of her!"

A correspondent observes, that Mr. Fox must *unavoidably* get the Election, as there are many hundreds of the inhabitants of *Spitalfields* in that Gentleman's interest, who have not yet polled.

A certain Duke is quite charmed with the public and political conduct of his amiable Duchefs, and regularly calls for the Morning Post at breakfast, to read the history of her Grace's *canvals*.

The current prices of Westminster voters for the last four days, as settled by a certain Committee, are as follow:

From Spitalfields, and parts adjacent, seven shillings and six-pence.

From Old Gravel-lane, Whitechapel, Field-lane, and Black-boy-alley, a quart of gin and bitters, hot with nutmeg.

From Kent-street to Rag-fair, two drams of Usquebaugh.

If, however, any voter was found to falter in his oath, or otherwise misconduct himself at the Hustings, the agreement to be void, or else to remain in full force and virtue.

Brookes's and Weltjie's now exhibit a most useful, though agreeable scene, of the weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, of those political devils, who were expelled lately out of Paradise! each accusing the impetuous temper of the other! *all* lamenting! *few* consoling! and *none* amending!

It is highly gratifying to find what good sense and decent firmness has appeared among the Westminster Electors on the late extraordinary exertions of undue influence by our female canvassers. Several shopkeepers plainly told them, that they suffered no creature breathing to controul their opinions and affections; and one very sensible tradesman in Bond-street, very shrewdly suggested to the Duchefs, his admiration of all the mild and unassuming perfections of the Queen; and above all, in reference to politics, the unmeddling spirit that had never ceased to adorn her throne. Foreigners are horridly chagrined at the Elections going so universally in favour of Administration. There is now no longer any hope for them of a public bankruptcy, or the constitution being changed to a republican aristocracy.

The little wantons, who with happy effrontery paraded it about the town, representing the Duchefs of ———, and Countess of ———, are to be portioned by a subscription-purse from the first money they may have at Brookes's, and to be married to those waiters who shall most distinguish themselves in the fabrication of votes!

No less than three hand-bills were circulated on Saturday, relative to Lord Mountmorres's intention to impose a bad vote for Westminster upon the High Bailiff. The truth is, that upon the objection being made by Mr. Fox's agents, the lease was examined, and it appeared, that it was specifically mentioned, that he was rated, and paid

the customary taxes, and he was allowed to poll for Hood and Wray, the High Bailiff declaring that if he had not a good vote, he could not tell what a good vote was. Such are the little subterfuges of party---such the mean arts of the partizans of the late man of the people, and such their groundless insinuations and vain attempts to depreciate a worthy and valuable man.

Horace's fine sentiment of *Integer Vitæ*, &c. may be applied to Sir Cecil Wray's conscious integrity, and his unexampled mercy towards the character of his opponents. Though they are naked and sore all over, and of course must have crouched before any attack, Sir Cecil has not offered the smallest annoyance whatever.

Another correspondent, not so favourable to Sir Cecil, imputes this silence of his to other motives, and cautions the Baronet not to insult Mr. Fox with such marks of killing contempt.

The influence of the fair and frail, joined to the authority and consequence of the houses of Bedford, Portland, and Devon, and the gaming houses, have deterred many very worthy but dependant voters of Westminster from coming forth and supporting the cause of the Constitution. It is true, consistency is a noble virtue, but every honest man has not courage and resolution enough to bid defiance to the threats of haughty opulence and disappointed ambition.

Lord George Gordon, who is well known *to love fun*, certainly made his appearance on Saturday morning at the Hustings with a view to indulge *his humour*. His Lordship is not fond of calm retreats--he loves bustle; a little earthquake, and whirlwind, and hurricane, agree admirably well with the constitution of his brain; and there is no doubt but his Lordship took his rout to Covent Garden with a serious expectation of contributing to that electioneering spirit for which Mr. Fox's friends have been distinguished.

A person who sells oranges within a mile of Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, was honoured a few days ago with a visit from the lovely Duchefs. The Duchefs examined his fruit; she pronounced them fine; they were truly excellent; they were incomparable! then ordering the servant to take a certain quantity into the carriage, she coolly placed five pieces in the palm of the orange merchant's hand, significantly observing at the same time she did it, that the oranges were fine, and she had *paid* for them. And now, says her Grace, I am sure you will oblige me, in giving Mr. Fox a plumper. The man paused--stared--examined the cash--and then putting it quietly into his pocket, protested he was infinitely sorry he could not oblige her Grace, as he had polled for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray about half an hour before.

Carlo's Khan's troops consist of *Irish White Boys* and *English Black-guards*, from whose adulation his friends collect what is called the *sense of the people*.

If, in the present contest, her Grace of *Devonshire* exposes her *person*, she must *give pleasure* to every man, consequently the *indecent* animadversions of a correspondent are below notice.

It cannot be denied that Mr. Fox has *prostituted* his parts; as *the women of the town* are deeply interested in his favour.

One of the men wounded by the Chairman in their late riot in Covent Garden, is pronounced irrecoverable by the medical people who attend him. If the event should be a fatal one, it will be also fatal to the Gentlemen who instigated these ruffians to the riot.

The

The termination of the bribery business at Taunton will again give us an opportunity of vindicating our rights, should bribery, false votes, and undue influence at last be able to overbear the integrity and sense of the Electors of Westminster.

Hint on the canvassing Duchesses and Countesses.—When these Ladies may again give, as it can be proved they have given, five guineas for a bundle of brocoli, eight guineas for a leg of mutton, &c. &c. the tradesman may certainly take the money with a safe conscience, if he votes on the other side; and this already has been done in three instances in Westminster.

Now that the poll is check'd by the rate books of each parish, the event of the Election is about seven to four in favour of Sir Cecil Wray.

On the two days in which Charles Fox's poll advanced the most rapidly, the majority of legal votes in favour of Sir Cecil was 17 the first day, and 29 the second day.

By an accurate investigation, it already is determined that there have been 389 bad votes polled for Mr. Fox. Should a scrutiny ever take place, there can be no question but that the abovementioned number would be doubled. The number of bad votes for Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Hood, is 93.

Supposing Mr. Fox as much in advance as he is behind hand on the Poll, the manner in which his Election has been carried on by the most outrageous exertions of undue influence, the aristocracy Peereffes, if not Peers,—nay the unblushing influence of —, the — himself!—When this is all taken into the account, Mr. Fox will not, as the Duke of Devon so well foretold, prove any thing by this Election but the downfall of his acceptance with the people, and the yet more violent reprobation of his cause.

The extreme uncertainty of young Lord Holland's life; the yet greater uncertainty of the event of the Taunton business; either of which would make necessary another Election for Westminster; the excessive diminution of Charles Fox's Poll by the detection of bad votes; all these causes to a certainty producing a new Election, to a certainty also operate against any but *compulsive* voters going to the books for Mr. Fox.

The Committee have come to the resolution of prosecuting, with the extreme rigor, any attempt to impose on them unqualified votes; and in the first instance, the name of the impostor, and his abode, if he has any, will be posted about the town.

The Poll at Covent Garden, by agreement between the Candidates, is to close tomorrow, the 21st of April, at three o'clock.

The expences of a scrutiny for Westminster are computed at about 9000*l.* each candidate. Mr. Fox and his party have conceived that an idea of the expence would deter Sir Cecil Wray from prosecuting a scrutiny. It is not the first time that a great genius has been mistaken.

It is a very singular fact, that the French Ambassador, at the commencement of the Westminster Election, laid particular injunctions on his different tradesmen *to vote for Mr. Fox.*

Yesterday an eminent weaver gave information that near sixty distressed manufacturers in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields, had been seduced to poll for Mr. Fox; and desired at the same time that proper steps might be taken to prevent such shameful scenes of perjury and corruption. The intelligence was received with thanks, and attended to with care; the return of the poll best bespeaks its consequences, a dead majority appearing in favour of Sir Cecil Wray.

It certainly was an oversight in those friends to the constitution who framed the different laws against bribery at elections, that a penalty was not laid on handsome women,

who went about kissing men out of their votes, which ought to be considered as undue influence, especially where the women are married ladies, and the favours they grant are not for the immediate service of their husbands.

The Duchefs has been distinguished as a *first-rate*---the *salutes* she has received have been general from every thing that passed her.

We are to happy to find, that Mr. McNally has turned all the *lead* of the hypercritics into sterling *gold*; for bold *Robin Hood* has gained so much into the good graces of the public, that they have given him a beneficent *Retaliation*, and the ingenious author, to use his own words,

“ May sing merrily, merrily.” —

To-day Mr. Fox and his Company will perform “ *The Recruiting Officer*.” The part of *Captain Brazen* by Mr. Fox, that of *Serjeant Kite* by Sam Houle, and the other characters as usual.

Her Grace of Devonshire has now directed the efforts of her canvass to the purlieus of Peter-street, Petty France, and Tothill-fields Bridewell. *Sam Houle* and her Grace form a very agreeable *tete-a-tete*, and appear to canvass with equal success.

Nothing can be more ridiculous, nor more unlikely, than that Lord George Gordon has given his interest in Westminster to Mr. Fox; it surely would be the height of inconsistency in that nobleman to support one who has already polled 300 Catholics, and whose warmest advocates are among the friends to popery.

It is a poor and pitiful excuse that the Electors of Westminster make use of to avoid taking a part on the present occasion, and to emancipate themselves from the tyranny of a capricious and tyrannizing aristocracy—“ I have customers on both sides, whom I do not wish to disoblige.” Be it known to those who adopt this reasoning, that they are relinquishing their franchises to a mob, the birth-rights of a freeborn Englishman, to please their haughty despots, and by so absurd a conduct, instead of making friends on one side, are more to be despised by both; and not satisfied with this, they are extending a wide and pernicious example to the freeborn inhabitants of Britain. Had the rest of the counties and boroughs reasoned in this way, would they have set the glorious example of overturing an odious and execrable combination, tyrannizing and lording it at once over the King and over the people?

During the whole of our electioneering Duchefs's canvassing excursion, she was never observed to *wince* at the general disapprobation she met with till yesterday morning in Cannon-row, Westminster; on hearing an antiquated servant of Lord S——r exclaim, “ Ah! sure your Grace's father never was an enemy to the people.” Shame and confusion were so visible as to induce her *two gallants* to order her carriage to drive on, “ snatching the blushing fair” from the enraged mobility.

Such are the attractions of the Queen of Golconda, that it seems we overlooked the electioneering-mad Duchefs on Tuesday, and that she spared near an hour from her more important avocations in order to be present at part of the above Opera. She was so highly pleased with the performance, that she almost forgot her appointment with several of the party to consult ways and means.

The friends of Mr. Fox endeavour to represent Mr. Churchill's going out of town as a symptom of despair, but it certainly was his health only that obliged him to leave London at a moment, when his presence was so essential to the interest of the cause he has espoused.

It

It is credibly reported, that if Mr. Fox should be disappointed of his Election for Westminster, he will be returned for a district of Scotch burghs, which he will represent until he shall be elected for some populous city or county of England.

A Scotch gentleman, who had received an office from Mr. Fox of about an hundred a year, on the fall of that Minister, desired leave to resign it into the hands of Mr. Pitt. The young Minister told the gentleman, that he knew he had a large and increasing family, and desired him to keep his office, assuring him that he had no desire to deprive him of it. The gentleman, however, with more knight-errantry than either good sense or public virtue, persisted in his resolution of resigning his place, and has actually gone to Scotland, to oppose a very respectable adherent of Mr. Pitt, on the western coast of that kingdom, in the General Elections.

Mr. F-x applied to Mr. C—y of Westminster for his vote; on which Mr. C. told him, that he did not mean to give his vote to any man. Mr. F. having expressed some astonishment at the reply, Mr. C. told him, "Knaves shall never have my protection, and honest men do not stand in need of it."

A gentlemen looking at Mr. Fox as he was haranguing the mob one day last week, wondered that he should be out in so cold a day without gloves. A friend who stood by confessed, that it was indeed odd; but added, at the same time, that it was an oddity which would soon cease to exist; for he was persuaded, *that the moment he got into office, he would make gloves of all the breeches pockets in his Majesty's dominions.*

A correspondent thinks, that Mr. Fox, supported as he now is, by the late *Man of the People*, Lord George Gordon, and his *very old* and faithful friends, Mr. W. Adam and Colonel North, cannot, from any concurrence of circumstances, fail of carrying his Election. So great is Lord George's zeal said to have been, to have his friends from the regions of *Boreas*, to give their *pious voices* for the great supporter of *Church and State* on an early day, that he would not wait till the breeches which the Dukes of D——e had ordered were got ready, but repaired to Monmouth-street, where he left not a stitch sufficient to keep out either wind or rain.

"*Liberty Hall*" was formerly one of Lord Derby's favourite songs, which he generally humdrummed at the Shakespeare meetings; but as he lately wanted to pull down that venerable fabric, by uniting with the Man of the People, in support of the India Bill of infamous memory, he has wisely changed his tune, and now joins Lord Surry in his much-esteemed song of "*Push about the Forum*."

Mr. Fox is acknowledged to be a great orator, and a most acute logician. The first is not contested; and to those, who might be inclined to dispute the second, we beg to submit the following syllogisms of his fabrication.

1. The King's Prerogative is that power which he has independently of Parliament. But the King is not to exert this prerogative, in opposition to the sense of Parliament.--- Therefore the King has no prerogative.

2. The King can govern only by influence or prerogative. He must not govern by influence, because it is corrupt; nor by prerogative, because it is violent---therefore he must not govern at all.

On Monday a publican, who had interested himself greatly in the cause of Mr. Fox, cut his throat through despair of that Gentleman's success in his Election. We heard, though in so delicate a matter, we should not chuse positively to *assert* it, unless on better authority, that the misguided man was Mr. Samuel House of Wardour-street.

Mr. Fox and his colleagues took care whilst in office, to *secure* to the Minister that should succeed him such a *weight* of unfunded debt to provide for, that he is not without

out hopes it will turn the scale of popularity in his favour. This probably it what he calls, securing to the people their due weight in the balance of the Constitution.

Mr. Fox bears a strong resemblance to Lewis XIVth, in *love* and *ambition*. The one is boundless, and the other marked with a predilection for *antiquated beauties*.

The Dutch, as well as the French, have been under great obligations to Mr. Fox, and have not shewn themselves ungrateful. The former supported the Coalition in the city, while the latter are exerting every nerve for them in Westminster.

However well we may wish to the success of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, it is the height of impolicy to argue from our hopes, and not from our reason. The Westminster Election demands the utmost energy, the utmost exertion on their side, or Mr. Fox must prevail; no means fair or unfair are left untried; *fair ladies* and *unfair bribery*--are the powerful engines of *Oliver Cromwell*.

The ridiculous hand-bills and squibs that have been circulated about Lord Mountmorres's vote are the most impolitic matters that have taken place in the present contest; public principle may surely be supposed to guide that noble Lord; for candour must confess, that no man has been more active, more successful in the cause of freedom in another country; but if folly leads a certain party to be duped by every gambler and adventurer, and to shew their ingratitude to men of principle and honour who have served them, there is no reason that the public should follow the tone of folly and absurdity, and suffer the lessening of such men in their opinion.

We are told by the puffers of Mr. Fox, that he was very active in bringing about a peace between Russia and the Porte. We believe it; but do they inform us of a material circumstance, that this Gentleman, who never plans any thing for nought, expected, and has since obtained, a handsome present from the Empress?

Q U E R I E S.

1. Is it allowable for foreign noblemen to take a part in Election?
2. Is it not a proof of the general opinion of our enemies in respect to Carlo's principles, that the Duke de Chartres, Fitz-James, &c. should so very ardently espouse his cause, and even take a part so far as their powers go?
3. Does the D—— of D—— intend to keep up her acquaintance with the *ladies* she lately visited in *Brick-street*, Park-lane?

By a paragraph in one of the Coalition papers of Wednesday, it seems that the *ladies* in the interest of Mr. Fox, finding the arts hitherto practised of kissing, coaxing, &c. less efficacious than usual, are come to a resolution of canvassing in *buff*. They think they must then infallibly *carry the point*; though it is to be hoped every man of resolution will *withstand* them.

The D——s of D. is at present in the situation of *Dido*; who after trying in vain the *celestial*, proceeded to invoke the *infernal* Deities. Her Grace sometimes rides about in a *black* riding habit, which is very convenient in case she should be obliged to enter into contact with a *Chimney-sweeper*.

The mischief of canvassing indiscriminately is that one is ignorant not only of the *principles*, but also of the *morals* of the house one goes to. A *certain lady* has been observed to call frequently at a *B——y-house*, not far from the corner of St. Martin's-lane; and the *Major Domo*, being a man of gallantry, has frequently declared that he will not give a *plumper*, unless escorted by the D——s in her own carriage!*

When *Lady A——r* comes again to *Fox corner* to add the influence of her *maschless beauty* to the power of the *Black Mogul*, she need not load herself so much with

* We have suffered this infamous paragraph to be inserted, that the public may judge how impudently those two scandalous daily papers, the Morning Post and Public Advertiser, have dared to attempt at traducing One of the most virtuous, most dignified, and most lovely of women this or any other nation can boast.

a certain commodity, as there is a shop at hand, whence she may be plentifully supplied.

As a reward to the *Irish chairmen* for their assistance in the present emergency, they are to be made *palanquin bearers* to their countryman Dr. Edmund Cantwell, when he goes to exhibit the *phenomenon* of a *grey head* in India.

John Wilkes is a man of humour, and therefore pleasantly observed to Mr. Manwaring, at Brentford, on Friday last, that he should not be at any expence, as his old friends *the blackguards would walk down, the mode of travelling they were most used to.*

Mr. Edmund Burke is writing a kind of *political elegy*, on the late House of Commons; the plan is copied from Grey's Church Yard. There is to be a great quantity of sentiment in it, and such a display of *tropes* and *figures*, as shall make *old womens eyes* twinkle while they read it. Alas! poor Edmund!

It is a maxim of policy among pickpockets to be the first to cry, "Stop Thief!" Thus a certain Committee, in the interest of a once popular Candidate, have never failed to precede the most gross falsehoods and palpable forgeries, by accusing their opponents of similar practices, which they are conscious the cool process of law, and other modes of legal investigation, must bring home to themselves as soon as the phrensy of Election has subsided. A reference to the advertisements from Ireland's room will sufficiently justify this observation.

We have every reason to think that Mr. Byng, should the poll continue, will not again make so respectable an appearance as yesterday. Extraordinary exertions were made by the friends of the Coalition; they were so extremely anxious for Mr. Byng to head the poll, that they did not scruple to anticipate the fond hopes they had conceived of success, by putting up in large characters on Mr. Fox's alehouse in Covent Garden, that *Wilkes was beaten*, and that *Byng was, by 200, foremost on the poll!*

Mr. Cornwall's *new correspondent* shews either a great ironical vein, or *treacherous memory*, in praising Mr. F--x; he compares him to Sir Robert Walpole; if he does not wish to couple his friend Charley with the acknowledged "Father of Corruption," he surely has not that great recollection for which he thinks he has an exclusive patent.

Yesterday after the poll closed at Covent Garden, Mr. F. was extremely busy in canvassing the few unpollled Electors. About seven o'clock he went into the house of a lottery-office-keeper at Charing-cross, to solicit the vote of his brother *dependent on the chances*.

We understand it was not *Sam House* that cut his throat on Monday, but one of Mr. F.'s partisans in Drury-lane.

A few days since, one of Mr. Fox's *select friends*, a gentleman of the party coloured tribe, who thought proper to personate his master, in giving a *plumper* to his virtuous friend, was detected in the fact by the very gentleman whose name he assumed, and who was standing unperceived at his elbow.—He was immediately handed over to a party of pumpers, who were hurrying him away in order to administer a copious ablution; when several of the crowd enquiring eagerly the cause, were answered, "*only for taking his master's name in vain.*"

The public may be assured, that all the assertions relative to tradesmen having been influenced, or other persons obliged to vote, on pain of dismission, for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, are equally founded in truth, with the late story of Mr. Whitehead being deprived of his place, for giving his vote to Mr. Fox.

So

So long as the Westminster Election was left to the free suffrages of the independent and uninfluenced Electors, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray had every day a considerable advantage; but now, since the introduction of *bribery* and *petticoat manœuvres*, the tide has taken another turn.

It has been observed, that Mr. Fox has continued to gain ground ever since the return of the *Duc de Chartres*, and the other French noblemen from Newmarket.

The people of this country have long complained of the conduct of their Representatives in Parliament; and yet, when they have it in their power, as at present, to chuse men of different principles, how often do they not return the same, or others, perhaps, no more worthy to be trusted? Though the spirit of the country was so much roused of late, its exertions in producing the necessary reformation in the senate have fallen far short of what might reasonably have been expected. From what we can at present judge, as motley a *group* as ever, is likely to occupy the benches in St. Stephen's for seven years to come. We see the most opposite characters, the spendthrift and the miser, the swindler and man of honour, the *real* and *pretended* patriot, the firm friend to his King and Country and the factious demagogue, all promiscuously combined as legislators and trustees for the public. How far it is possible for such an heterogeneous assemblage of parts to unite into an uniform and consistent body, we wish we may find no other cause to doubt than from our experience of former times.

We have it from good authority, that upwards of 300 bad votes on Mr. Fox's Poll have already been detected in one parish. If so, and a proportionable number is found in other parishes, (a thing most likely to happen) with what a vengeance must he fall, at last, from his present towering height? He is now full blown, and floats in air; but, like a crackt balloon, he will then tumble down by his own weight.

Anticipation. As the majority of the new House of Commons is not likely to be on Mr. Fox's side, we may expect to hear him, if he comes in for any place, revert to his former language in Lord North's Administration, and deny that the people are represented, or their voice heard, within the walls of St. Stephen's. Let the Minister be supported by ever such great numbers, he will maintain that the *virtuous* minority in which he stands himself, ought to carry every point, entirely forgetting that he argued a few months ago, that a majority, however small, was every thing. Superior numbers will be nothing but when they are for Mr. Fox. All who presume to be against him, will be termed venal and corrupt; and all the Resolutions and Acts of the House, to which he does not choose to assent, will be pronounced illegal and unconstitutional.

The *attractive* power of Carlo K--, not only draws to his standard the *wives and maidens* of most unblemished characters, but even the *women of the people*, and to conclude his triumph; the whole body of *Saphonian votaries* have turned out volunteers to support his cause.

The *Duchess of Devonshire* transacts business in a very *expeditious* manner, and therefore deserves much praise from her *favourite member*, as in her canvassing for voters she avoids being loquacious---but *kisses* and comes at once to the point.

Harry House is as happy as his heart could wish --talk to him of *oils*, he answers Mr. Fox---of *pickles*, he replies Mr. Fox---of *church* and *pudding*, it is all the same.---Fox fills up every cranny of his brain, and dances on his tongue eternally.

A gentleman, who waited on Mr. Fox's Committee last night, declares they were all in confusion, like *Old Hardcastle's* servants in the play, no man knowing his office, but referring eternally to his neighbour.

No neighbourhood was ever so *be-vermined* as Westminster is at present; we are over-run with Foxes; but, as is generally the case, the b---h Foxes are by much the greatest nuisances to the *honest* and *decent* inhabitants.

It is to be hoped, that Mr. Fox's conduct *per se, et per alios*, during the present contest, will have a national mark set upon it; such bare-faced impudent bribery and corruption can no more be forgotten than the Coalition. May it be as much resented and scouted all over the kingdom!

The hired mob of armed ruffians too should be remembered by the peaceable inhabitants, who on Wednesday last (as they have done before, sometimes more offensively) paraded before Mr. Fox and his women at Jennings's in Henrietta-street.

What a figure Mr. Fox would have made on the Poll, had he been left to his own boasted popularity, instead of being *taken up* by those who ought to be *taken up* in another way for their iniquitous support of an iniquitous cause!

It is believed by the knowing and impartial, that the Man of the People could not of *himself* have mustered 500 votes.

Mention it not in Gath! Let it not be known in the streets of Westminster, that the free and worthy Electors have been prevailed upon to make that man the steward of their dearest rights and privileges, whom they have every reason not to credit for a *single Guinea*!

Mr. *W-jie* has been within this last month in more streets and alleys in Westminster than he has ever visited since he rolled his wheel-barrow about with *good spice gingerbread smoking hot*!

If a *certain young Gentleman* should succeed to a *certain inheritance*, it is expected that Mr. *W-jie* will be appointed Lord Chancellor, and Mr. *M--lls* Ambassador to the Court of France.

The D---s of D. is so *jaded* by the fatigues of canvassing, that she must step down from the *niche* she has hitherto occupied among the *Bevy of Beauties*. *Perdita* is nominated for the succession by the *High Priest* of the Temple.

According to the books of *one* parish only in Westminster, Mr. Fox has 240 bad votes; Sir Cecil Wray 46; Lord Hood 32.

Even bets to a large amount are daily offered in Westminster, that if Mr. Fox is 200 a-head upon the poll, he will lose his Election on a scrutiny, by an hundred and fifty votes.

A certain *black* candidate's zealous partizans have taken an uncommon manœuvre to secure his Election, which accounts for the astonishing majorities of late on the poll. Of the whole *real* housekeepers in the city of Westminster, there are perhaps seven or eight hundred, either unnaturalized foreigners, or men of such singular feelings, as cannot, or will not vote for any party; the former from incapacity, and the latter either from a delicacy of mind, that cannot stand the hissings and hootings of the opposite party while at the Hustings, or who are afraid of disobeying one set of men, by voting for the other. The names of almost all those persons have been carefully taken down by Cromwell. His party, and their *election crimps*, have been sent into Spitalfields to kidnap necessitous weavers, at three half-crowns per man. These tag-rag pot-wallopers* are conducted to Monmouth-street, and a suit of cloaths hired there to make them appear somewhat decent. They are afterwards conducted to the Secret

* We recommend the Morning Post to our readers, as a paper peculiarly calculated to teach *elegance* of language, and *sublimity* of thought!

Committee, the lists of those housekeepers who have *not* voted looked over, and from thence a name is adopted by each. They are then introduced to one of their rendezvous houses as Mr. Such-a one, of such a profession, living at such a number, in such a street, court, or alley. After a hearty cold collation, they go in a body to the Hustings, and all their *adopted* names being in the parish books, their votes are never disputed. The above mode of proceeding is a well known fact, and, what is very laughable, several of the weavers have forgotten the way back for their original tattered garments. What can the public think of the integrity of a party who thus act in such an unprincipled manner*?

Among the various characters which ought to be considered as disqualified for having seats in Parliament, none should operate as a stronger bar than that of the profligate and prodigal. Liverpool has wisely rejected *one* candidate of this description; and Westminster is in a fair way of paying a like courtesy to *another*. As nothing can be more impudent than for such men to solicit trusts of so much importance, so nothing can be more absurd, on the other side, than to grant them. And yet, how many instances are there on the present occasion, of counties and boroughs trusting certain persons with their all, to whom none of those very Electors, in their individual capacities, would lend a single shilling! As the motives of such a conduct are out of the reach of common sense, we shall not, says a correspondent, pretend to account for it. Some may endeavour to reconcile it to themselves, as is but too frequently done, by that fallacious argument, that private vice does not necessarily preclude public virtue. Whether this position has ever been clearly proved in any case, we shall not determine; but the instances, we will venture to say, are so few, that it seems dangerous ever to try the experiment. In regard to the present point, who could rationally expect that a man, who has been an ill manager for himself, should prove a good steward for others?

Had those, who have re-elected the supporters of the India Bill, considered duly what they were about, they would certainly never have incurred the reproach, nor risked the other hazards, of chusing such Representatives. To expect that the breakers of former laws should prove good law-makers for the future, is just as wise as to imagine, that any necessary reforms in our Courts of Justice could be brought about, by filling the Benches in *Westminster Hall* with convicts from *Newgate*!

Authors of good repute have said, that Charles the Fifth sent to this country, at a time like the present, a sum of no less than 1,200,000 crowns, to enable certain leading men to carry on Elections. By the great quantity of *Louis d'Ors* now said to be circulating among the friends and supporters of that champion for British freedom, *Carlo Khan*, it would appear that Louis the Sixteenth is pursuing the same plan of policy.

We are credibly informed, that a certain *black-legged* society, not far from St. James's-street, have risked in bets above one hundred thousand pounds upon the success of their Khan, in the Westminster Election. This accounts for the Election being so protracted, to the great inconvenience of the metropolis. We are informed also, from the same quarter, that the means used by a certain canvassing D——s is, to lay Ten Guineas against One, that they do not, or dare not vote for her *dear Charley*; and if a poor woman appears pregnant, her Grace offers to be godmother. Such are the constitutional modes used to force a member upon the Electors of Westminster.

* The scrutiny now carrying on, unfortunately for the author of these infamous assertions and insinuations, gives the Lie direct, in solemn and legal testimony, to every circumstance this paragraph contains. But we are tired with remarking on these newspaper falsehoods; so in future "rest ye perturbed spirits"—*Morning and Public*; your subsequent effronteries we shall pass over in silent contempt!

The straddling activity of our female canvassers has gone near to save Westminster, or rather to do the office opposite to salvation,—in the manner of Othello's "You mistress, that do the office opposite to St. Peter." And as to St. Alban's, there the female mischief has had its perfect work.

A certain flute player went a few days ago to vote for Mr. Fox, but, on examination, was compelled to be *tacet* on the occasion, as he was found out to be a foreigner.

Nickey Noodle's wife, of Wimpole street, yclep'd *Madam Lingo*, because, like *Domine Felix's* butler, she is not only a *scholar*, but was once a *teacher* of scholars, has made several *learned harangues* to the populace in Covent Garden, in favour of Mr. Fox, and was very near losing her *raw-boned backnies*, and being drawn in her *dingey* vehicle by the *better-fed* animals, the mob. It is thought, if this Lady could have carried her *canvass* through Tavistock-street, Mr. Fox must have been successful; but, for *particular* reasons there, she stood *aloof*. Squire Nickey too attempted to seduce a *shopboard* of *taylors* to vote against their consciences; but *Master Snip* returning in the interim, presented a long manuscript copy of *stay-tape and buckram*, bearing date *anno domini one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine*, which made him *sheer* off without the help of his *spectacles*!

To convince the public of the shameful effects of undue influence in the present contest for Westminster, we hear from a correspondent that a certain D—ch—s sent an order on Thursday night to two hair-dressers of the name of J—kf—n in Wardour-street, for 50lbs. of hair powder each, at their *own prices*, and requesting them to vote for her Grace's *Cicisbeo*. Their alacrity to *serve* her Grace need not be doubted*.

The Duchefs of *Cockades* had so far recovered from her temporary indisposition, as to attend yesterday in Covent Garden. She wore, as usual, the insignia of the order in her hat, and by her extraordinary beauty, attracted the eyes of the gaping multitude. A band of *greasy* musicians struck up with marrow-bones and cleavers in honour of her Grace, and she was followed down the whole of Southampton-street, with the acclamations of her *new* admirers.

It was remarked, that not even the ill success of her favourite *Member*, when the numbers were declared, could cloud her Grace's all-enlivening countenance.

If Mr. Fox is no longer the *Man of the People*, he must be allowed from the number of females who attend to give him their support, to be at least the *man for the ladies*.

The D—s of D——e's attendance at Covent-garden, perhaps, will not secure Mr. Fox's Election; but it will at least establish her pre-eminence above all the *other beauties* of *that place*, and make her a standing toast in all the alehouses and gin-shops of Westminster.

Irish chairmen, under the direction of a *certain Gentleman's* friends, are become the firm supporters of the constitution; they are found useful in demolishing Ministers, and in times of Election, they manage a *pole* with great spirit.

When a celebrated wit was told of lady —'s predilection for Signor P—tti, of the Opera, he observed, that it put him in mind of a *Middlesex* Election.

In the city, *Bacchus* and *Ceres* assisted the Candidates--In Westminster, *Mars* and *Venus* lend a helping hand--Considering that they are *Gods*, they make a *devilish* noise in that neighbourhood.

* See an explanation of this paragraph in an advertisement published by Mr. Jackson himself, page 195 of this work.

The ladies who interest themselves so much in case of Elections, are perhaps too ignorant to know that they meddle with what does not concern them, but they ought at least to know, that it is usual, even in these days of degeneracy, to expect *common decency* in a married woman, and something of *dignity* in a woman of quality.

The unsuccessful Candidates declare, that they never experienced so much *agitation* in *passion* week before *.

It is rather singular, that the Covent Garden Election goes on as it does, considering the coalitions daily forming between *ladies of all qualities*, for the support of their friends.

Yesterday the spirit of rioting again prevailed in Covent Garden; the chairmen in the interest of Mr. Fox soon cleared the Piazza's, not only of their adversaries, but of every man whose ill fortune led him in their way. The understanding is said to lie near the *pericranium*; if so, these gentry took the shortest method of applying to the *good sense* of the Westminster Electors.

The liberty of a Westminster Elector, according to certain definitions of it, stands thus: Sir, you are an independent man, and therefore will be kind enough to vote as the *Prince*, or the *Duke*, or the *Lord*, or the *Duchess* directs you; that, Sir, is Liberty, the boast and birth-right of English Electors alone!!!

An ingenious friend of Mr. Fox's is preparing a pretty *little treatise*, to prove, beyond a doubt, that *bribery* is wholesome, and *perjury* the most innocent and agreeable amusement imaginable.

The *butchers* and *chairmen* were a certain Candidate's support at the beginning of the Election. Some time since the *playhouse* troops were marched to his assistance; afterwards *Spital-fields* poured forth their *legions*; and this day, being the first of the term, the *prisons* will be ransacked for adherents to the cause of *swindling* and *insolvency*.

The motto with some Ladies may now be,—“*All for Fox, or honour and reputation well lost.*”

Considering the frequent visits they pay to *Covent Garden*, it is no wonder that the Ladies catch the *contagion* of party spirit, and are so *warm* in support of their favourite member.

A secret friend and admirer of the *Duchess of Devonshire*, wishes to recommend to her perusal (if helles can fatigue their eyes with the **Black Letter**) an act of Parliament of the late King, which subjects those who give money at Elections to a prosecution, and a penalty of 500*l.* for each voter that has been bribed.

There are three different motives assigned for the alacrity a certain Duchess shares in her present canvass of the Electors of Westminster. The first is, to secure the yielding affections of a certain great Personage, which she fears are now *sinking* under the weight of her *encreasing* charms. The second is, a love for her husband's family, part of which, it is apprehended, must soon starve, unless Mr. Fox is again Secretary of State; or rather, unless the Duke of P. is *Roy*, and, as Trincalo says, Mr. Fox is *Viceroy over him*. The third, last, and weakest motive is, her personal regard for Mr. Fox himself —*utrum horum mavis accipe*; and to do justice to her Grace's taste, we must pronounce the latter motive to be the least probable.

* It is hardly worth our while to elucidate the elegant and truly *attic wit* of the *Morning Post*; but to give this *pun* all its force, our readers must be put in mind that the Election, at this time going on at Covent Garden, rather in favour of Sir Cecil Wray, happened to fall out in the last week in Lent, commonly called *Passion-week*.

Mr.

Mr. Pope says,

“ Thus Papists refuse

“ The Bible to use,

“ Lest the flocks shou'd be wise as their guide.”

And we presume the *Jesuit of St. Omer's* proceeded upon this principle, when he contemptuously threw the Bible away on the Hustings at Covent Garden, the day he took the election oath. He certainly feared, that if the people continued to read and respect that sacred book, they might stumble on such an adviser as Solomon, who thus cautions the busy politician: “ My son, fear thou the Lord, and the *King*; and meddle “ not with them that are given to change.” Yet, perhaps, Mr. B. might have thrown the book over his shoulder for good luck in a bad cause, and to court popularity, by shewing he was not superior to popular prejudices.

Lord Chatham conquered America in Germany; General Washington conquered America in the British House of Commons; and Mr. *Fox* is now attempting to conquer the city of Westminster in *Spitalfields*!

After the impudent contradiction of a matter of fact, inserted in this paper, respecting Mr. Whitehead, lately one of the Yeomen of the Guard, he is bound in honour, if we are to expect that principle in a *beef-eater*, to come forward and declare the real state of the affair. This we do not require for our information, but for the satisfaction of the public. We are already well informed, that so far from having been dismissed, the favour of a permission to sell his place was granted him in opposition to the usual custom, which does not allow the yeomen to sell, though they have purchased, for *their own benefit*, the sale of these appointments being the perquisite of the Captain. We may add also, that he sold out at his own request, and was not directed to do it, as was the case with Captain Nugent, under the corrupt and vindictive administration of Lord North*.

The Westminster Election has been reduced to a mere betting business. The idea of their Candidate being the sitting Member, having been long given up by Mr. Fox's party, the grand object is to get him returned, for which purpose poor deluded wretches of every description have been picked up in every part of the town, and voters been brought from four to ten guineas a head in Chandos-street, with almost as little secrecy as recruits are enlisted for government or the East India service. By these *honourable* manoeuvres the Man of the People and his adherents, it is calculated, will realize near forty thousand pounds among them.

The print-shops exhibit in the most striking colours the depravity of the present day, and laudably expose the *temporary familiarity* so very predominant between the great and little vulgar. When titled personages deign to become associates with the lowest publicans, to copy their manners, and meanly solicit their favours, the sarcasms and indecencies to which they expose themselves cannot be too plainly or too publicly held out as the just rewards of their affected humility, and specious condescension.

Except for example sake, nothing can be less interesting to the community than the question, whether Mr. Fox will or will not be in for Westminster? As by the virtuous wisdom exercised by the people in most of the new Elections, the Coalition corruptors are almost entirely cut off; and Mr. Fox, unsupported and almost alone, will move as empty as poor Goody P. or the Irish Lord B.

* This transaction being fully explained, and impartially related, from the authority of Mr. Whitehead himself, in our Introductory Preface to this work, we shall not here comment upon it. The reader is referred to the Introduction.

The late advances on the Poll by the insolvent gambler, are said to be particularly gratifying, not so much in a political view, as on motives of jockeyship, there being several bets pending to a great amount.

A certain Duke [conversing a few days ago on the strictures passed upon his amiable Duchefs, declared with an inexpressive simplicity of face, *that he could not believe one half of it.*

As a proof that Government has not used its influence in the present contest for Westminster, the *players*, who are all the King's *servants*, have voted almost to a man for Mr. Fox. Query, Have any of the Prince of Wales's servants voted for Lord Hood or Sir Cecil Wray?

A certain Orator boasts of his support from the Electors of Westminster. He has undoubtedly great reason to boast of the support he has received from a banditti of discarded courtiers, ruined gamblers, Irish chairmen, butchers, weavers, and common prostitutes!

The Duchefs is much enamoured with the prints which condescend to notice her Grace, in such a variety of canvassing positions. Strict orders are given to buy all that come out, and to place them in one particular light apartment, which is to be called the Duchefs's *Exhibition* *.

Mr. Fox has declared, in the House of Commons, times without number, that there is a *mass* of good sense in the people of this country. The General Elections will prove this proposition in a very striking manner; and in the next Parliament, no doubt, the good sense of the people will be sung by the great Orator of England, in higher strains than ever.

There is certainly a great similarity, in several particulars, between Cromwell and Fox; but there is at the same time this striking difference, that Cromwell was supported in the *accomplishment* of his measures by an army of *saints*; and Fox, in his *attempts*, by a band of *sinners*.

All the Devonshire connexions are closely leagued and linked with Mr. Fox. All their hopes of places and pensions are centered in his coming once more into power. Should an event, so baneful to the whole empire, take place, all the ladies' expences will, doubtless, be amply repaid from the Treasury.

Certain persons are much irritated at the print-sellers. But it should be remembered that when people of rank descend below themselves, and mingle with the vulgar for mean and dirty purposes, they give up their claim to respect, forfeit their privileges, and become fair game for censure.

All advertisements relative to the Westminster Election should be in the Duchefs of Devonshire's name. She is the candidate to all intents and purposes. Mr. Fox has not of himself polled a man this fortnight.

The turn of the Poll has already given such elevation of spirits to a certain description of desperadoes, that it is resolved to establish an anniversary dinner, which shall be

* The prints that illustrate this work are such *alone* as we could, with any regard to *decency*, submit to the public eye. By some indelicate and illiberal partizans of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, possibly, we may be accused of partiality, in having so many on Mr. Fox's side of the question, and so *few* against him. Be this as it may, we have only to assure the public, that the Gentleman who selected for us is a *connoisseur* of the *first class*, and took great pains to procure all the *best* on *both sides*. If the enemies of Mr. Fox had employed ARTISTS of *real* merit and ingenuity to satirize his cause and party, we should with great readiness have brought forward their productions. But really the poor thoughts, indecent allusions, and pitiful execution of the design, deterred us from incumbering our work with representations that are a scandal to morality, a reproach to the arts, and a disgrace to the country that encourages such a prostitution of time and genius.

called



WIT'S SUBJECT CANVASSERS.

called *the black-legged Jubilee*. Many Knights and Squires of the Post have already subscribed their names, postponing the deposit to a more convenient opportunity.

Charles insists, that Captain Morris's Jenny Sutton and his *plenipotentiary* have brought him at least five hundred good votes, as the memory of those choice scraps of poetry gave a kind of relish to her Grace's solicitations.

A certain Duke is in the high road to the land of Annuities; two such expensive Elections as the present would try the largest fortune in Europe.

The Westminster firm is, "Fox, Derby, Devonshire, Weltjie, House, and Co."

The Fair Captive, who was lately removed to the country by a warrant under the statute *Jus Mariti*, has found means to elope from her confinement. She was seen, within these few days, very busy in the *Purlicus* of Spital-fields—not in choosing patterns for summer silks—but in raising recruits for the service of her dear *Carlo*. Her common enlisting money is a guinea, as usual on other occasions of beating up for volunteers; but the additional perquisite of a *crown* is not given to *drink* his Majesty's health. That part of the bounty is compounded for smiles, hugs, and smacks; a commutation much relished by some; though others, it is said, would like the broad pieces better.

What a change do we find in the style of a certain candidate of late! While Sir Cecil Wray was so much a-head, *Carlo's* advertisements, though assuming an air of confidence, betrayed evident signs of despondency; but now, that he has got along-side of his adversary, how does he bluster and swagger! Let him remember the old adage, however, and not *hallow till he is out of the wood*. Triumphant and swollen as he is at present, the strong hand of a scrutiny may come to squeeze him to nothing. The *Shuttles* of Spital-fields, like the *marrow-bones* and cleavers of Carnaby and Newport, may add to the bulk of his poll, but not to its solidity. When weighed in the balance, both will be found wanting.

The Man of the Mob is supposed to be as legally qualified for a seat in Parliament, as many of his Electors are to vote for him. He would lately have been arrested for 400*l.* upon the Hustings, had not some kind friend (supposed to be the Piccadilly Duke) satisfied the demands of the creditor. Reynard and the *D---/s* may dance, but the poor Duke pays the piper.

Mr. Fox's address of the 28th, to the independent Electors, is, in his true style of composition, a *chef d'œuvre*. It abounds with bold assertion and false insinuation, and contains but one truth, namely, "that his public life is too well known to them, to make any professions necessary."

Mr. Fox's success in Westminster, on Tuesday, threw down the funds one-half per cent. in less than half an hour.

It is as certain as that the sun gives light, that among Mr. Fox's friends there are already twenty-seven returned who must go to the House with borrowed qualifications, not being worth one shilling in the world.

A certain Lady's conduct has been defended, and even applauded, on the virtuous ground of friendship and solicitude for her friends. But her motives are nothing less than disinterested. Notwithstanding her husband's princely income, he is, to the great regret of his tradesmen, much in debt; and it will require some of Mr. Fox's *bold measures*, an *India Bill* or two, to pay them off.

The quondam Man of the People is certainly a most extraordinary character; in whatever situation you find him, he is never out of his way, anxiously engaged in his honourable *vacation*. It seems even in the bustle and confusion of the election he has found leisure to bet upon his own success, and has won large sums in consequence of his

his obtaining a majority. Who shall now dare assert, that no man, that is not either an idiot or a knave, will commence gamester?

The seven weavers from Webb-square, Shoreditch, *who polled twice as Westminster Electors*, positively received no more than one guinea per man!

Her Grace's coach has received so much *company* for the last three weeks, that it is not likely to be *without* in a hurry. It is therefore to undergo a complete *purification*, as the *young colony*, has already been found exceedingly troublesome, and thrown her Grace's family into some disorder.

The honest baker in St. Martin's-lane has his story at his fingers end: he cons it over morning and evening, in order to be prepared to lay the Ducheſs before the Committee. When the twenty pounds were offered for a French loaf, the Scotchman swore he would be d---d before he'd damn himself for any Ducheſs in England.

The *Call-boy* of Drury-lane Theatre, among many others of the theatrical *attic* inhabitants, gave Reynard a plumper!

Spitalfields is now as full of cash, owing to Reynard's *douceurs*, as the town of Portsmouth when the ships are paid off.

The Committee at Wood's Hotel having omitted to insert their usual advertisements in the news-papers, for the two first days of the week, the public were much at a loss how to account for such a seeming relaxation, especially at a time when the advantages daily gained over their opponents rendered the utmost exertions necessary. Some thought that they had abandoned the matter altogether, as despairing of being able, by a fair canvass, to combat the flagrancy of the methods used by the other party; while it was the opinion of others, that either they were confident they had already a majority of the good votes, or that they were in possession of such proofs of illegal proceedings on the side of their competitors, as would, when brought to trial, set aside any superiority, whether of good or bad suffrages, that might be acquired by such means; and consequently, that, in either case, they saw no reason to give themselves or their friends much further trouble. It would seem, however, from the re-appearance of their several advertisements yesterday morning, and from Lord Hood and Sir Cecil being seen so busy canvassing through the day, that, whatever after-blow they mean to strike, they are determined, in the mean time, to dispute the victory by numbers.

Mr. Fox has called Sir Cecil Wray the Court Candidate. But the assertion is not true, and is only advanced to prejudice Sir Cecil in his Election. It is true, however, that there were great rejoicings in Paris when the news arrived there, of the late sudden turn on the Poll for Westminster. Let any one judge from that, and some other *concurring* circumstances, whose *Candidate* somebody else is. We wish not, in this country, to have Candidates imposed by any Court whatever; but surely, if the two should ever happen to come in competition, it might naturally be expected, that the *favourite* of St. James's would meet with full as good acceptance as the *tool* of Versailles.

As soon as *Carlo Khan* had got 20 a-head, it was resolved there should be a new triumphal print of him, superbly mounted, as on a late occasion; and, accordingly, a capital Engraver was immediately engaged for that purpose. The business, however, is yet at a stand for want of a proper figure to represent the Elephant. The former Representation, it seems, will not do, having received so much damage on his *proboscis* in an unlucky squabble at Banbury, as to render him unfit any more to exhibit in that character; and the party, it is said, cannot easily furnish another equally well adapted to become the *beast of burden*.

April

April 30.] Yesterday the Independent Electors of Westminster in the interest of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, dined together for the third time at Wood's Hotel, Covent Garden.

The number assembled on the occasion amounted to 400. The dinner was served with elegance, and consisted of great variety. The wines were excellent. After the removal, the following toasts were given:

- "Woman, with three times three. By Mr. Churchill*.
- "King and Constitution.
- "Our amiable Queen, and the Royal Family.
- "The Free and Independent Electors of Westminster. Given by Lord Hood.
- "Our Candidates, and may the Faction of a Cataline never triumph over the
- "Friends of the Constitution. Given by Mr. Churchill.
- "Mr. Pitt.
- "The Independent Freeholders of Middlesex.
- "Duke of Northumberland †.
- "Duke of Newcastle †.
- "Lord Mahon.
- "Mr. Hood, and his speedy recovery.

After this toast was given and drank, the Rev. Mr. Jackson arose and said, "That as the health of one invalid had been proposed, he would suggest to the company the propriety of giving that of another. The newspapers, Mr. Jackson said, informed him, that a gentleman, whose character was held in general esteem, had been obliged to visit Bath for the recovery of his health; Mr. Churchill being thus sent to drink the waters, it would be doing only common justice to his merit, to wish him a speedy recovery, as the nature of the case would admit, in a bumper of wine."

The absent Mr. Churchill was then given and drank, and the Mr. Churchill then in the chair arose and said,

"That it was very true, as the newspapers stated, he had been at Bath; but an express having been sent by an Air Balloon to inform him of the honour done him by the company, he had taken post horses and returned to town to thank the meeting."

The next toast given was,

"The Independent Electors throughout the kingdom."

This called up Lord Galway, who addressed the meeting to the following purport: He said, "That having had the honour to be returned a second time the Representative of the city of York, he considered the toast given as including his Constituents; for they had acted in the noblest and most disinterested manner; several of them resisting every species of influence, embracing poverty and danger rather than sacrifice the honest dictates of their consciences. Lord Galway trusted this would be the case with the Electors of Westminster. Shameful influence had been prostituted to gain their votes; very distinguished personages had demeaned themselves on the occasion; the conduct of such personages should be marked, and they should be punished; but not the poor deluded creatures who obeyed their mandates."

The toasts were then resumed, and the following were given:

"Lord Galway."

* Surgeon, Apothecary, and *Man-midwife!*

† It is no trivial observation to remark, that after toasting the independent freeholders of Middlesex, immediately these two Noblemen are given, whose notorious influence was at that time exerting itself over the freedom and independency of both the county of Middlesex and city of Westminster!—Vide Introductory Preface.

"The Lord Chancellor," given by Mr. Atkinson.

"The Officers of the Navy."

"May the exertion of the unpolled Electors render a scrutiny unnecessary."

"A restoration of the people's rights by a reform of Parliament."

"The army, and may the sword never be drawn but in defence of liberty and our country."

"Lord Viscount Mountmorres."

His Lordship thanked the company in a most animated speech; and an adjournment being proposed by the Chair, the meeting broke up with a determination to prosecute a vigorous canvass, and be prepared for a scrutiny.

It is now clearly understood at Brookes's, that the poll was kept back on purpose to leave room for betting, as a certain jockey always had his horse in hand, and knew when he got sight of the post, he could pass his opponent at discretion.

We hear the sole reason the Chairman of the Committee for conducting the Election of a *certain black Candidate* has for resigning is, that he can no longer forego his favourite amusement of nocturnally visiting that celestial place the Dog and Duck, where he has been of late a constant attendant.

A certain Ambassador sends regular dispatches from Hyde-park Corner to Paris, with an account of the successes of his friend in Covent-garden.

On Saturday evening about eleven o'clock, a gang of ruffians, armed with bludgeons and cleavers, attempted to force into Wood's Hotel; but, meeting with a brave resistance, were obliged to retire. They soon returned with a reinforcement, and broke open the outer doors of the house, which had been shut for the purpose of excluding them. The attack was then renewed with redoubled fury. Several persons were maimed and wounded, and the glass in the doors demolished. Some gentlemen from the hotel recommended it to the rioters to disperse, and told them that if they entered the house they would be instantly fired upon. They nevertheless persisted, till at length, after infinite forbearance, a piece was discharged. A party of the guards were brought from the Savoy, and several of the ringleaders (particularly the notorious Cockran) were apprehended at the Queen's Head, in Tavistock-row. On the next morning, the offenders were brought before a Magistrate, when several of Mr. Fox's Committee attended to give bail for the appearance of their friends.

We are pleased to find that none of the *Committee* were amongst those who were apprehended.

Mr. Fox's ragged regiment resembles in many particulars, that of Sir John Falstaff; indeed he cannot say with the fat Knight, that he has abused his Majesty's press most d——y, because he is not trusted at present with a Treasury commission; but they are patched and pie-balled and party-coloured, like Sir John's men; and though they may not have stolen a shirt from *mine host of Daintree*, yet there are many in the *corps* that cannot produce *clean linen* which is paid for.

Among the *female canvassers* there is none more formidable from personal charms than Mrs. S——n; her features seem to meliorate by time, and to mellow into an *irresistible sweetness*.*

The *Ladies W——e* are in the right to make the best use of their time. Their beauty is by no means of the *keeping kind*; and in another seven years, it is probable, they will not be able to secure a *single plumper* in the whole district of St. Giles's.

* We can at last give an *approving note* to the *Morning Post*. But it is the *irresistible loveliness* of Mrs. Sheridan alone that can ameliorate the Editor's periods—"Tis BEAUTY that conquers and keeps the fair field!"

The *K--ls* are awkward in the business; they have not yet learnt the *method of kissing*; they can only serve to act the part of mutes in a tragedy, or that of those who are employed to swell the pomp in a procession.

Lady *Salisbury* is the only woman of rank who has interfered on the Ministerial side in Elections. But her proceedings have been marked with such *delicacy* and *dignity*, as to shame the *mobbing conduct* of her rivals.

Mr. Fox's phalanx (so low is the mighty fallen!) is reckoned, when all his levies are complete, to amount to about one hundred and twenty! invalids and paupers included.

Showers of gold are scattered by the hands, and *ambrosial nectar* is distilled from the lips of *Venus*, among the too happy inhabitants of Westminster, in favour of her beloved *Viceroy**.

The Prince appeared at Ranelagh last week, with a *Fox cockade* in his hat, and a sprig of *laurel*; if he should ever be sent a *bird's nestling* by Oliver, it is to be expected he will prefer the *laurel* to the *sak*.

At the Election Turf in Covent Garden, *even bets* are now laid, that Mr. Fox heads Lord Hood on the poll. This is not only possible, but probable, for the unpolled *weavers* are yet very numerous.

The Hustings at Covent Garden now resemble the Stand at Newmarket; "*an even bett that he comes in second!*" and "*five to four on this day's poll!*" being the language hourly vociferated from every part of the building.

The *Faro table*, which was last winter kept at Brookes's by the confederates of a Right Hon. Candidate, should be opened at the Hustings in Covent Garden, and the scene would then be quite complete. An *hazard table* in the *Vestry* would be still more in character.

A correspondent reading Lord Mountmorres's remark upon the *extraordinary numbers* who have polled at the present Election for Westminster, begs leave to mention a circumstance which must render it still more astonishing.

He has had the curiosity to enquire of several reputable tradesmen (to some of whom he was known, and to others not) and their answer has, almost without exception, been, that *they have not polled at all*; some, because they would not give up their own opinion to the solicitations of their great and powerful neighbours and customers, whom yet they dare not directly disoblige; others, because they were so urged by both parties, that they saw no chance of avoiding offence, but by promising each that they would not vote against them.

If a scrutiny should take place, the gentleman will certainly have the further curiosity to see whether some of the above have not been personated by others.

The Westminster Election engrossing at this time the public attention, the following facts are submitted to our readers. This paper has ever professed and observed a strict impartiality, and we flatter ourselves that through the medium of the Public Advertiser many useful truths have been conveyed to the public eye†:

* The God of Blacksmiths, and the *Black-smith* among the Gods. This immortal, although a cripple, was the favourite of the Goddess of Love and Beauty.

† This paper, at the time of the riots in 1780, gave all those *insinuations* to the fanatical mob engaged in destroying property for the sake of the *Protestant Religion*, that should instigate them to acts of violence against every person who *favoured of Popery*!—a term still dreadful to the Editor, and which he trumpets forth upon every occasion with all the terror of a *new reformer*!—Go, good Mr. Editor, and *reform* yourself.

The right of Election in Westminster is confined to those householders who pay, or are *liable* to pay poor rates:

Of those who *have* paid, the parish books are a sufficient evidence, if their identity has not been personated by others, as is supposed to have happened in many cases;

But under the word *liable* a large field of imposition is opened:

Upon a doubt of any vote, the Returning Officer asks, Where do you live? St. George's, Hanover-square. Are you a householder? Yes. How long have you been so? Before the dissolution of Parliament? Yes. Do you pay poor rates? Yes.

If any man answers these questions, he is allowed to be a good vote:

There is no impeachment of the impartiality of the Returning Officer in this mode of proceeding; for if the vote is a bad one, there is a remedy by a scrutiny or a petition: If a good vote is disallowed, the only remedy is an action against the Returning Officer:

Thus circumstanced there is no wonder in Mr. Fox's majority: for he has nothing to do but to procure a sufficient number of rabble to answer these few questions directly and without hesitation. The negative is upon the moment impossible to be proved by witnesses, and the Returning Officer is not empowered to administer an oath to the party:

Thus the wonder will cease when we reflect that any man, without the arts and machinations of Cataline, could carry an Election in the same way, if he will condescend to the same tricks.

It is supposed that Cataline will procrastinate and delay the Election by one means or another, till the 18th of May; and then press the High Bailiff to make a return without a Scrutiny.

If any body asks why Sir Cecil Wray is out-generalled, the answer is plain,---because he is an honest man, and has applied to those only who are real Electors.

Every body remembers the celebrated conjuror Jonas giving his adversary nine, and the deal at whist, and winning the game. Why? Because his adversary played fair, and he played the whole game.

Upon the whole state of the Westminster Election, it is clear that the inhabitants must do justice to themselves by a Scrutiny. That will set the present Election in its true light, and for the future it should be regulated by *act of Parliament*.

There is a report, but we pretend not to vouch for the fact, that *Carlo Khan* has been elected for the most northern district of boroughs in a neighbouring kingdom. We sincerely pray this intelligence may be true. His party must bring him in for some place or other, as their cause could not long subsist without the assistance of his factious genius; and we wish not this end of the island to bear the stain or reproach of delegating a man, who daringly avows principles incompatible with liberty and property; long therefore may he be consigned to Hyperborean regions. Thither let him go, and with the fire of his eloquence warm the *frigid* Minos of his half rational admirers. There, too, let him for ever dwell, the *grim* idol of a *Gothic* race. *Illa se jactet in aula.*

Among other instances of exaggerated estimate on the importance of the Westminster Election, an Election no otherwise important than for the sake of example; for as to the operation of Mr. Fox in the House of Commons, the unsubdued, unsophisticated sense and spirit of the rest of the kingdom have effectually antidoted that, by kicking out most of his adherents; among the substances of such exaggerated estimate, are the expresses daily into different distant districts, on the conclusion of the Poll, to Lord George

George Cavendish, Lord John*, Lord Melbourne at Bocket, &c. &c. and as they are *no conjurors*, and cannot waft their intelligence through a less resisting medium than that of the turnpike-road, the great expence of this idle folly is obvious.

The friends of the Coalition have been stigmatized as bankrupts, common beggars,-- nay common cheats.—But wherefore? What can be more apposite than for public men to *live upon the public*?

Had the antients foreseen the prostitution to which the laurel would have been subjected in these degenerated and ill-judging days, they would have avoided the use of it as a badge of fame, or any mark of public or private merit.

We are well informed that near 7,000 pounds are already subscribed to carry on the Scrutiny for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

By the last mail from *Mr. Fox's Committee*, we learn, that all the *butchers* in White-chapel, and the best part of the *thieves* from Gravel-lane, have not yet polled for Westminster.

They write from *Devonshire House*, that the Duchefs's conduct in supporting Mr. Fox, is highly spoken of in all that neighbourhood.

The last letters from *Sam House's* make no mention of his wearing a tye-wig; neither do they notice his French frock with silver frogs, or give any particular account of his *chapeau-de-bras*.

A special messenger from *Brookes's* brings the pleasing intelligence, that *moral honesty* is of no consequence; that *public virtue* is private convenience; that being *in debt* is the very essence of independence; and that *knavery* is the most becoming quality in nature.

Accounts from *Berkeley-square* say, there is not so much bustle there as heretofore. The superb *vis-a-vis* is sent to be *finished*, and the horses are gone to *grafs*.

"A Chelsea Hospital for wounded honour and broken reputation," was an excellent description of the motives which drove several notorious delinquents into opposition.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners." That property is equally baned by bad company appears most woefully in the *shrunk substance* of those who were the *firm* of opposition---Securities out of number forfeit---executions---and new Elections---33,000l. in Westminster---9,000l. at York---11,000l. Bedford---10,000l. Buckinghamshire, &c. &c. &c.

Sam House, *Sweep Jack*, *St. Giles's Tom*, and the other members of the *ragged corps*, need never be without amusement, as the *bosom friends* which infest them are sufficient to keep the adherents of General Blackbeard in *perpetual motion*, and this makes some alledge, that they have found out the *primum mobile*.

Three bricklayer's labourers, who lived in a garret in Long-Acre, having polled for a certain candidate, received a letter of thanks, which not being able to read, they carried to their mailer, who by this means discovered the infamous transaction.

* Did there arise nothing to condemn the *Morning Post* and *Public Advertiser*, but this single *slender* again? Lord John Cavendish, it were enough, with a generous public, to consign the prints to execration and contempt. The inhabitants of York at this moment repent their rejection of him as a Member, and the whole nation are ready to subscribe to his character as the most worthy of men. Upon what principles must that House of Commons be constructed, that made a point of excluding from a part in their deliberations such a man as LORD JOHN CAVENDISH?—The Editors of this work, perfectly unknown to his Lordship, think it their duty as Englishmen, and much more so as publishers, to pay this tribute to his truly immaculate character, and to express our heartfelt wish, "May the British Senate never want such a defender of the English laws, nor the oppressor of a kingdom such an honest supporter of the rights of individuals!"

Hint to tradesmen in Westminster, &c.—Now is the time to *arrest* for debt each honourable gambler and *unprotected* cheat!—*Verbum sat*.

When the last accounts were received from Mr. Fox, there was no mention of *public virtue*.

Spitalfields. We understand in those parts, that perjury is an unexceptionable qualification.

It is reported in *Queen Ann-street*, that a *Brown Crow* is not so uncommon an animal as a *Black Swan*; and that a certain lady is henceforward determined *to be open to all parties, and influenced by none*.

It is certain that Mr. Fox, despairing of such an Election for Westminster as might stand the test, has been trying for a situation in various other places, but uniformly rejected in them all. Such was the spirit against him in a certain Cornish borough, that Sir Francis Basset, one of the Representatives, lost his own election, for proposing "The Man of the People" as his colleague.

The mob are rather too violent in their reprobation of the electioneering ladies. They should consider, that women of fashion may go to their haberdasher's, or linen-draper's, on other business besides canvassing.

A correspondent, on whose veracity we can rely, informs us, that he has seen a letter just received from India, the particulars of which will soon be made public: All he can say at present is, that it brings news good in a high degree, and that Mr. Hastings has made such reforms, and put matters into so good a train, that had *The Man of the People* carried his point, we should have been all afloat again in that corner of the globe.

The present Westminster Election is, perhaps, in many circumstances, the most extraordinary that ever was. The Public Advertiser of Monday has given us a true portrait of the arts by which Mr. Fox has gained a majority. Nothing is clearer, than that while any body of men can be hired to answer a few questions directly, such as, whether they are householders, pay poor's rates, and have rented the house before the test of the writ? which is all that is required—there will be no end of the Election. A Scrutiny is what alone can set this matter right.

It is a popular error, that the production of the parish books have proved the goodness of Mr. Fox's voters. The names which are not found upon the books, are subjected to enquiry, which can only end in the above queries.

It is also an error, that the return which the High Bailiff will be obliged to make, will prevent a scrutiny; for a special report, stating the particulars of the case, will be his return.

The case of Trentham and Vandeput, is in point, and that mode took place at that time; it is a distinction without a difference, that one was at a particular, this at a general Election; for all writs, either particular or general, should be returned in forty days.

Circumstanced as the Election is at present, it may go on three weeks longer, or if Parliament did *not* meet the 18th instant, the Electors of Westminster might eat their Michaelmas goose, if their purses were long enough, at the expence of the supporters of the SCOURGE OF THE PEOPLE.

We announced to the public, in the Morning Post, about the commencement of the Election, that if Mr. Fox's friends were doubtful of his success in Westminster, they would get him returned for some Scotch borough. This has since been verified; he being chosen for a district in the north of Scotland.

Mr.

Mr. *Whitehead*, lately one of the Yeomen of the Guard, is called upon *once more* to declare the *fact* respecting the assertions made in the Morning Papers about ten days ago, that he had been discharged from his place for voting in favour of Mr. Fox. The world has been induced to believe, from the positive manner in which the *friends* of Mr. Whitehead made the first public appeal, that he really was discharged; but it remains for them to be informed, that, so far from being discharged from his office, Mr. Whitehead was indulged in a very particular manner, by being allowed the privilege of selling his place, which is very unusual, it being the perquisite of the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard to sell the place of the Yeomen on their decease, which, of course, makes it his interest to prevent old men from selling for the chance of the reversion; but the present Captain of the Yeomen, with a generosity which does him honour, on Mr. Whitehead's application to sell (in consequence of being tired of his place), instantly gave him leave to appoint his successor; and the *gratitude* he has apparently experienced from Mr. Whitehead in return is, an insinuation that he had been discharged by his Captain for voting for Mr. Fox. If this is not the fact, let Mr. Whitehead stand forward, as an honest man, and declare the truth, for the purpose of doing justice to his own character, and of those from whom he has received more than one favour*.

If both the great political parties were to be examined according to the just rules of criticism, the difference would be this:---Mr. Fox and his partizans have too much *brass*; Mr. Pitt and his friends have plenty of *sterling gold*. The former leader would, to gratify his inordinate ambition, brow-beat the devil; the latter loves his country, and honours and supports his sovereign.

Great complaints are made by the Coalitionists of the dismissal of Mr. St. John from the Bedchamber. It is very probable they will soon maintain the doctrine that his Majesty cannot appoint his own footman or coachman, without the approbation of the House of Commons. Would any private gentleman keep a servant close to his person, who had assisted robbers in attempting to break into his house?

The Election of Mr. Fox for the borough of Kirkwall, in Scotland, may be recorded in the same page with the election of Mr. Burke to be Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. In the one there is a display of *principles*, in the other of *taste*.

State of the Political Stocks.---The *Coalition credit* below par---None of their *bills* negotiable, since their attempt to impose on the people by the infamous *India bill*.---Mr. Pitt's *credit* is of great value---rising daily in the estimation of the public; his *bills* will be accepted at sight, immediately on the meeting of Parliament.

The election of Mr. Fox for Kirkwall, in Scotland, evinces how fond he is of the *Coalition*, by throwing himself into the arms of the *North*.

The *would-be Abingdon* of Drury-lane has agreed with her *Lord*---not to renew the game at *noisy*, till Mr. Fox is returned for Westminster. The Lady has been very busily employed in canvassing for her *Charley*; and apprehending that there will very soon be a final close of the poll, she, like a certain distinguished female, is most active *when things come to the push*.

Yesterday morning at eleven o'clock, the High Bailiff was prepared to read the Proclamation for closing the poll for Westminster, when an elector appearing and voting for Sir Cecil Wray, the books were kept open and the poll continued.

According to the state of the poll for the City of Westminster for these few days past, another week may possibly put an end to this long contest, which has already lasted five

* See this explained in our Introductory Preface.

weeks. Subscriptions are opened at different banking-houses on the part of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, for the purpose of a scrutiny, when it is expected many curious election anecdotes will be produced, which, if they do not show the delicacy of some fair canvassers, will at least be a convincing proof of their spirit.

It is declared to be a fact by a gentleman who has the best opportunities of knowing, that upwards of three thousand bad votes have been already polled at the Westminster Election.

A correspondent observes that the people of this country cannot have more strongly proved to them the intention of the aristocratic faction among the rich and great completely to enslave them, or at least to subject them to the same specious system of liberty they have been so long duped with (from the influence the Nobility have constantly had over the House of Commons, by their absolute appointment of, or by threats and corruption causing their relations, connections, and dependents, to be elected representatives) than the shameful depraved efforts of male and female gentry of all distinctions on the present General Election, and particularly on that of the City and Liberties of Westminster, dishonourable to both, but to the latter disgraceful, and an exemplification of their deficiency in sense, prudence, decency, modesty, and of every delicate effeminacy which alone render them superior to the brute creation.

The *D* — *fs of D* — *c* estimates the private interest of a party higher than the public good opinion; Lady *M. D.* likes half a cake better than none at all; and *Perdita* prefers a *Colonel* to a *calf*, and relishes a *puff* more than any other kind of pastry.

An hair-dresser, not many miles from the Adelphi, was determined not to give his vote in the present Election; he resisted many solicitations on both sides, nor could even her Grace either coax or kiss him out of a promise; mark the sequel: the Hair-dresser of the *P* — of *W* —, (who of course is the *Prince* of Hair-dressers) was ordered to talk to his brother of the comb. This royal mandate got Mr. Fox a plumper. Is it not clear then that a great man and a great woman now and then lay their heads together?

Mr. Fox's main force lay in St. James's parish, the majority of which district have polled, so that a sort of calculation is now making in the west, not very favourable to the wishes of Mr. Fox and his friends.

Nothing can be more ill founded, than the idea which the partizans of the infamous Coalition have so industriously exerted themselves to inculcate, that Sir Cecil Wray is unfit for the representation of such a city as Westminster, being an illiterate and unimformed man. Our readers may rest assured that this worthy Baronet is a solid, though unostentatious scholar; he possesses much more real knowledge than several of the flip-pant friends of faction, who make so proud a display of it, and affect to ridicule Sir Cecil for the want of it. Our correspondent speaks from positive knowledge, and hopes this intimation will be a compleat answer to the illiberal and unjustifiable insinuations alluded to*.

It has been a controversy amongst theologists at what period the power of working miracles ceased. The transaction at Covent Garden, however, demonstrate that the miraculous age yet exists; for scarcely a day passes without *the dead being raised to life*, numbers of whom have come from their graves, where they have slept in peace for many years, to poll for Mr. Fox.

* See our collection of poetry as a specimen.

Anecdote of the D---fs. This Lady happened lately to enter a pastry cook's shop, near Golden-square, in order to solicit a vote for her friend Charles. A child happened to come in at the same time, in order to purchase a halfpenny bun, when the D---fs, taking it for one of the children of the family, slipped five guineas into its hand, which the little urchin ran off with immediately. On finding that the money was expended to no account, her Grace was overwhelmed with shame and disappointment, and left the house without making any further progress in the canvass.

Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's friends have adopted lately an excellent mode, on the polling of Fox's friends, to know immediately whether they be good votes or not. Whenever a Foxite comes to poll, and that his *name*, &c. tallies with the parish-book, a person is instantly dispatched to the neighbourhood, to enquire into the character of the voter. Fifty a day by this means have been detected in *assuming* names of people who were either out of town, or were determined not to vote at all. Nay, one day lately, when Mr. Fox headed Sir Cecil *thirty* on that day's poll alone, Sir Cecil's *momentary scrutineers* found, that Fox had polled only *nine good votes* all that day! If such infamous proceedings be permitted to go on, Fox will even head Lord Hood five or six hundred in ten days.

The present Ministry differ from the last in one little particular; which is, that there is not *one black-leg* or *sharper* amongst them.

Reynard has lately secured the votes of his *friends*, the pawnbrokers in Westminster, by promising to bring in a bill early the ensuing sessions, for *increasing* the exorbitant interest of these Messrs. Blueballs, and emancipating them from the fangs of the justices. If this bill really passes, it will render Reynard as odious among the *canaille*, as his India bill is already among the commercial and enlightened part of the nation.

The desperate aims of the leaders of the Coalition, are now not barely open to the discerning part of the public, but appear clearly in the face of day, and advance forward in all the glare of avowed encroachment. They have heretofore disputed the King's right to appoint a Minister, and now they shew an inclination to invade that of nominating his own domestics. Mr. Fox would gladly be the *Mayor* of St. James's Palace, and set his own minions to watch over the King's person, from the Lord Chamberlain, down to the lowest scullion in the royal kitchen.

The story of General St. John's dismissal must be allowed equal credit with that of Mr. Whitehead, the falsehood of which has been repeatedly scouted and exposed in this paper. But granting he were dismissed from an office immediately relating to the King's person, *for giving an active support to the enemies of the Crown*, will any creature of Lord North's be so imprudent as to recall to the recollection of the public, the dismissal of Lord Pembroke and the Marquis of Carmarthen from their *public* appointments, because they would not give up their principles to the arbitrary mandates of a Minister.

At a select meeting of Mr. Fox's friends at the Shakespeare a few nights ago, it was agreed unanimously, that no man can be qualified for prime Minister of this country, who is not a bankrupt in fortune and principle---who has not kept a Pharaoh table, a stud of w---s, and a stud of horses.

The Duchess retires every Sunday to Chiswick; and we hope she takes the opportunity of going to church there, to wipe off the transgressions of the week.

Mr. Fox's *male Committee* sit at the Shakespeare, and the *female Committee* at Jennings's in Henrietta-street.

If, in the present Election, all the votes procured by females were struck off, there would not remain a thousand to the *Man of Brookes's*. He is therefore elected by the

M m

Ladies

Ladies; and this, on consideration, is but fair; for the most *moderate* among the *sex* think themselves entitled at least to *one member*.

It is asserted in several of the papers, that Mr. Cornwall, the Speaker of the House of Commons, gave a single vote to Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox's popularity in Scotland cannot be ascertained by his having been elected to represent the borough of Kirkwall, &c. The region, in which those boroughs are situated, lies almost beyond the habitable earth. It is wrapt in frost, and impenetrable darkness, for near six months in the year; so that there is hardly any communication between its inhabitants and those of London during that period. It is therefore probable, that the benumbed Electors of that quarter had heard nothing of the dissolution of Parliament, or of the present popular Minister, till a summons arrived, commanding an early meeting, to give their suffrages for *The Man of the People*. By these means, they were *surprized* into a concurrence with the will of Sir Thomas Dundas, their *laird*; and therefore cannot be said to be fairly represented. Mr. McKenzie, who has been blind from his thirteenth year, represents a neighbouring district. Mr. Fox had promised to read all the petitions that he might present in the House of Commons.

The interference of foreign Ambassadors in the present Election is an indecent abuse of the privileges they enjoy. But this censure must not be indiscriminate. It is much to the honour of the Neapolitan Ambassador, that he has not employed his influence with tradesmen or dependents on either side of the question, but has conducted himself with the dignity becoming the representative of a Sovereign Prince.

Among other useful reforms intended by the present Ministry, something is said to be in contemplation for regulating the term of Elections; it having been found from repeated experience, and especially on the present occasion, that they may be continued, where the law has not prescribed a definitive time for their final close, to a vexatious, unnecessary, and burdensome length. Of this the tedious and prolonged contests now carrying on in Westminster, at Bristol, and in Buckinghamshire, are sufficient proofs. Who, then, that considers the many bad consequences resulting daily from an unlimited Poll, but would earnestly wish to see the duration of that business put upon a better footing? Besides the tumults, and even personal injuries, too frequently produced by the heat of parties, the giddy are induced to neglect their occupations, and throw away their time in those scenes of riot and uproar. How much time and labour, then, must be lost in populous places, during a space of *five* or *six* weeks of idleness and dissipation! This consideration alone, independent of any motives from a regard to sobriety, peace, and good order, seems highly worthy of the attention of Government, as the industry of the lower classes of people has ever been allowed to make a principal part of the wealth of a State. In London, the capital of the kingdom, the Poll is confined to seven days. Why, therefore, the same time might not be sufficient for inferior towns and cities, few, we presume, will be able to conceive. In counties, the period might be still further abridged, as the number of voters are fewer, their persons better known, and consequently the legality of their suffrages more easily ascertained. In short, to leave this matter any longer in its present state, would only be giving a latitude for the various arts and modes of corruption, without a single benefit to an honest, fair, and well-meaning candidate.

MIRACLES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

It is a miracle that Lords and Commons can live without money, be eternally embarrassed, and yet always appear to be easy.

It is a miracle that some paupers are trusted with a qualification to Parliament, who are not worth a guinea in the world.

It

It is a miracle that men, who are thousands in debt, and have no incomes, can take houses of enormous rents, keep carriages, drink Champaign, and yet never get pilloried for impostors.

It is a miracle if the Duchefs has escaped the grossest insults in the course of her Westminster canvals.

It is a miracle if all Mr. Fox's taylors' bills have got receipts at the bottom of them.

It is a miracle that so many citizens, who keep gigs and country houses, in case of failure, can sometimes pay sixpence in the pound.

It is a miracle that Lady Ar---r's complexion is as blooming and brilliant as it was twenty years ago.

It is a miracle that Tower Hill and Temple Bar have been so long neglected.

It is a miracle that the India Company escaped perdition, considering the profligacy of the Ministry who undertook to manage their affairs.

It is a miracle that some fashionable females, not quite lost to character, should be insensible to the absurdity of their late conduct.

It is a miracle how half Mr. Fox's friends get credit for small beer.

It is a miracle that Mr. S---'s creditors have not hanged themselves years ago.

It is a miracle that a thousand voters shall have polled for a certain candidate, who never lived within three miles of the city of Westminster.

It is a miracle to hear the P--- argue against cuckoldom and fornication.

It is a miracle that L--d N--h has escaped both the axe and the halter.

"To fill up the measure of our electioneering madness, Lord George Gordon must come upon the Hustings at Covent Garden, to harangue in favour of Charles Fox! The famous leader of the furious Protestants panegyrising a principal leader in the more famous Popery Bill! If such an action had been brought forward on his Lordship's trial, it would have saved his Counsel much learned jargon, and sophistical argumentation."

It is rather unbecoming in the partizans of Cataline, to reproach the Ministry with the late creation of Peers. Have they forgot the list of twenty that he presented to his Majesty for that honour, above half of whom were his own *black-leg* companions?

THE BOOK OF TAILS.

CHAPTER I.

And now behold in those days, being the eighteenth century, an idol was adored in the land of Albion, and a new religion established; the people of that land being governed by the moon and the tides, and the following after novelties, and hankering after strange gods.

The idol was black, and fearful to behold; and therefore he pleased the lower sort, who delight in being terrified; and the higher order were charmed with his ill example, which destroyed all decorums and distinctions, and left them at liberty to follow their own inclinations, which were none of the best.

And now the women of the land rose up, and they said one unto another, let us raise the idol on high, and make the men fall down and worship him; and they did so; and every living thing, which had folly in it, worshipped the idol; and the geese and the ganders lifted up their silly heads, and cried long live the Fox; may the Fox live for ever.

Now behold a woman, fairer than wise, and more wily than discreet, said, let us take the Fox's tail for our type or symbol; let us bear it aloft, and run about the streets, and the squares, and the lanes, and the blind alleys, and make profelytes to the new religion.

The matrons and maidens, widows and widows bewitched, were seized with religious fury, and ran wild through the streets, crying Fox! Fox! and they kissed the Fox's tail, and put it in their hats.

The idol, raised upon the shoulders of the women, was adored by the men; and so the woman of Piccadilly carried him up to the Temple, if he was carried there at all.

Now this idol worked in his day *miracles* through the wicked spirit; but the good genius of Albion turned against him, and all his machinations in the end; and *thereby hangs a tail*.

So ends the first chapter.

The first object of a certain Candidate, in his present canvass, is to secure the promise of a vote; but when he cannot succeed so far, he endeavours at least to extort an assurance of not voting against him. Those persons who are so weak as to give into this artifice, are carefully noted down, and the next day personated by weavers from Spitalfields, or other low wretches hired for the purpose.

As, among other artifices employed to secure the Election of Mr. Fox, an invitation is held out to those who are interested in the prospect of an insolvent act, as a measure that is to originate with that Gentleman's connexions, we think proper to warn them, that if all their expectations are from that quarter, they must be miserably disappointed; for allow them to be disposed to carry such a measure, they will be unable of themselves to effect it, as they will undoubtedly be opposed by a very great majority.

It may be alledged, that as two foreigners of rank take a distinguished part in favour of a certain unpopular Candidate, there must be something of a dangerous nature concealed under *French finessé*, as it is the character of that nation, *first to kiss, and then to betray*.

In the former part of last week, a Tallow-chandler in Oxford-street was applied to by the Fox-tailed Duchefs, to give his vote for the Jewish Messiah: Rush light, charmed with the manner of her Grace's address, professed himself ready to vote for the servant of Israel, provided she would stand personally as godmother to his child (a girl) on Tuesday evening; this her Grace readily assented to, and the child is to bear the name of her patroness; the Knight of the Blue-jacket, in performance of his promise, voted for his Highness the Protector on Friday last, though he had before determined to remain neuter.

Some little time since, the travelling Duchefs applied to an Elector, a considerable distance from the Hustings, to poll for the Leadenhall Sampson; the Elector, without discovering his real sentiments, complained of the distance, inconvenience, and want of a coach. Upon which her Grace proffered to take him in hers, which was accepted, and he was conveyed to the Hustings: but when he came to vote, to her Grace's infinite mortification, he polled for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray; and afterwards turned round on his heel, and ironically observed, in her Grace's hearing, that he supposed he must walk home, as no coach *then* appeared to be at his service.

It is a mistaken idea, that Mr. Fox has now given over *gambling*. He is said to have betted, with so much success, on his own Election, that his winnings will go a great way towards defraying the whole expences of it. We do not, however, include *bribery*.

The present Election for Westminster, is said to cost the Duchefs of Devonshire 600l. per day.

It was currently reported, that Mr. Fox would this day decline the poll; but the expences attending his Election being defrayed by subscription, we imagine that he will stand

stand out to the last, notwithstanding the extraordinary expence which his opponents will incur in consequence of it.

A report was in circulation yesterday evening, that Mr. Fox was nominated as one of the Candidates for the county of Surry.

The days of the unfortunate Charles, and those of the present times, bear a striking resemblance. The *ancient Cromwell* was remarkably fond of one *Joyce*, of infamous memory, who was accessory in the murder of his Sovereign; and the *modern Cromwell* has a favourite of the same name, whose principles may be known by the active part he takes against Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, the supporters of the King's prerogative, and the rights and liberties of the people.

Should the Man of the Mob happen to be elected, or should he happen, after a Scrutiny, to continue the sitting Member, how disgraceful will be his success! The *par nobile fratrum* of the Coalition will be just in the same predicament. In Westminster Mr. Fox could not of himself, out of 10,000 votes, have got 500; and at Banbury, though 14 out of 17 Electors were his Lordship's chaplains, servants, and creatures, yet was he so unpopular and obnoxious in the place, that he thought proper, for fear of personal insult and injury, to absent himself at the time of his Election; the ceremony of chairing, in some cases, is a service of danger.

The real friends of the Duke of Bedford were very much astonished at Mr. Fox giving lately as a toast at Weltjie's, in the midst of his sycophants, "Such a *glorious death* to his Grace, as his ancestor Lord Russell met with," who, we believe, was *executed* in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The only palliation that can be made on this occasion, is, that as probably Reynard thinks he will one day meet with a *glorious death himself*, it was truly patriotic in him to wish as well to his noble juvenile *jockey* supporter!

A treaty of marriage is said to be on foot between the Right Honourable Lord George Gordon and Miss B. daughter of Edmund B. Esq. Lord Rector of Glasgow! This unexpected *coalition* of parties will, it is thought, be productive of much public benefit; for, by moderating *fanaticism* on the one side, and flexifying *bigotry* on the other, who knows but that a *mas* and a *meeting-house* may, in a short time, become nearly one and the same thing! Such an event (as Mr. Fox would say) would not be "the most wonderful of all wonders."

Milton is not only a poet, and a philosopher, but a prophet. His prophetic eye seems to have been directed to the present man of Brookes's, when he gave the following description of an orator:

A louder speaker lost not Heaven.---
But all is false and hollow; though his tongue
Drops manna, and can make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels:---his thoughts are low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Backward and slothful; yet he can please the ear,
And with persuasive accent *sometimes* speaks.

The very *collars* worn now by the different parties, are highly characteristic; that of Mr. Pitt's being *true blue*, the *patriotic* colour of Old England; while Mr. Fox's dismal *black*, is the emblem of *Erebus*.

Yesterday afternoon at five o'clock the Coroner's Jury were appointed to sit on the body of *Nicholas Casson*, the constable, who died of the wounds he received on Monday, from the hired villains who began the riot*.

* *Who* they were, and by *whom* hired, the public will perceive by perusing the trial of those men, who were *charged* with the murder, and *acquitted* with honour.

It would have been a happy thing for the friends and advocates of virtue and the constitution, if Captain M---s's pleurisy had attacked him a little earlier in the Westminster contest; for had he not basely changed his principles, and employed his wit and convivial talents for the unsubstantial prospects and promises of a despised and degraded faction, Mr. Fox would have been at this moment at least a thousand behind hand, and marked with that defeat and contempt which his unprincipled ambition, and his daring usurpation, so justly deserve.

Mr. Charles Fox, being a great gambler, declares himself always in the language of pitch and tofs, for "*heads or tails.*" Accordingly, if he cannot represent *Westminster*, he desires to be returned for a district of boroughs in *Orkney*, the remotest corner of the British Isles.

The deluding charms of prostituted beauty, and the more deluding charms of prostituted wit, have for once seemingly propped up the rotten cause of a corrupt and unprincipled candidate; but though her Grace and the Captain have *ticked* the butchers and the bakers out of their sober senses, yet we trust the worthless idol of their *dirty* zeal will find, upon a scrutiny, that according to the old song, "*Tickling is but teasing.*"

Carlo Khan's perseverance, it is said, does not so much proceed from any hope he entertains of being the sitting Member for Westminster, as from an ambition of being considerably above his competitor at the close of the poll. He still wishes to be considered as "*the Man of the People;*" and such a superiority, he flatters himself, by whatever means obtained, would give him a plausible claim to the perpetuity of that favourite title—So far says report; but a correspondent is of opinion, that *Carlo's* view extends a little farther. His *worthy* Caledonian constituents are at too great a distance to serve a turn upon occasions. It would be convenient, therefore, to be the *Member* as well as the *Man* of the good people of Westminster. In that case, what glorious doings might he not propose to himself? A numerous and well disciplined body would always be at hand, on the least signal given, to parade the streets, break windows, insult the palace gates, or beset the Parliament House, as different purposes might require.

The contest for Westminster has been the warmest ever known in this country, and has likewise extended to the greatest length. To-morrow begins the *seventh* week of its existence; and yet if we may credit report, it will survive that date. It is said that Mr. Fox is determined not to let the poll be closed before *three* on Saturday; and some even think he will insist on as much of Monday as may leave sufficient time, but no more, for making the return. What can be his meaning for keeping that City and Liberty so long in confusion, every one is at a loss to conceive; especially as he is now secured in a seat for a different quarter, which will answer every *good* purpose of being in Parliament as well.

The name of Covent Garden may now be changed into that of *Bear Garden*. The frequent riots which have happened there during the present struggle are truly a scandal to our police; but the brutal and bloody proceedings of Monday last, are, above all others, a disgrace to humanity itself, and almost extinguish our claim to the appellation of a civilized people.

If *Carlo Khan* succeeds at Westminster, *Lord Derby* is to give another *fête champêtre*, and *Sam House* and her *Grace* are to open the ball with a minuet in a new stile; they have already received several lessons.

The indignation of the impartial public must certainly be roused, at the insolent attacks made on his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. The presses of the Coalition partizans teem with opprobrious language against the conduct of a Nobleman, whose virtues

virtues and patriotism do honour to his country. But the cause of their malignity is clear as the sunshine : because his Grace has followed the noble steps of his glorious ancestors, and, in defiance of the infirmity of his years, stands boldly forward to oppose the enemies of his country. The noble family of Percy are immortalized in the history of England, as friends to liberty, and consequently to the welfare of mankind ; and we are happy to find, that the present Duke acts with a laudable veneration to the maxims of his wise ancestors, whose actions, by zealously defending the rights of a free people, in opposition to tyranny and oppression, raised this nation to the highest degree of glory.

Unfortunately for Mr. Fox, with all his former popularity, with all the predilection of his friends, with all his talents, he scarcely possesses one talent which is essential to a prime Minister ; he talks, it is true, and talks longer than most men ever did talk, who meant any thing by talking ; but mere words are mere sounds. Those who carry a laurel in their hats, could not be pardoned for placing a laurel on Mr. Fox's tomb. His political life, poor man ! has been a blank, a waste, a vacuum ! Like the path of an arrow in the air, it leaves no trace ; like the tract of time, there are no footsteps by which it can be distinguished. He never did the public one solitary service, though he certainly owes some obligation to his countrymen and his conscience, for promoting, for supporting, for encouraging the American war. We may impute to him much mischief ; we cannot ascribe to him any good ; we cannot exculpate him ; we cannot apologize for him ; we cannot justify him ; we cannot shield him from censure. When his heart shall be open to conviction, expostulation may press upon his feelings ; but in the mean time, we cannot but lament that so warm, so prolific, so luxuriant a soil, should be doomed to bring forth nothing but weeds,---nothing but unprofitable briars.

Mr. Fox and his friends, who now affect so much concern for the liberty of the press in Ireland, should recollect what Mr. Fox himself said on this subject in February 1774. Mr. Fox said, " we have not lost the confidence of the people by the " Middlesex Election, as was foolishly thought, but by suffering with tameness the " many insults that have been offered to the Sovereign and this House." He further said, " had I my will, those Aldermen and others who presented the Remonstrances to " the Throne, *should be taken into custody*. A few months back, we sent two Aldermen " to the Tower, but now suffer a paltry printer to hold us in contempt, who has " not yet obeyed our summons, and I suppose never will." So jealous, so tenacious is Mr. Fox of the liberty of the press, that palladium of our rights, that distinguishing prerogative of the British nation ! But the language of Mr. Fox has ever been the language of the day---the language of convenience---independent of all principle---all public considerations. Let him deny this if he dare.

On a fair estimate of debts and deficiencies, a million sterling would hardly suffice to set Reynard and his myrmidons on a footing with honest men.

The late Lord Holland, with all his errors, was not totally indifferent to character ; if therefore he was permitted to leave his grave, in order to be witness to the conduct of his son, he would smite his breast, and, with a small addition, exclaim with Dr. Young---

Oh Charles, abandoned boy ! " Be wise with speed---
" A fool at forty, is a fool indeed !"

The city of Westminster is now entering upon the seventh week of a foolish contest to make one of the most undeserving demagogues that ever presumed to delude the people, the representative of that city.

Is there among the partizans of Mr. Fox a single advocate who can found his claim to popularity upon one single measure directly or indirectly tending to the public good ?
Mr.

Mr. Wilkes was the means of carrying the question about General Warrants---of vindicating the rights of the Freeholders of Middlesex. What has Mr. Fox done in the Senate, or as a Minister, that has any claim to popular favour? Is there a single law upon the code that originated from Mr. Fox, unless it be a mutiny bill for a month or six weeks? Is there a deserving man that has been brought forward by him? Mr. Wilkes's contest advanced Lord Camden and Lord Ashburton. Look at the gamblers, profligates, and needy adventurers who are protected by Cataline.

What claim has Mr. Fox to the favour of the people, unless it be by introducing gambling among our nobility in its present extent, and thereby creating a rapid circulation of property.

Depositions have been taken by the Committee at Wood's Hotel, which lead to bring home the hiring of ruffians to destroy the peace of this City to the principle abettors of Cataline.

It is the determined wish and expectation of a large body of Westminster Electors to insist on a large body of the guards, to protect the poll books during the remainder of this iniquitously protracted contest.

Look to the poll books, ye Electors who at all value your franchise!

Guards, says Mr. Fox's friend, Lord Mansfield, when he spoke of their interference in quelling the riots in the year 1780, are no more than civil servants in a red coat.

The extraordinary number of constables appointed on Monday last, was occasioned by some previous information having been received of the riotous intention of an abandoned party.

Decies repetita placbit.---The very handsome terms in which Mr. Fox mentioned his sincere veneration for the virtues of his friend and colleague, Lord North, at his last public dinner at Willis's, leave us in doubt whether we shall admire most his disinterestedness, his modesty, or his consistency. How admirably do the favourable sentiments of the present day tally with that flourishing *Panegyric*, which he pronounced in the House of Commons on the 22d of January, 1779: "The noble Lord (North) after owning he had no foreign alliances, had triumphantly spoken of unanimity, and congratulated gentlemen upon that side of the House upon having *allied* themselves with those that sat on the other. This was an assertion for which there was not the smallest foundation; and it was impossible for him to state, in any phrase that language would admit of, the *shock* he felt, when he ventured to suggest, what was most exceedingly grating to his ears, and, he doubted not, to those of every gentleman who sat near him. What! *enter into an alliance with those very Ministers* who betrayed their country, who prostituted the public strength, who had prostituted the public wealth, who had prostituted what was yet more valuable, *the glory, the honour, the credit* of the nation! who deserved an *axe* more than any of the bloody tyrants that had ever existed! The idea of a COALITION with such a *monster* was too horrid to be admitted for a moment. Gentlemen must have foregone their principles, and have given up their honour, before they could have approached the threshold of an alliance so *abominable, so scandalous, so disgraceful, and so everlastingly to be cursed* by Englishmen."

The certainty of a Scrutiny for Westminster has flung Mr. Fox and his accomplices into desperation. The number of bad votes on his Poll may be moderately computed at a thousand*.

* From the present face of the Scrutiny, we can only give the writer of this article credit for *one-fifth* part of his *moderate* computation.

One of the principal causes of the fall of stocks during Mr. Fox's Administration, was the gambling character of the man, which kept the Stock Exchange in a perpetual alarm.

The murder lately committed on the poor constable in Covent Garden will be, it is hoped and believed, brought home to individuals in a very different rank of life from the poor deluded wretches who are in confinement for the crime.

Ministry, who have been justly praised for their generous pity to their political opponents, are determined on the most rigorous prosecutions, both for the riots and the acts of bribery that may be proved on the present Election.

"Between *you and me*, your wife may be with child," said a drunken butcher to a puny Peer who was canvassing him for the Westminster Election.

The King and Queen, on their entrance last night at the theatre, received from the people the same unbounded acclamations, which have particularly accompanied them, since his Majesty complied with the late earnest wishes of the community, and annihilated that monster of iniquity, the Coalition.

A C A R D.

Mr. Addington begs to inform the Editor of the Morning Herald, whoever sent to him the paragraph relative to Lord Sydney's remonstrating with him for not having stepped forth, in Covent Garden, on Monday evening, was very much mistaken in a part of his story; as his Lordship, on Mr. Addington's mentioning the guards, and saying that he did not think a Justice of Peace warranted to call out the soldiery on any electioneering squabble, unless authorized so to do by a Secretary of State, so far from encouraging Mr. Addington to expect such an order from him, very pointedly expressed his disapprobation of the idea.

A Letter from Lady W----- to the D-----s of D-----.

"Mad m,

"Before the General Election in the year 1780, the name of Lady W----- stood fair and respectable; the gay world derived no entertainment from her follies. The forms of decency and decorum had not been neglected, and therefore men of gallantry felt but little encouragement to make approaches. Sir Richard found not Cassio's kisses on my lips, for neither Cassio nor Roderigo revelled there. But, Madam, in the General Election of that day I acted like yourself---like a woman of life---a woman of spirit, but how unlike a politician! As you set your face against Sir Cecil Wray, I opposed my influence to that of Jervoise Clerk Jervoise. I coaxed, I canvassed; I made myself, in the language of Shakespeare, "*base, common, and popular*." Influences advance upon us in slow degrees; what was at first a toil, became a transport. I was charmed with the public attention I received from the men; they talked to me of irresistible graces; they pressed my fingers; they squeezed my hand, and my pulse beat quicker; they touched my lips, and my blood ran riot; they pressed me in their arms, and turned my brain. O the joy! the rapture! the enchanting, thrilling, aching sensations which beset my soul! They banished, in an instant, all ideas of a cold, a formal education. They drove from my mind all decent forms, which time and observation had copied there. Your Grace is apprized of the sequel. Before the canvass--Was your Grace strict? So was I. Was your Grace modest? So was I. And if, after the canvass, your Grace should find a violent metamorphosis in your feelings, I am ready to confess--*so did I*.

I am, Madam,

DOROTHEA W-----Y.

N a

Among

Among the numerous bawlers for Fox was a boy yesterday, in Leicester-fields, who ardently vociferated, *Fox for ever! Fox for ever!--in the cells of Newgate!*

Popular scorn at the *Coalition Gang* begins now to be changing very sensibly into popular indignation. Very few of them, indeed, have any property that can be amenable; however, let them look to their persons; the laws and legal vengeance of a country, irritated and injured beyond all bounds of possible patience, may soon be able to reach them.

Fox's party, in regard to the *murder* of the constable, have acted in the same manner as Shakspeare paints Iago, after his murdering *Roderigo*; they being the first to *stab*, and the first to cry out *murder!*

Who is the wisest man? *Lord North*. What are the proofs of his wisdom? *His Coalition with Charles Fox*, who pledged himself to bring his head to the block; therefore, although Lord North has a very large head, no body can say he is a *block-head*.

The *Members* of the *new Parliament* are making preparations for war. The leaders are beginning to rally their forces. The *artillery* of the Opposition is to be directed by those able engineers, *Fox* and *North*; but Mr. *Pitt* and the friends of liberty will be triumphant, as in last Parliament they defeated the enemies of this country, and beat the *Coalition* out of their *entrenchments*.

In a few days a *Fox* will be hunted in *St. Stephen's Common*; where the *Prince of Wales* and other eminent sportsmen will attend, in order to enjoy the pleasures of the *chace*.

Mr. Burke is preparing a very long and inflammatory speech concerning his Majesty's Prerogative; but the friends of the King need not be apprehensive of any dangerous consequences, as our *modern Cicero* will bring to the recollection of his auditors the ridicule of Horace--"*PARTURIUNT MONTES.*"--*Much work, and little wool.*

We are happy to inform the public, that if ever *Jack Lee* should again attempt to destroy a *charter*, which, according to his own language, is "only a roll of parchment with a piece of wax appending to it," Mr. *Dundas* is resolved to seal up his mouth with a *bit of waaux*.

The *Coalition* professed a great anxiety for the *public credit*; but we wish they would regulate their own *private credit*, as honest *John Bull* can never believe that his purse should be open to men who squander away their own wealth, and are in fact the *beggars of the public*.

Mr. Burke, at the late Buckinghamshire meeting, said, that "*if we ever parted with the present House of Commons, we could not easily get such another.*" Never did Mr. Burke speak with more truth or propriety!

Orkney being a famous place for *Geese*, and Kirkwall, for which the Man of the People is elected, being in Orkney, it is very surprizing that the *Fox* should be solicited to protect the *Geese!*

Mr. *Fox's* wisdom has been greatly praised, and some have gone so far as to call him *The Second Solomon*; but the best proof of his wisdom is in the selection of his friends, who must be allowed to be men of the *highest* abilities, and the most *sublime* genius, as they swarm in Spitalfields, St. Giles's, and the *attic stories* of Westminster.

"My dear *Boreas* (says *Carlo Khan* one day to his beloved spouse) our mutual affections have gained us many enemies; but let us kiss and be friends--and a fig for the world." *Boreas* then held out his chuckle head, while the dear bewitching black *Carlo Khan* mumbled his spouse's delicious blubber lips, and clasping the lovely creature by the middle--so!--so!--so!--they funk down in ecstatic bliss, and grunted aloud--"*All for Love, or the World well lost!*"

The

The Coalition *puppies* wear *black collars*, as characteristic of the black and insidious actions of their favourites. Were the *leaders* of the Coalition to be *exalted*, as their infamous conduct deserves, pray what *collars* would best suit their *necks*?

The Duke of D---e is certainly under more obligations to Mr. Fox, than many people imagine; for, in the first place, Mr. Fox's support of the American rebellion, and the encouragement given by Mr. Fox to the House of Bourbon during the war, has sunk the value of his Grace's lands full one third of what they were worth ten years ago; and now, to complete the obligation, he sinks the character of *a Lady*, in order to bring both upon a level.---This is kind!---This is like Shylock's courtesy to Antonio.

We are informed that Mr. Fox has strenuously exerted himself for the repeal of the marriage act. In this, as in every thing else, Mr. Fox has an eye to his own interest. This bill originated from the clandestine marriage of Mr. F.'s father with the sister of the present Duke of Richmond, by which alliance only Charles is entitled to the name of a gentleman.

F A C T S.

Mr. Fox's Committee having, agreeable to all their extraordinary conduct, published hand bills, offering a reward of 100 guineas, on conviction of the offender or offenders, concerned in the riots of Monday last; and having been *base* enough to assert, that those ruffians issued forth from Hood and Wray's Committee Room; the following questions are put to Mr. Fox's *immaculate Committee*, which will at once confute their assertion, and clearly evince by whom the banditti were hired, and from whom they were sent*.

Q U E S T I O N S.

Is it not notorious, that, from the beginning of the Election to this time, upwards of an hundred chairmen, porters, and butchers, have been entertained with victuals and drink at the Unicorn, Henrietta-street, the Queen's Head, Tavistock-row, and the King's Head, James-street, Covent Garden; from whence, upon a whistle being given, they issue forth, and knock down indiscriminately all that do not appear to be in Mr. Fox's interest†?

Did not the Rev. Mr. Bate Dudley, Sir Godfrey Webster, Sir William Milner, Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Sheridan, Colonel Fitzpatrick, and Mr. Porter, appear to bail all the ruffians that were apprehended in the *fact* of assaulting the peace officers, three of which offenders are now detained in Newgate, on the deposition of several witnesses who have identified them? And did not those Gentlemen declare, at the same time, that they did not know, and had never before seen the offenders?

Were not six ruffians taken at the aforementioned houses, after the riot of Saturday se'nnight, some of them in bed, with their bludgeons lying by them, discoloured with the bloody effects of their violence; and did not Messrs. O'Brien, Sheridan, and Bate Dudley offer to bail them? And, extraordinary as it may appear, did not Sir Sampson Wright, the next morning, discharge the very men, upon no other surety of their future peaceable behaviour than their own promise?

And yet none of these Gentlemen are *accessaries* either *before* or *after* the *fact*!

* Hood and Wray's Committee offered a reward of 50 guineas!!!!

† The insult and outrage committed by a *bird banditti*, dressed in blue jackets, on the side of Hood and Wray, and their *rash project* of destroying the sedan chairs, compelled the owners to take up the *shellala* to defend their property. Hence arose the *first* riot: yet never did *Irishmen* behave better; for when they had effectually defeated their adversaries, through their future *orderly* behaviour and attendance near the Hustings, which became a terror to the opposite party, they actually preserved the peace, and secured the freedom of Election!—So much for the veracity of the *Morning Libel*.

Yesterday about one o'clock, the Honourable Charles James Fox addressed Lord Hood, and made a proposal for closing the poll at two o'clock, on a report being generally circulated, that the unfortunate widow of the peace officer, murdered on Monday last, was determined (contrary to the opinion of her friends, and utterly against the opinion of every person in the house where he died) to bury her husband at the usual time of closing the poll, in the Church-yard of St. Paul, Covent Garden, which proposition was immediately assented to by the other candidates; and as many false reports have been circulated, that the friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray are at the expence of the funeral, the public may rest assured, that every offer of service that has been made to the widow of the deceased, that might in any manner alleviate her unhappy state, has been rejected, she being in such good circumstances in life, as render every thing of the kind unnecessary.

It is understood that the principal reason of the body being buried in the above church-yard (whereas the deceased lived in Wapping) is at the sole will of the widow, she having a nephew already buried in that ground.

The audacious and unwarrantable attempts that have been made by the scandalous advertisements and hand bills, in order to induce the public to attribute to the friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray the cause of the several riots and acts of cruelty that have been committed during the Election for Westminster, and particularly the unprovoked riot and cruel murder on Monday last, are too gross, and the contrary of such assertions too well known to stand in need of contradiction. The curious resolutions of Mr. Fox's Committee at the Shakespeare, and the hand-bills stuck up, and so liberally distributed about the town on Tuesday, in order to bring back to recollection the affair of St. George's Fields, appear on the very face of them to be calculated for the purpose of inflaming the minds of the people, and of creating riot and confusion.

Their pretended offers of rewards, and advertising for evidence are perfectly burlesque, unless they intend by it to buy off and suppress any evidence that may be offered against their hireling butchers.

The Scrutiny promised for Westminster, and which will undoubtedly take place, will lay open, it is generally believed, such scenes of the most abandoned proceedings, as must for ever disgrace the opposite party. They were open enough in many transactions sufficiently culpable; but others, still more heinous than those, remain yet behind the curtain. If, therefore, those *dark* things are brought to *light*, so that their authors may meet the just rewards of their crimes, we may naturally hope, by one mode of punishment or other, to get happily rid of the farther intrigues of some men, the study and business of whose public conduct it has ever been to trample on the laws, violate the rights of individuals, and disturb the peace of society.

The conduct of Mr. Fox (says a correspondent) upon the riot of last Monday, is an archetype of the powers, abilities, and the system of conduct which has pervaded the whole of his public character:

To confound and puzzle, to perplex and confuse the understandings of men in their notions of right and wrong, is the peculiar faculty of the *grand impostor*:

Let any man see whether this is not the case, by an attentive perusal of any authentic specimen of his boasted eloquence: No information, no clearness, no elucidation, but an aptitude to twist and torture a fact, to worry the understandings of his opponents, and pervert and misrepresent truth to answer his own purpose.

The principle of his conduct has been the same as his boasted eloquence upon the riot on Monday:

What is the plain matter of fact? A riot is apprehended, the magistrates are convened, the civil power is strengthened by an additional number of constables, legally appointed;

appointed; the party of Mr. Fox begin the riot, in the affray a constable is killed in the discharge of his duty, by a stroke of a bludgeon from Mr. Fox's party. What is now his attempt? To charge the innocent with the murder, to prove that the justice who wished to prevent was the cause of the riot, and author of the assassination? Hear this, ye impartial, if the brains of the populace in Westminster are too much addled by his liquor or his sophistry:

Let the people at large listen to these facts, and approve if they can of the great confounder of right and wrong, and wish to lend their assistance to such a man to be the Lord or Protector of England.—*Monstrum avitiis nulla virtute redemptum.*

Charles Fox is returned as Member of Parliament for a district of burghs in the Orkneys, and Mr. Sinclair is turned out of Caithness, the *Ultima Thule* of the ancients, and finds shelter in *Lofwithiel*, in Cornwall. This is a fine jumble, and shews how much the interests and connections of the gentlemen of England and Scotland are blended with one another. This is a striking proof of a national coalition.

Nicholas Casson, who was killed last Monday in Covent Garden, was for many years one of those persons called crimps, whose business it is to procure soldiers for the East-Indies, in which employment he had amassed enough to retire upon.

Great preparations are making to usher Mr. Fox to the Hustings on Monday next, with all the pomp of a victorious General, crowned with well earned laurels in his country's service. Among the many emblems of pageantry and shew, an elegant silk flag, highly ornamented with the WEAVERS ARMS, richly worked in variegated colours, an inscription in large letters of gold and silver, stating in what memorable year, and under whose auspices the FREEDOM of ELECTION for Westminster was extended to *Spitalfields*, will precede the *Man of the People*, borne by Sir Jeffery Dunstan and Sam House; Mr. Fox's household band (the marrow-bones and cleavers) playing that much-admired air, "*See the conquering Hero comes.*" The colours are to be consecrated at the head of the troops, and in front of the Hustings, by Lieutenant General B———, and the Colonels F—— and N——, in the absence of the three illustrious Field Marshals, who were unfortunately taken prisoners of war on Monday last, and who have not yet been exchanged, no officers of *equal rank* having fallen into the hands of the enemy.

While her Grace was squeezing and fingering the butchers, Capt. M——s was amusing their female connections with his great parts, at every ale-house and gin-shop in Westminster; and it is actually said, that his own coachman stepping accidentally into a *courtizan's ball*, at the *Cock in Petty France*, found the whole company dressed in Fox's cockades, and his master singing and drinking with forty half-naked whores and rogues of the lowest description—*quantum mutatur ab illo!*

As those who have heard that famous Coalition song, and knew the former sentiments and opinions of the *apostate partizan*, to whom the *aspiring Cataline* is indebted for his Election success, the following short account of the Captain's conversion may not be unamusing to those who are astonished at his change of conduct:—When that infamous junction of Fox and North took place, Capt. M——s, to whose wit and poetical talents we must with all the world give acknowledged praise, composed a song called *The Coalition*, which we may venture to say was the best ever written on any subject: to this song, replete with the justest satire and finest point, which the Captain sung at all his clubs, and in various companies he frequented in this metropolis, was owing the universal odium and reprobation in which that cursed and abandoned union was held; the party saw the extensive influence his wit and convivial humour had in society, and made many direct overtures to silence him; but the Captain being an independent man, and apparently warmed and animated in the best of causes, no progress could

could be made to get him over; however they were determined to have him, and finding that festive pleasure was his foible, they contrived that conviviality should effect what direct application could not accomplish; with a constant round of feasts, dinners, parties, debauches, &c. they at length won him over to the wretched cause; and one day, after a great debauch at Colonel North's, his resolution gave way, and he was sworn in, upon his own terms, as an eternal friend of the cause, with an absolute injunction never to utter one syllable of the *Coalition Song*. The Captain the next day put on his new suit of principles, and quietly sat down to write the *Baby and Nurse*, which, though we confess it abounds with wit, is such a compound of falsehood, injustice, and injurious reflection on the best of Kings and Ministers, that did we not know the Captain is one of those who can blow hot and cold, and equally strong on all subjects, we should be amazed that one and the same pen could be so just and so profligate.

At the final close of the poll at three o'clock yesterday at Covent Garden, the numbers were,

For Lord Hood	-	6694
Mr. Fox	-	6234
Sir Cecil Wray	-	5998
Majority for Mr. Fox		236

After the numbers were declared, a requisition was delivered to the High Bailiff, as follows:

To Thomas Corbett, Esq. High Bailiff of the city and liberty of Westminster.

" I Sir Cecil Wray, Bart. one of the Candidates to serve in Parliament for the city
 " and liberty of Westminster, and we the underwritten Electors of the said city and li-
 " berty, do hereby demand of you a scrutiny of the votes taken at the present Elec-
 " tion of two citizens to serve in Parliament for the said city and liberty, as witness
 " our hands this 17th day of May, 1784.

CECIL WRAY."

Mountmorres,
 R. Butler,
 J. Meyer,
 D. Mackenzie,
 James Croft,
 Morris Marfault,
 John Robertson.

Bateman,
 Francis Atkinson,
 William Adams,
 Peter Paul,
 John Jackson,
 Rev. John Lloyd,

Lord Mahon and several other Members of Parliament have not signed it, because a petition will also be presented to Parliament, we hear, if that mode of proceeding should be deemed more eligible, and those Gentlemen who have signed it, are prevented from being upon the Committee.

From the Hustings an adjournment was made to the Vestry, when after much altercation between the parties, the High Bailiff decided that no return should be made, and consented to the Scrutiny taking place as desired.

Mr. Fox was chaired, preceded by about 100 Gentlemen on horseback, dressed in blue and buff, a band of music, and the marrow-bones and cleavers, and followed by the Duchesses of Devonshire and Portland in their carriages, who were attended by a number of Gentlemen on horseback, and a great number of servants*.

It having been observed that the signatures for demanding a Scrutiny on behalf of Sir Cecil Wray, were not so many as might have been expected on such an occasion,

* How partial and mutilated an account is this of the procession, the resemblance of which was never seen in the memory of Westminster Electors, upon such an occasion; but *pertinacity* on the side of the Court, and *prejudice* against *The Man of the People*, is the characteristic of the Editors of the two notorious papers, the *Public Advertiser* and *Morning Post*.

the fact stands thus: for some time past every measure that was thought necessary was taken by the friends of Sir Cecil Wray; a demand was provided, and signed by the Chairman of the Committee, and a very large body of respectable Electors; and a separate one was signed by Sir Cecil Wray; very near the final close of the Poll, a very able and learned Gentleman of the law gave it as his opinion, that it was highly improper to make separate demands, but that a requisition or demand ought to be made jointly by Sir Cecil Wray and the Electors. In deference to so great an authority, the former requisitions were not presented, and that which has been already published, was immediately prepared, and signed by such of the Electors as happened to be present.

It may be depended on, that a ball is to be given at Devonshire-house in celebration of Mr. Fox's triumph, obtained by means of love and the *graces*. Some new dances are to be introduced on the occasion, and the whole are to appear in *blue* and *buff*; tho' several persons objected to the *former*. Young Vestris attends constantly to perfect the ladies.

On better information, we do not find that *Sam. House* is positively fixed on as *her Grace's* partner; it is rather expected to be the Prince.

As Mrs. Hobart and the Duchefs of Devonshire were walking in the Rotunda at Ranelagh on Friday, the latter arm in arm with the Prince of Wales, a wag observed that the former, like most of her sex, had a little lost down upon her chin, but that all the Duchefs's *hairs* were *hairs* apparent.

The bag-wig which is preparing for Sam House against the ensuing ball, by order of the Duchefs of Devonshire, is to be completed in the highest stile of elegance and perfection—the toupee is to be enormously large, frizzled, and decorated with festoons of flowers: the side curls open and easy, free from all stiffness, which her Grace abominates, but at the same time are to be properly elevated a-la mode *de pigeon*, in order to shew his ears in the present perfection: then as to the hair behind, it is to be very long, very full, v ry bushy, and a glorious brush of the first magnitude is to be annexed to it, in order to complete the symmetry of Sam's appearance.

WESTMINSTER INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

In a metropolis like ours, the head quarters of nonsense and profligate poverty, it is obvious that any adventurer of sufficient infamy may, from sympathy of manners alone, be sure of a large number of adherents; and he can scarcely avoid a majority, if he has audacity to go all lengths,—bribery, bawdry, and blood!!!!

A banditti of no less than five hundred men are hired to attend this day's triumph of infamy. There are also to be triumphant the hundreds of Drury, and some hundreds of insolvents and insurgents, sharpers, swindlers, common gamblers, and common thieves, who have for these six weeks past been flaunting about the town, in *the disguise of Gentlemen*.

It is remarkable that many of the same circumstances now strike the shrewd observer as were so horribly fixed in his mind from the riots and fires of June 1780. There has been for some time past an unaccountable deal of foreign gold in circulation! The same desperadoes who burnt Newgate, and attempted to break into the Bank! And above all, the active interference of that *arch-miscreant* whom nobody doubted the enemies of our King and Constitution had hired to *head* the mob!!!! The inference is *beware!!!!*

Considering the awful signs of the times, and what incendiaries, insolvents, and insurgents, are now presuming to take the lead in them, a *double guard* ought instantly to be posted at the *Bank!!!!*

—————The return declar'd
While folly clapp'd her hands, and wisdom star'd!!!!

To-

To morrow the Bailiffs, whose hands have for special reason been tied during the Poll, are to go to work of course; the walking jockies, not in Parliament, with Fox's trophies in their heads, and nothing in their pockets, are to make *their* usual amende honourable, by taking a *French leave* of their English friends!

Let no such men be trusted!

"Fit to be Senators! they are not fit to live!" was the spirited reply of an opulent tradesman in Westminster, on the effrontery of several honourable sharpers on a late canvas.

The enormous mass of undue influence exerted in favour of Charles Fox, could only be exceeded by the power of government, and that Mr. Pitt, extremely to his honour, refused to put in action an atom of.

Except for example sake, for the moral credit of our age, it can be conceived of no consequence whether such a man as Charles Fox was the Member for the mob of Westminster, or Mr. Commissary Dundas's noble boroughs in the deserts of Scotland.

To the Westminster tradesmen unhappily employed by the great gamesters of the time, it is recommended not to mix in any crowds in the streets. The blow which murdered poor Caffon the constable, might, if it had *happened* to have deviated a little, have killed a principal creditor, an annuitant of - - - - -!!!

A correspondent would be glad of fuller light being thrown on the melancholy story of poor Hogg, one of Fox's martyrs, whom Lord B. removed by a habeas from Newgate to the King's Bench. And in his way from one vile durance to another, giving a vote for his cell in Newgate;

Vice mounts the Hustings, rears her scarlet head,
And sees pale *Virtue* carted in her stead.

--- --So said the Electors of Westminster, on seeing their powers and privileges invaded by the cavalcade of yesterday! However let them not despair, there will soon be judgment and restitution. There are such objects awaiting these beggars on horseback, as sponging-houses and the block.

The bad votes in one parish alone, St. James or St. Martin, our correspondent knows not which, are as follow---33 for Sir Cecil Wray, 67 for Lord Hood, and for Charles Fox 244!

The triumph of Mr. Fox, will be but very short-lived. The Scrutiny certainly sinks him again; and the enormous expence attending the Scrutiny will have this good effect, that it will be felt by *three* of the *filliest* families in the kingdom as long as they live.

The providence of God which brings good out of evil, has ordained in this instance, that *aristocratic tyranny*, the iniquitous tyranny of the few over the many, should thus be disabled, and their expensive villainies in Westminster, maim them from doing any further mischief to the Constitution. Hence our salvation at York, Berkshire, Bucks, &c. &c.

A correspondent says, when the arch patriot was the last in respect to numbers on the Poll, he promised his Constituents that he would demand a Scrutiny, in order to protect their franchises; but on the close of the Poll this very immaculate character objects to his own proposals, and his friends enter their protest. The public are left to draw their own conclusions.

Various

Various were the reasons assigned by the populace of different streets on seeing a certain Colonel lately running after Justice Wilmot's coach. Poor man, said one, an East India Commissionership unfortunately slipped through his fingers some weeks ago, and he has been upon the run in search of it again ever since. A grave, medical looking by-stander differed from the last speaker; and though he ascribed the preternatural running to the same cause, the loss of the Commissionership, he contended that relaxation and the hot weather might produce upon the unfortunate patient that kind of madness peculiar to the canine species, known to the French by the name of *La Rage Courante*, or the Running Madness, which rarely or never terminates but with death.

The political *drama* of Covent Garden, which, after harrassing the public patience so long, exhibited the *tragedy* acted on the 10th of this month, was concluded on the 17th with a *farce* called THE PROCESSION. The *equestrian* part of this show made no contemptible figure, if we only regard their drapery, which was a new uniform of *buff and blue*, the adopted livery of their triumphant hero. We cannot, however, say much for their own personal appearance, which, in general, was such, as discovered but little care from the hands of the Graces. The scraggy *phizzes* of one half, and the *pot-bellies* of the other, made an unseemly sort of contrast. As for the *foot* corps, the Taylor, as well as the Three Sisters, seemed to have entirely neglected them. Of the music, which preceded the cavalcade, little need be said. It is sufficient only to mention, that it was as good as ever was performed on the *tuneful* instruments of *Butcher-row* academy.

Let not the friends of decency and integrity be discouraged at the numerous and brilliant appearance that attended the short-lived triumph of Mr. Fox. The Cause in which that apostate has embarked, as he himself observes, is not *private*. Hundreds look up to him for protection and support; the misapplication of *his* abilities first gave them consequence, and from his discomfiture or success they must take the colour of their fate; from the elbow-shaking Peer to the midnight-plying Chairman, the general cry is, FOX FOR EVER!

In some notorious instances it appears, that your Whig, like your besom, will wear out! By the same unhappy examples it appears, that the principles of families, like their property, may be brought to an end, by the folly and villainy of their descendants. Who, in the usual declension of vice to infamy, become first poor through luxury, and afterwards profligate through poverty!!!

Let us hear no more of such insufferable cant, as the hereditary virtue of families, when we see their present representatives of no mark nor livelihood.

What can enoble fools, and slaves, and cowards?

Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!

The Duke of Portland's family, and the House of Cavendish, may be considered as those who have been the greatest sufferers by Elections. The former is said to have spent 200,000l. the latter are, on the present General Election, above 70,000l. out of pocket.

As a remarkably elegant carriage was driving along King-street, towards Covent Garden, early in the afternoon of Monday, it was undoubtedly expected that it contained some *noble-minded Patriot*, whose faculties were all ardently awake, and who was enthusiastically interested in the object, and in the glories of the day. But how were the worthy spectators surprized and mortified to find, that the owner of the chariot was a foreign Nobleman, fast asleep, and buried in the fumes of the god of wine! What an ignominy it is to himself, and to his country, that he was in a shameful state of insensibility, on the very spot where our modern Brutus was preparing his triumph,

and receiving the gratitude and acclamations of an enlightened, unprejudiced, and virtuous Roman people!

Notwithstanding the *chairing* of Mr. Fox in Covent Garden, the Scrutiny, in all probability, will *unseat* him in St. Stephens. Should that be the case, what shame ought not *he* and the senseless *round-heads*, who accompanied him in that mock triumph, to take to themselves! They may endeavour to brave it out; and it is most likely, indeed, that men of their hardy complexion will be able to look at the finger of derision without a blush. Few others, however, insensible as the world is in general to delicate sensations, could easily stand the *brunt* of the scorn and ridicule that must follow.

No former party in this country had ever such a creative power as the present *Coalition* Junto. Their resolutions in the late House of Commons made them superior to King, Lords, and People. Their resolutions at the Shakespeare made *others* the murderers of the unhappy Caffon; and their resolutions at the close of the Poll made Mr. Fox claim the usual triumph as Member for Westminster, contrary to the declared sense of the High Bailiff, whose sole privilege it was to make the legal return, and granted a scrutiny in bar to his pretensions. What a wonderful omnipotence! Whatever they resolve, they need only pronounce the *fiat*, and the thing is instantly done!

An ironical Speech, spoken by Mr. W. at the Annual Dinner of the Constitutional Society.

Gentlemen, Brethren, and Fellow Citizens!

"That the major part of you are a parcel of *Numskulls*, *Tom-noodles*, and *Ninny-hammers*—this I have no occasion to represent to you, since your obstinacy in refusing to elect Mr. Fox, puts me under the disagreeable necessity of informing you, that no man in this city is so fit to represent you as himself. For G-d z--nds! (to talk calmly with you) what would you be at? Is it his inability to stuff your paunches with the most delicate food? or is it his incapacity to flatter you, that deprives him of your favour? If it be the first, with what face can you expect a dinner from one who has always expressed his abhorrence of that practice? or how should you expect gentlemen that he should flatter, whom you all know to be an enemy to fawning? Yet these, base as they are, these seem to be the only means by which you are determined to be won! Well slaves!—go on—never leave off following corruption, till you find the Pope at your door, the Pretender in your chambers, the Devil in your hearts, no reformation in Parliament, but slavery every where! Till your bodies become as grovelling as your minds, and the Aldermen there erect an inquisition, and broil free citizens. But, in vain do I ring freedom in your ears, when the very first tinkling of jugs, flaggons, decanters, and quart pots, will drive it all out again, and you become as enamoured of slavery as ever, which shews you, by the bye, to be of the true breed of *Circé's hogs*, who had rather lie wallowing in your accustomed drunkenness and gluttony, than by abstaining, enjoy the sober blessings of reason, virtue, and liberty. But ye changlings! Did Mr. Fox only consult his own interest on this occasion, he'd let you quietly swim with the stream. But conscience! conscience! I say, which over-rules every other consideration with him, will not suffer him to see you make away quietly with yourselves. No, no, ye *scal'd dogs*, he loves you! and this is the reason, that let it cost him what it will, he is determined at all events to be your Representative: not from the vain motive of setting himself above his fellow citizens—No—He is a *blackguard* like the rest of you, and therefore by G-d no man so fit to represent you!

"Look

“ Look ye, Gentlemen, I say no more, only this, that if you do *not* elect him, you will be a parcel of the greatest blackguards, villains, and scoundrels that ever sold city's liberty; but if you *do* elect him, not Rome in all her glory could boast such a race of immaculate citizens! Then shall you find, Gentlemen, that plenty shall be the common lot of you all; and as his belly is increasing in magnitude, why yours shall swell in like proportion, which being one of the strongest motives I have at present to offer, I beg leave to sit down, Gentlemen,

“ Your most humble servant.”

As the following is not without some pretensions to wit and humour, we give it a place in our Electioneering Miscellany.

CURIOUS ELECTIONEERING LETTER.

Dear Jack,

“ Expect neither wit, sense, consistency, nor any one quality arising from order and a sound understanding, for I am all confusion, my head, my house, my actions, all are, as the poet says, ‘ Confusion worse confounded.’ Hubbub and Hurley-burley strive for mastery, and Old Anarchy sits umpire, ‘ by his decisions more t’ embroil the fray.’ In short, the warfare of Election is begun; uproar and riot, brawling and bullying, roast-beef and brandy, true-blues and black-guards, broken heads and bribes; these are the current coin of the kingdom, and no where in greater plenty than at —.

“ I am playing for a dreadful stake, Jack! lose this, lose all; and by Heaven, I fear I shall be jockeyed! If I don’t get into Parliament, it is all over with me; if I do, why, then, the cards are in my own hand again; then, huzza! for a long speech, a loud speech, a rancorous speech, and a place. If I fail, I am afraid that little word *place* can find no synonymy but *pistol*.

“ The very devil of electioneering inspires, nay wholly possesses, my opponent. He has a throat of—a throat?—no—a *forehead* of brass, a throat of iron, a tongue—oh, damn his tongue! He wheedles, lyes, cants, rants, drinks, sings, and promises! I myself have engaged for a Bishop, a Judge, and a keeper of the lions, at five hundred a year each; besides excisemen, and places in the Customs, out of number; but I find I am a fool to him; he has made fifteen Privy Counsellors, and given his word of honour for seven and twenty East India principalities; so that there is hardly a clod-hopper or taylor among his constituents, who would thank him to make his son a General or an Admiral. His words glide into their guts—for there their brains lie—faster than his wine. One of them, I am told, absolutely refused the place of Lord Chancellor, till he heard the title of Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, &c. at full length; and he was not then quite satisfied that it was worth his acceptance. The fellow’s impudence is beyond all belief; and even I, hackneyed as I have been for some seasons past in coalitions, changing sides, saying and unsaying, and all the detestable iniquities of corruption, to which, by my follies, I have reduced myself, I yet want that impenetrability of countenance necessary for such gross imposition. But, what is more extraordinary, he makes, by the glossing he gives, even these glaring absurdities wear a mark of probability. ‘ Was it not my father,’ says he, ‘ who then had the honour to represent the — for which I now solicit your suffrages, that recommended Mr. B.—, the great Nabob, to the Directors of the East India Company? and, give me leave to say, Gentlemen, I have ten, twenty, aye, fifty times the interest with that respectable body of men my worthy father ever had.’ And in this manner he runs on, with a tongue so glib, that he persuades the clods he can make Rajahs, Soubahs, and Mahratta Monarchs, faster than their wives can stuff black-puddings.

“ Had I not put the scheme in execution I hinted to you, and brought down our old acquaintance Harriet, I should have had no chance; but she goes through the business rarely. She is dressed very fine, and that flatters her, and makes my wife constituents suppose her a lady of great rank, which flatters her still more. And then she is so complaisant, so affable, so humble, any body may kiss that will; and those who are too bashful to approach, she will meet half-way. She talks too, faster than five Frenchmen; and as for the oath she now and then raps out, it passes current at present, and rather as a proof of good humour than vulgarity; for oaths fly in volleys like amens at a methodist meeting; and notwithstanding all my cautions, she cannot sometimes help letting the trigger slip, and discharging her over-loaded piece; and I assure you, it goes off with the devil of a bounce. I can tell you we run thro’ a deal of business between us, and we are not nice; old and young, ugly and handsome; dirty and clean. I the women, and she the men, all are kissed, and called handsome, wise, witty, and brave; all are Gods and Goddeses; their little, smear-faced, waddling chubby-brats, are all cherubs, and kissed and coaxed likewise. — O Jack, it is the devil of a job! it unites all the labours of Hercules, and exceeds them all: his Augean stable was a work of delicacy to this, for he had a river to wash as he went.

“ I’m thrown into the utmost consternation! Harriet is just come down, and is struck dead hoarse! What shall I do! I can’t hear her whisper across the breakfast table. Do, Jack, for the love of pity, run, seek, find some rattle-headed fellow, that has spent his life in lying, spunging, and singing, for the diversion of fools and benefit of tavern-keepers. There are enough such; send me one, and I’ll make his fortune, (you see I have learnt to promise). But dress him, daub him a little with lace, and take care he don’t give you the slip. I wish to Heaven you could find me one of that order of poets, three degrees below Grub-street, that hit so well the taste of Cranbourn alley and St. Paul’s Church-yard; one that could write down to our understandings, and afterwards bawl his own productions. Do try—try-try-try—You know not the anxiety I am under. By the Almighty Thunder, if I am not returned, I am extinct! If ever you expect to spend another happy hour with your old friend, try. The above pair of persons would be a treasure to me; and, seriously, I will make it worth their while. If the poet has a wife that can sing, so much the better.

“ Adieu. yours in all confusion, haste, anxiety, distraction, noise, hubbub, &c.
“ &c. &c. &c.

“ P. S. Just as I was folding this, in comes a fellow whose vote I had purchased at— guineas, and tells me “ his son is a lad of scorproizing geenas, for he has whittled the head of an afs, ears and all, as parfit as the loife, on the top of an ashen plant; and so, if I will be so koind as to make him master o’ the mint, or otherwoise proime statutory to the King, which he hears is a’most as good as proime minister, whoy he should teak it as a feavor dun to he; but if not, whoy, he canna tell what to seea to’t.’ The rascal’s looks told me his meaning plain enough; and I have been obliged to make this ridiculous promise; nay, I could scarce get him away without giving it under my hand. The absurd thing he had heard about *proime statutory*, convinces me the other party has been tampering with him, and will give you a small trait of his capacity for these affairs. Once again adieu—send me the recruits if possible.”

E.

The

The faithful Selection of Paragraphs, &c. we have made in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray being completed, we shall now produce those in favour of Mr. Fox, and doubt not they will be found to contain, not only useful Information, but confute (as in the Advertisements and Hand-bills) the bold and unfounded Assertions of his Adversaries, whose Business, it evidently must appear, has been to deal Wholesale in Malignity and Misrepresentation.

BEFORE people espouse the cause of one man to the prejudice and disparagement of another, they should *rationally* and *coolly* consider the actions and real principles of each party.

Popular clamour calls Mr. Fox a libertine, a gambler, an invader of chartered rights, and an unprincipled *poor* man, therefore ought not to be trusted: on the contrary, Mr. Pitt is painted out in the highest colours of philanthropy, prudence, sobriety, with firm, steady, uniform, unimpeached principles, and therefore should be confided in.

In respect to their moral characters, the warmth and luxuriancy of Mr. Fox's imagination possibly may have occasioned and been productive of many youthful follies and extravagancies, which the phlegmatic constitution of Mr. Pitt has exempted him from. It would have been truly great and meritorious in the former to have stopt or moderated the career of his passions---but no merit in the latter in not following the pursuit of the former. Instances we daily see of people's conduct being much reprobated in their youth, and highly applauded in their manhood. In respect to their political conduct, Mr. Fox has uniformly and regularly reprobated every idea relative to the American war---When called to office, finding he was to act under an unconstitutional Dictatorialship, he resigned, though an *unprincipled poor* man. When called a second time, concessions were generously made, which he as nobly accepted: This formed a Coalition so much talked of, and so little understood.

Mr. Fox found the India affairs in anarchy and confusion---preliminary articles of peace inconclusive---the national debt immense---and public credit on the decline.---What steps did he take? 1st. He rectified, afterwards ratified the articles of peace. 2dly, Endeavoured to secure the public money lent to the India Company, without injuring the Company's affairs, wisely lodging the power in the People's Representatives, being the channel through which it was lent. 3dly, To lessen the national debt, and raise public credit, without oppressing the already too much oppressed subject, he recommended Committees to be appointed to look into the abuses of the Customs, Excise, and smuggling business, which Committees have already declared they have made discoveries which will be a saving to the nation of between two and three millions yearly. However laudable these designs, and beneficial to the public, by preventing heavy loans---Secret Influence interfered. Mr. Fox was dismissed, and Mr. Pitt raised to the seat of honour, under the appellation of the Minister of the Crown: What has been his conduct since his elevation? 1st, Manufacturing Addresses, and therein meanly vilifying his predecessors. 2dly, Courting Majesty, by endeavouring to introduce a bill on the India business, and vesting the power in the Crown, though his reply to Mr. Fox was, "The Right Honourable Secretary was willing to secure to the Gentooes their natural rights, but let him take care that he did not destroy the liberties of
" English-

“Englishmen: he mentioned the influence of the Crown, but had it ever been in its zenith equal to what it would be, when it should find itself strengthened by the whole patronage of the East, which the Right Honourable Secretary was going to throw into the hands of the Crown by his bill?” 3dly, Keeping his seat when a majority of the House of Commons have voted him inadequate to his situation. As Minister of the Crown, he says he is justified in keeping his seat, though two years ago he wondered how Lord North (on losing a question by one or two) could have the effrontery to stay in office when he found himself in a minority; yesterday he spurned at secret influence, to-day condescends to be the mere tool of one; yesterday daringly disapproved of the Receipt Tax bill, to-day openly avows he shall adopt it; yesterday asserting nothing but what is radical should be attempted respecting the funds, to-day temporizing with them for the sake of popularity, which Mr. Fox rejected *though a gambler*; asserting he would not deceive the public by false appearances and jobbing assistance, his plans of reform would essentially retrieve their credit to every one’s satisfaction, and that the public must wait for this affirmation, was truly manly and honest, though unpopular in respect to himself; and happy had it been for the nation if his plans had been carried into execution; our situation would not then have been as it now really is, replete with uncertainty, instability, and every dreary prospect of ruin.

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT GEORGE* BUILT.

This is the House that George built.



This is the malt that lay in the House that George built.

Lord Nugent. This is the *Rat*, that eat the malt, that lay in the house that George built.

Mr. Fox. This is the *Cat*, that killed the *Rat*, that eat the malt, that lay in the house that George built.

Pepper Arden. This is the *Dog*, that barked at the cat, that killed the rat, that eat the malt, that lay in the house that George built.

Lord Thurlow. This is the *Bull* with the crumpled horn, that roared with the dog, that barked at the cat, that killed the rat, that eat the malt, that lay in the house that George built.

Mr. Pitt. This is the *Maiden*† all forlorn, that coaxed the bull with the crumpled horn, that roared with the dog, that barked at the cat, that killed the rat, that eat the malt, that lay in the house that George built.

Mr. Dundas. This is the *Scot* by all forsworn, that wedded‡ the maiden all forlorn, that coaxed the bull with the crumpled horn, that roared with the dog, that barked at

* George Nugent Grenville, Earl Temple.

† The immaculate continence of this British *Scipio*, so strongly insisted on by his friends, as constituting one of the most shining ingredients of his uncommon character, is only alluded to here as a received fact, and not by any means as a reproach.

‡ Wedded. This Gentleman’s own term for Coalition.

the cat, that killed the rat, that eat the malt, that lay in the house that George built.

Mr. *Wilkes*. This is the *Patriot* covered with scorn, that flattered the Scot by all forsworn, that wedded the maiden all forlorn, that coaxed the bull with the crumpled horn, that roared with the dog, that barked at the cat, that killed the rat, that eat the malt, that lay in the house that George built.

Conscience. This is the *Cock* that crowed in the morn, that *wakened* the patriot covered with scorn, that flattered the Scot by all forsworn, that wedded the maiden all forlorn, that coaxed the bull with the crumpled horn, that roared with the dog, that barked at the cat, that killed the rat, that eat the malt, that lay in the house that George built.

Mr. Fox has certainly rejected all overtures for an union of parties on his Westminster canvas, having not only prudently determined that no "*serpent shall sting him twice,*" but that he will not be not stung a *second time by any serpent whatever!*

The constitutional defender of the *people's privileges* met with so general a support on his canvas throughout the several districts of Westminster, that his re-election for this populous and respectable city is now unquestionably sure: even in the quarters supposed to have been the least friendly to his interest, he has secured a full moiety of votes, and in all other divisions, the assurances of the firmest support were more than *three to one* in his favour!

The *prerogative canvassers* vainly flattered themselves, that all those Electors who signed Sir Cecil Wray's *smuggled* address, had thus pledged themselves to refuse their suffrages to Mr. Fox on a future Election; but this absurd and ill founded idea was very early scouted on his canvas, by the manly declaration of many of the most Independent Electors: "Though we did not approve of one particular measure proposed by Mr. Fox, we never meant our address to convey a general disapprobation of his conduct in Parliament, and therefore we shall vote for his re-election!"

On Tuesday the 23d instant, Mr. Pitt refused to tell the House of Commons that he had any intention to dissolve the Parliament. On the same day he sent the following letter by the post to a Cambridge voter. He put a false date to the letter, as appears by the post mark *. Thus we see, that although Mr. Pitt refuses to give any answer to the representatives of the people upon this important matter, saying he will not *compromise the King's Prerogative*, yet he is ready enough to *compromise the same Prerogative*, in order to take an unfair advantage for the purpose of his own Election:

"Downing-street, March 24*, 1784.

"S I R,

"*A Dissolution of Parliament having taken place*, I beg leave to offer myself a Candidate to represent the University of Cambridge, and to request the honour of your countenance and support. Permit me to assure you, that I shall esteem any assistance which you may have the goodness to afford me, a very particular obligation.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient,

"And faithful humble servant,

"W. PITT."

* The post mark is the 23d.

As one little instance of the gross misrepresentations practised by the *runners, puffers,* and *paragraph mongers* of the present *immaculate Ministry*, we cannot help noticing the repeated assertions, that the Dukes of Devonshire and Marlborough have withdrawn their support from the cause of the late opposition. This, we can assure the public, in the polite and elegant language of Mr. Pitt, is a *false, malicious, and scandalous insinuation* against the public characters of those truly great and patriotic noblemen.

The public may judge of the boasted popularity of the *virtuous Minister*, when they are informed, that he is posting through the country in search of a seat. He has tried in the City of London, without success. He is now trying at Bath, but Mr. Moysey's prospects on the canvas leave him but little hopes. Harwich is reserved for him, so that it is more than probable, that he will be finally indebted to the *Rat-catcher* for a seat, which has been swindled from that worthy Gentleman's benefactor. While this very *popular* character is thus a subject of alarm to his supporters, the *unpopular* Mr. Fox goes on triumphantly in Westminster, and has already ascertained his Election. It must give pleasure to every honest man to find that Sir Cecil Wray will most undoubtedly receive the reward of his ingratitude in a complete defeat.

Though that redoubted *Militia Colonel* Sir Cecil Wray will not, it is hoped, be gratified in the *Downfall of Chelsea Hospital*, he will probably be so far rewarded for his very *meritorious* endeavours, by finding at the present crisis, that he has at least been *cunning* enough to *pull an old House about his own ears*.

As Mr. Fox, from the *grateful* return he has received at the hands of his late colleague, is determined, by standing alone, never to offer another political *Iscariot* to the Electors of Westminster, it is probable that Lord Hood will be returned with him, and that Sir Cecil will thereby be rendered incapable of *complimenting* this respectable city with any more of his *singular services*.

It is with the greatest degree of reluctance that the D—e of N——d has seen the city of Westminster emancipate itself from that degree of slavery to his Grace under which it groaned for so many years, and he is now striving, by means of his creature, Sir Cecil Wray, to reduce the Electors of that respectable city to their former servile situation; but unfortunately for the schemes of the noble Duke, they see through his insidious design, and are determined to preserve their liberty, which they would certainly lose if they were to comply with his desire on this occasion.

Sir Cecil Wray has contrived to make himself so extremely popular by his *Chelsea Hospital* proposition, and his intended tax on *maid servants*, that not a *crutch*, or a *broom* in Westminster but will probably be elevated in support of this *worthy Senator's* reelection!

Three lies were issued by orders from the Treasury for the use of the current week.

Lie 1st, That the Duke of Devonshire has withdrawn his countenance from Mr. Fox.

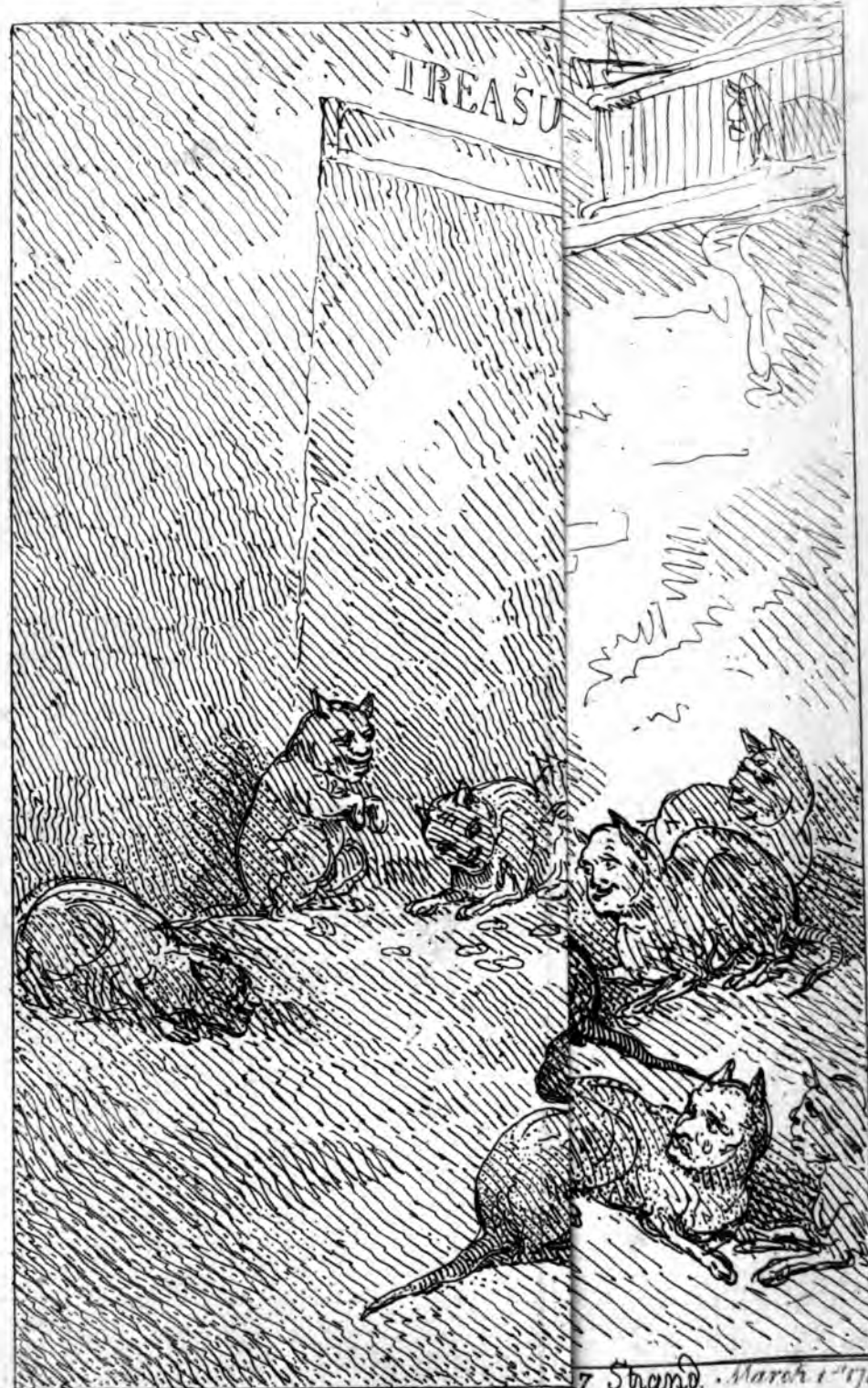
Lie 2d. Ditto of the Duke of Marlborough.

Lie 3d. That an Address in favour of the present *Ministers* was carried at the Yorkshire meeting.

To the above lies all loyal subjects are desired to give implicit credit for the space of one week. N. B. The lie of last week, relative to the late *loss* of the *Great Seal* may now be doubted, and next week openly ridiculed.

Sir Cecil Wray's reception is very unfavourable among the order of female domestics; they recollect his proposition to *lay a tax* upon them, too heavy for *maid-servants* to bear, and revile him whenever he solicits a vote!

Mr.



7 Strand. March 1-1784.

THE APOSTATE JACK live!

Mr. Fox's interest in Westminster is so superior in itself, without the interference of family connections, that no less than five Gentlemen who have been solicited to stand, have declined it on that consideration.

It is reported that Sir Cecil Wray has made it a condition with Lord Hood, for bringing in his Lordship into Parliament, that he shall give his support to the worthy Baronet's intended motion for the pulling down of Chelsea Hospital.

Mr. Fox's conduct, from the first moment of his entering office, after his long and uniform opposition, to the present time, has been manly and consistent; and every true lover of his country will rejoice in seeing him once again at the helm.

In the course of a few days a grand party dinner will be given to Mr. W. Pitt. by his faithful whipper-inn, Jack Robinson, whose kitchen being a little deranged at the present juncture, the following persons of distinction have, in the most friendly manner, offered to supply his table with the characteristic dish, opposed to their several names.

BILL OF FARE.

Duke of Rutland	<i>Green Goose,</i>
Earl of Effingham	<i>Cods head and shoulders,</i>
Sir Cecil Wray	<i>Hodge Podge.</i>
Lord Sackville	<i>Beef ben flaut.</i>
Mr. Lloyd Kenyon	<i>Scup Meagre.</i>
Mr. Martineau	<i>Starling court.</i>
Anthony Bacon	<i>Cedar of Brown.</i>
Johnny Wakes	<i>Stewed GIBLETS.</i>
Commodore Johnstone	<i>Tongue and Udder.</i>
Mr. Tho. Scott	<i>Sheep's Head and Trotters.</i>
Sir Joseph Mawbey	<i>Hogs Chitterlins.</i>
Earl of Chesterfield	<i>Romp of Beef a la danb.</i>
Lord Thurlow	<i>Sour crout.</i>
Lord North's deserters	<i>Ruffs and Rees.</i>
Duke of Queensberry	<i>Collard Eel.</i>
Mr. Drake	<i>Wild Fowl</i>
Sir James Lowther	<i>Calves Head—sans Brains.</i>
Mr. Beaumont	<i>Coxcombs forced.</i>
Mr. Henry Dundas	<i>Scotch Collops.</i>
Lord Mulgrave	<i>Bubble and squeak.</i>
Maids of Honour	<i>Lambs tails, a la braise!</i>
Mr. Pepper Ardron	<i>Curry.</i>
Noel Hill	<i>Shrewsbury Cake.</i>
Lord Mahon	<i>Hasty Pudding.</i>
Mr. Christopher Atkinson	<i>Hard dumplings.</i>
Duke of Northumberland	<i>Westminster fool.</i>
Mr. Wrexham	<i>Puff tartslets.</i>
Sir B. Turner	<i>Clouted cream.</i>
Lord Nugent	<i>Irish summery.</i>
Sir W. Lemon	<i>Sherbes.</i>
Sir W. Lewes	<i>Welch Rabbits.</i>
Lord Bute	<i>A Devil.</i>

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17.

SUPPLY.

The order of the day being read for the House to go into a Committee of Supply, Mr. Ord took the Chair.

Sir George Yonge, after stating that the estimate had been made out with all possible accuracy, moved, that the sum of 17,001l. 15s. 5¹/₂d. be granted to his Majesty for the the pay, &c. of Chelsea Hospital for the year 1784.

Sir Cecil Wray remarked, that according to the number of men now in Chelsea Hospital, the above sum amounted on an average to 51l. 5s. per man, which, in his opinion, was too enormous; but how to remedy the evil he knew not, *unless it was by pulling the Hospital down, which in his heart he wished to see speedily done.*

Nothing could exceed the universal detestation which seemed to be expressed in the countenances of all the members of the House of Commons when Sir Cecil Wray proposed the annihilation of Chelsea Hospital; an idea so repugnant to every principle of justice could never have entered into the head of any man but one whose heart must have been callous to the feelings of humanity, and that noble spirit of generosity which beats so actively in the breast of every Britain. What! shall that man who has fought in defence of his country, and preserved her from becoming a slave to foreign tyrants, who has endured the summer's heat in the parched regions of the torrid zone, and the numbing cold in the frozen winters of Canada—who has given up every consideration, even his dearest connections—his wife—his children, when glory has called him forth; shall that man, after having made so many sacrifices, when he returns to his native country, perhaps with the loss of his limbs, be abandoned in his old age to penury and distress? Forbid it honour! Forbid it justice! No! while Britain exists, she will ever find a quiet retreat, where the exhausted warrior may safely rest after all his toils are over.

Sir Cecil Wray's scheme of pulling down Chelsea Hospital will be received with the warmest sentiments of gratitude by those mutilated veterans, who have fought the battles of this country, and exposed their lives to the mouths of the enemies cannon, whilst such men as Sir Cecil were quarrelling in the House of Commons about the distribution of political loaves and fishes. Hard indeed is the fate of these poor fellows; they allow themselves to be shot at for about fourpence three farthings per day for the good of their country, and the prospect of being *amply* provided for in *Chelsea Hospital* with a pitcher of broth and a flannel night-cap, when they are rendered incapable of further service to the nation; and then gets up a Senator in his place to wish their house pulled down. We hope there are few Sir Cécils in the world. It may not be improper here to remark, that the estimate at 50l. a man is not any thing great, considering the whole of the expences.

No less than seven different boroughs have been offered to Mr. Fox, if he would decline the contest for Westminster. But Mr. Fox is firm and trusty to the firmness of his friends.

It argues an unparalleled degree of arrogance in a certain *naval character*, to propose himself for Westminster, in opposition to Mr. Fox. What are his political qualifications, that he should presumingly step forward to contend the point with the *first Senator* of the present age; whose abilities truly do honour to the *citizens* who have hitherto given him their suffrages. The Electors of Westminster will no doubt decide whose claim is best, and not suffer themselves to be Hood-winked.

The

The Naval Commander, who has professed himself a candidate for Westminster, must have a contemptible opinion of the discernment of the Electors, if he imagines they are to be deceived by idle parade; they will remember the officer in question was anchored off St. Kitt's, when that island, together with Nevis and other settlements, *surrendered to the French arms*; they will remember this, and not be Hood-winked by the amazing boast of "feats of broils and battles!"

The Pages of the Back Stairs have been hard at work in favour of the Court candidates all over the kingdom: How do you vote Mr. Dip? Their Majesties admire your candles amazingly. Mr. Putty, you'll give Sir — a plumper—Upon my honour their Majesties mean to have all their windows new glazed. Mr. Buckskin, we make sure of you by the bye—Their Majesties intend to give us all new leather breeches after the election. Tradesmen of sense and spirit laugh at these petty devices; for they know that these demi-minions of power have not the slightest authority for using the name of Majesty for such mean and mercenary purposes.

Sir Cecil Wray is now endeavouring to do away his wish for the annihilation of the Chelsea Pensioners, by alledging he only wished the house pulled down, that the lame, the blind, the deaf, the bed-ridden, might be permitted to live out-pensioners on about *three-pence farthing per day*, and out of that buy clothes, pay for a nurse, house-rent, taxes, food, physic, &c. &c. Benevolent œconomy! this, in a man who himself was a soldier!

There is not the least doubt but every soldier in Westminster will remember the worthy Baronet, who so *humanely* wished to pull down Chelsea Hospital, and deprive him of a place to retreat to in his old age.

To cover his inhuman outrage against the poor decrified pensioners of Chelsea Hospital, who owe their misfortunes to exertions in the service of their country, Sir Cecil Wray pretends to provide for them more handsomely at a less expence: Was ever such an injury offered to an institution of this liberal description, without an affectation at least of œconomy? The branches into which the public expenditure is divided, are infinite. It is wonderful no other *saving* can be made than from the *comforts*, the *conveniences*, perhaps the *necessaries* of the *lame*, the *aged*, the *worn out* veterans. Can he possess a single spark of public spirit, or be the friend of this country, who would make retrenchments on her attention to her best friends? Is he a proper candidate for representing the city of Westminster, who thus stands forth the avowed enemy of every provision made by the wisdom of our forefathers, for those who have spent the prime of their lives and their best blood in our defence.

A more unmilitary sentiment was never uttered than Sir Cecil Wray's expression respecting Chelsea Hospital; it has been considered in all the horrid shapes that indignation could suggest. What person can hear, that each of the pensioners on the Chelsea establishment, who cost to this country almost fifty one pounds per annum, knowing at the same time, that they could not be better subsisted, nor with more content to themselves in any other manner—who can hear this without heartily wishing the fabric to stand, and its revenue be thus beneficially applied? The munificence of the nation should be directed solely to objects of compassion, to heal the wounded, to comfort the distressed, and to recompence the toils and dangers of the brave; under this system are the appointments and the well-earned rewards affording comfort and an asylum to the veteran who has fought in his country's cause, proportioning pensions to the merits of professional claimants, and consequently admitting the present number to its comfortable participation; alas! who can but exclaim at the worthy Baronet! The income is expended on those appointments and enjoyments of the old, the infirm, and the mutilated soldier.

A pretty PLAY for MINISTERIAL CHILDREN.

Invented by BILLY JUVENILE.

*Little Tom Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumbs,
He pull'd out the plumbs,
And said, what a brave boy am I!*

NEWBERRY.

Hey this.

What's this?

*The Constitution of Alfred.**Hey this.*

What's this?

*A principle inherent to the constitution of Alfred.**Hey this.*

What's this?

*The Tory who attacked the principle inherent to the constitution of Alfred.**Hey this.*

What's this?

*The Influence that seduced the Tory, to attack the principle inherent to the constitution of Alfred.**Hey this.*

What's this?

*The War produced by the influence that seduced the Tory, to attack the principle inherent to the constitution of Alfred.**Hey this.*

What's this?

*The Loss that resulted from the war, produced by the influence, that seduced the Tory, to attack the principle inherent to the constitution of Alfred.**Hey this.*

What's this?

*The Peace in consequence of the loss that resulted from the war, produced by the influence, that seduced the Tory, to attack the principle inherent to the constitution of Alfred.**Hey this.*

What's this?

*The Coalition, which commenced on the peace, in consequence of the loss that resulted from the war, produced by the influence, that seduced the Tory, to attack the principle inherent to the constitution of Alfred.**Hey this.*

What's this?

*This is the Lord, who opposed the coalition, which commenced on the peace, in consequence of the loss resulting from the war, produced by the influence, that seduced the Tory, to attack the principle inherent to the constitution of Alfred.**Hey this.*

What's this?

*This is the Commoner who deserted the Lord, who opposed the coalition, which commenced on the peace, in consequence of the loss resulting from the war, produced by the influence, that seduced the Tory, to attack the principle inherent to the constitution of Alfred.**Hey*



Pub. March 3, 1784 by W. Humphrey N. 227, Strand.

Hey this.

What's this?

This is the *School-boy*, who tripped the *Commoner*, who deserted the *Lord*, who opposed the *coalition*, which commenced on the *peace*, in consequence of the *loss* resulting from the *war*, produced by the *influence*, that seduced the *Tory*, to attack the *principle* inherent to the *constitution of Alfred*.

Hey this.

What's this?

This is the *stair-case* the *school-boy* went up, who tripped the *Commoner*, who deserted the *Lord*, who opposed the *Coalition*, which commenced on the *peace*, in consequence of the *loss*, resulting from the *war*, produced by the *influence*, that seduced the *Tory*, to attack the *principle* inherent to the *constitution of Alfred*.

No circumstance does so much honour to the patriotic views and powerful abilities of that able statesman, Mr. FOX, as the uncommon joy with which the accounts of his dismissal were received at Paris and the Hague. Our natural and inveterate enemies were so elevated by this event, as to forget their usual caution and artifice, and to vent their joy in the most extravagant manner.

It has been triumphantly asked, Why does Mr. Fox stand alone for Westminster? Do the friends of Sir Cecil Wray forget, that the Right Honourable Gentleman once chose the worthy Baronet for his colleague? Can they then be at a loss for a reason, why he should have a natural antipathy to all future unions of this sort.

Sir Cecil Wray has displayed a shew of modesty in signing his name *beneath* that of Lord Hood, in his address to the Electors of Westminster. At the same moment, if we recollect the *double part* the *very grateful Baronet* has played in his desertion of Mr. Fox, we cannot help observing upon the *signatures*, that they display "TWO FACES *under a Hood*!"

If any particular part of Mr. Fox's conduct should endear him to his fellow citizens more than another, it is that nervous and manly reply he made to Lord N——t's aristocratic doctrine, "that *poor* men were not persons who should concern themselves about the safety of the constitution!" In this memorable instance, he became the indignant and successful champion of the people's rights, and held up their lordly traducer to the general contempt of their insulted Representatives!

The cant of Sir Cecil's canvas is generally this, "Hearkee, you Sir, you must vote for Lord Hood and me, *because you signed the Address*." Not so fast, Sir Cecil. You trepanned me to sign, by talking of a union of all the clever fellows, and for *that very reason*, I can't vote for *you*, Sir Cecil.

The chief reason that induced several of the best intentioned and worthiest Electors of Westminster, to sign Sir Cecil's Wray's address, was the promise *then* held out of converting it to the means of effecting a *union* of the first *talents* and principles. But, finding from the whole of Sir Cecil's late conduct, that he is in fact a violent *party* man, the Electors are now determined to mark their sense of his deceitful conduct by the most decided and unequivocal support of Mr. Fox.

It seems rather remarkable that no person should be found to give a favourable turn to Sir Cecil Wray's expressions concerning Chelsea Hospital, except a gentleman who was actually ill at Bath at the time the words were said to be spoken. Surely Sir Cecil might have found some respectable Member of Parliament who was in the house at the time to have satisfied the public on this head, and not have let it rest, as it does at present, *entirely on the credit of his own veracity*.

Chelsea

Chelsea Hospital has been in an absolute state of anarchy and confusion ever since *Sir Cecil Wray* humanely proposed to pull down that noble building; some of the aged and infirm lament, with the most heartfelt concern, lest they should be deprived of that easy and happy retirement, where they hoped to have passed the remainder of their days without interruption, whilst the more robust utter threats and direful imprecations against the man who wants to turn them out of doors to beg their bread as a reward for their service.

A certain great personage, who some time since took such extraordinary pains to *pre-serve the freedom of Election at Windsor*, is at the present day equally attentive to the citizens of Westminster, who have been already instructed how to dispose of their suffrages to the best advantage.

It is said pretty confidently, that if *Sir Cecil Wray* should lose his election for Westminster, the Duke of Northumberland is to bring him in for one of his Cornish boroughs.

The following is a regular form of parliamentary solicitation to some of the independent citizens of Westminster:

“ S I R,

“ I have to signify to you, that if you consult or regard his ——— pleasure, you
“ will vote for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

“ Yours,

—————.”

It is said, that one of Sir Cecil Wray's principal motives for proposing the destruction of Chelsea Hospital, was his being fully persuaded that *his valour* would never lead him into such actions as could bring him into *danger* of becoming a *burthen* to that charitable institution.

The circumstances which have attended the late Election for the city of Westminster, are well worthy the notice of the independent Electors:

In the year 1780, Mr. Fox was chosen upon the independent interest, against the united exertions of the court, and the overbearing aristocratic influence of this city; Sir George Rodney, then abroad upon the public service, was returned with him, who being shortly after promoted to a Peerage, occasioned a vacancy. Although Mr. Fox was then Secretary of State, the court did not wish that he should recommend another Member for Westminster, and accordingly Sir Samuel, now Lord Hood, was nominated; but Mr. Fox being unacquainted with his political principles, thought Sir Cecil Wray a candidate, whose public conduct had been such, as to ensure him the approbation of the independent Electors of Westminster, and accordingly gave him his utmost support. Mr. John Churchill, Apothecary, in Parliament-street, who had been an active supporter of Mr. Fox in his former Election, opposed the nomination of Sir Cecil Wray. Many persons believed, that he himself entertained a foolish hope of being thought a fit person, at that time, to represent this city in conjunction with Mr. Fox. However, be that as it may, certain it is that from that moment Mr. Churchill has become as strenuous an opponent as he had formerly shewn himself a supporter of Mr. Fox. Upon the present Election, a most extraordinary combination has taken place for the purpose of turning out the person who first rescued the Electors of Westminster from the state of subjection in which they had been so long held. Sir Cecil Wray, formerly recommended by Mr. Fox, now stands in conjunction with Lord Hood, recommended by the Court. Mr. John Churchill, who opposed Sir Cecil Wray's nomination, and disapproved at that time of Lord Hood, now gives them the most strenuous support, and is Chairman of the Committee for conducting the Election of these joint candidates who are united for the sole purpose of throwing out the Representative

presentative chosen by the independent Electors. From this the city of Westminster may see that those who endeavour to stigmatize Mr. Fox, on account of his coalition with Lord North, do not themselves scruple to form the most unnatural and unprincipled union for the mere purpose of gratifying their own selfish feelings, at the expence of sacrificing to the Court the freedom and independence of the Electors.

Though *Chelsea College* is not yet demolished, Sir *Cecil Wray* is certainly entitled to the *sole merit* derived from the laudable proposal of razing it to the ground, over the *hoary heads* of those *maimed veterans*, who have so often fought the battles of their country !— It is evident then that Sir *Cecil's* present claims to senatorial honours are founded on principles of the most *refined humanity*, and therefore deserve a *marking plumper* from every *soldier* and *soldier's friend* !

Sir *Cecil Wray* has emerged from the obscurity in which he lived by much the greater part of his life, to a very good purpose indeed. The first act of his political existence was an instance of the basest ingratitude to Mr. Fox, his patron and parliamentary creator. The next is an example of the most shocking barbarity that ever entered a *military* head in the world, that of taking the house from over the head of his fellow-subjects, who are grown grey in the service of their country, and have lived upon its bounty with tranquility and security till this inhuman proposition was started by this worthy Baronet.

That a man who has lived all his life in a state of indolence and safety at home, should feel little for the distresses of those brave fellows, who have lost their limbs in the defence of their country, is not altogether so amazing ; but that an officer and a fellow-soldier should propose a scheme for turning a parcel of exhausted veterans out of house and quarter, is an instance of almost unexampled brutality, and is not more shocking in point of humanity, than disgraceful as a violation of military character.

Mr. *Churchill*, who, *out of politics*, is a respectable character, broke with Mr. Fox because that Gentleman proposed Sir *Cecil Wray* as member for Westminster ; Mr. C. deeming his own pretensions to that honour better founded, than those of the *patriotic* Baronet !

A certain fair Duchess intends to blind the Electors of —, with the influence of her eyes. *Query*, Is not the use of constellations as illegal as the use of dark lanterns ?

On Friday evening Mr. Fox was elected a member of the society of the *Knights of the Brush* at their lodge in Long Acre. Lord Hood was admitted into this society some short time since ; on it being first observed to his Lordship that it was proper he should become one of the brotherhood, he very laconically enquired,—“ Whether the *Knights of the Brush* consisted of *Painters* or *Chimney-sweepers*.”

If Mr. John Churchill, of notorious memory, can assign one good reason why he has for many years been a *flaming patriot*, or a *republican*, and is now become a zealous courtier, or a *prerogative man*, he may regain the favourable opinion of those who were once his friends.

If some future Parliament could institute a sort of *martial Chelsea*, for mutilated principles and worn-out honour, however Sir *Cecil* has wished to demolish the present *Chelsea*, there is every reason to suppose he would warmly espouse a proposition so congenial to his own unfortunate situation.

P R O C L A M A T I O N

BY THE HEREDITARY TYRANTS OF WESTMINSTER.

BE it known to our well-beloved citizens and Electors of Westminster, that if they vote on the present occasion, according to the will and instructions of the hereditary Lords, they shall for ever after be eased of the trouble, tumult, and confusion of an Election. If an House of Commons can be procured on the present occasion, sufficiently obedient, and submissive to the Crown, the whole of the Government shall be put, as it ought to be, into the hands of the prerogative, and the people will no longer be taken from their business, or desired to trouble themselves with the affairs of the nation.

N. B. If the Electors are truly submissive, and vote as they are desired, Sir Cecil Wray shall not be suffered to pull down the Hospitals.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

This morning as numerous a croud was assembled at the Hustings in Covent Garden, as ever were collected upon a similar occasion.

About eleven Mr. Fox arrived, attended by the following procession, when his partizans immediately took post on the right, viz.

Porters, with cockades, two and two.

Marrow-bones and cleavers.

Mr. Keys, the messenger to the Friends of Liberty.

Standard, "FOX and LIBERTY.

Electors, four and four, with cockades.

Standard, "FREEDOM of ELECTION,"

on the one side, on the other,

"FOX and the CONSTITUTION."

Electors, four and four.

Grand Band of Wind Instruments.

Standard, "MAY CHELSEA HOSPITAL FOR EVER STAND" on one side,

On the other,

"NO TAX ON MAID SERVANTS."

Electors, four and four.

Mr. F O X.

Carriages of his Friends and Supporters, amongst which were those of the first Whig Families in the Kingdom.

HONEST SAM. HOUSE.

So general a burst of transport pervaded all ranks of people on seeing Mr. Fox, this persevering champion for their liberties, as to leave no doubt of his re-election.

It was a long time before the tumultuous joy, which actuated the whole assembly, appeared to subside, and Mr. Baker was often interrupted by shouts of pleasure from proposing their favourite candidate, who was received with every demonstration of approbation and regard. After that Gentleman had, in the usual manner, announced Mr. Fox's intentions of again soliciting the suffrages of the people of Westminster, he came forward himself for the purpose of addressing his constituents; but the same system which has disgraced the conduct of his adversaries, in hired hissing, ruffian violence, and poisonous contrivances, prevailed this day; and all his efforts were ineffectual. The other candidates, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, then attempted to be heard; but the confusion at this period became so general, that it was all in vain. On the regular proposal of the respective candidates by the High Bailiff, the show of hands

was

was at least twenty to one in favour of Mr. Fox. This officer was then desired to pronounce his opinion upon whom the favour of the Electors had fallen, but he declared that from the confusion which prevailed, he was unable to ascertain; and it was after some time agreed upon by all parties, that it would be best to proceed immediately to a Poll. Mr. Fox was attended by a numerous group of the most respectable characters, and received with such fervent marks of popular admiration, as fully to show that his enemies have been defeated in all their insidious attempts to undermine his character, and ruin his interest with the inhabitants of Westminster. Lord Hood was escorted to the Hustings by a party of sailors, some of whom bore a model of the *Ville de Paris*, which was destroyed in the croud, and some ruffians, in the habit of sailors, were armed with sticks of a peculiar kind, with which many of them attempted to strike the friends of Mr. Fox; but the fury of the populace arose upon this brutal attack, and these wretches were obliged to make a precipitate retreat. The sticks were of a very knotty kind, twisted with green cord, and headed by a thick piece of lead, which was covered with leather, and about a foot and a half in length. Sir Cecil Wray was accompanied by Lord Mahon, whose gestures were so wild, violent, and disorderly, that he seemed to be one of the poor unfortunate men who had just broke from the confines of Bedlam. His Lordship and poor Sir Cecil met with every mark of popular disgust, and the latter from his conduct to Mr. Fox, and his disregard of the poor veterans of Chelsea, seemed universally to be considered as a monster of ingratitude and inhumanity. Upon the whole, the complexion of this day's proceedings, fully shows that the good sense of the people is not to be imposed upon against a man who has made the most spirited exertions in defence of their privileges, and who has always proved himself the true friend of the constitution.

At the closing of the poll, the numbers stood as follow :

Mr. Fox	—	—	302
Lord Hood	—	—	264
Sir Cecil Wray	—	—	238

The two lovely Duchesses of *Devon* and *Rutland*, in their carriages, graced the cavalcade of Mr. Fox, to the Hustings at Covent Garden.

Poor *Jack Churchill*! "Where be now your gibes and your jokes that were wont to set the table in a roar;—quite chop-fallen." What a degeneracy is here; instead of meeting wit with wit, and mirth with good humour, we see nothing on the part of this once jolly fellow, but heavy menaces about libels and a blundering detail of disjointed facts. Villainous society has been thy ruin? Avoid Sir Cecil, such company is more hostile to wit, than "*Leg of beef, or bad ale*."

On the *first of April*, 1783, the arrangement was formed in the King's Closet, for bringing Mr. Fox and Lord North into government as joint Secretaries of State, on the basis of *Coalition*. This day, the *first of April*, 1784, an arrangement is made in Covent Garden for Mr. Fox, in consequence of his being turned out again! Thus every April-day is productive of food for the wonder and merriment of John Bull.

A correspondent has favoured us with a copy of the following billet, the original of which was yesterday received by Mr. Wild, of Covent Garden Theatre :

"Sir C——l W——y presents his compliments to Mr. Wild the Prompter, and informs him, he was this morning sufficiently chagrined on hearing the *Rival Candidates* was to be the entertainment at Drury Lane Theatre; but was hurt in the extreme, on discovering the *Poor Soldier* was to be the after-piece at Covent Garden; particularly, as it is attended with the mortifying circumstance of following the martial tragedy of *Douglas*.

Q 4

"He

"He begs, for many reasons, Mr. Wild will prevent in future, either the *Poor Soldier*, or *Chelsea Pensioner* being represented till after the Election."

Wood's Hotel, April 1, 1784.

In the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, bets are now ten to three, that Sir Cecil Wray will give up the contest on the close of the poll to-morrow.

A gentleman who met both Sir Cecil Wray and Mr. Fox, on Wednesday, canvassing along the Strand, informs us; that the despair which was marked in the countenance of the worthy Baronet, could only be equalled by the success which animated the features of Mr. Fox.

As a cart with a dead calf was passing through Covent Garden yesterday, a hackney coachman hailed a brother of the whip, with a *D—me, Jack, Sir Cecil has cut his throat, and here he comes in a cart.*

In yesterday's canvass, Sir Cecil *Wifacre* complained most bitterly that Mr. Pitt had involved him in the whole of the infamy of proposing to *demolish Chelsea Hospital*, whereas it was a saving proposed by Mr. Jenkinson; and it is well known Mr. Pitt approves of the plan; ought not Mr. Pitt to own the truth, and thereby remove the odium that is now wholly flung on Sir Cecil Wray.

Sir Cecil's Wray's proposed tax upon *Maid Servants*, would most undoubtedly be a very productive one, as there is scarce a family in the kingdom, however low their situation in life, but would contribute largely towards it.

It certainly was highly impolitic in Sir Cecil Wray to declare his sentiments, respecting Chelsea College, just on the eve of an Election, as he has thereby not only lost the votes of all the people interested in the existence of that place, but also of every other person of a good understanding, with a heart not quite void of the feelings of humanity.

As Sir Cecil Wray was canvassing in Princes-street, on Friday last, he was met by an old Chelsea Pensioner, who being told the Baronet's name, immediately raised his crutch, for the purpose of finally putting an end to his schemes for demolishing Chelsea Hospital; but fortunately a friend of his perceiving the old man's intention, apprized Sir Cecil, who, by an instant flight, escaped for that time the vengeance of the enraged veteran.

It is not one of the slightest objections against Sir Cecil Wray's being elected for Westminster, that he is by no means remarkable for either a good understanding or a tolerable education; undoubtedly while the city of Westminster has *one* clever fellow, it may do without *another*; but then that other ought to have something *like* parliamentary abilities, something nearer merit than *violent heat, miserable language, and no* ideas.

It is astonishing what effect Sir C—— W——'s motion has already had on the recruiting service. Since the time that measure has been known in the country, not a single man can be prevailed on to enlist, and many who had enlisted have actually deserted for fear they should be left to distress and beggary, when they were by old age rendered unfit for duty.

It is asserted, that the grandfather of Mr. Fox subscribed 5000*l.* towards the building of Chelsea Hospital.

Though some people might for a little time be misled, yet so thoroughly are the Electors of Westminster now convinced of the uprightness of Mr. Fox's conduct, and of the *treachery and ingratitude* of his opponents, that there is scarce any doubt but that

that the MAN OF THE PEOPLE will carry his Election by a majority of at least three to one.

The present contest in Westminster is not whether *this* or *that* candidate should be chosen by the Electors for their representation; but whether their *old tyrant* the D—e of N——d should recover the dominion which he so long usurped, and which was with so much difficulty wrested out of his hands. His Grace will never forget that Mr. Fox was the means of the inhabitants recovering their liberty; and is fully persuaded that, that gentleman, from his great abilities, and high sense of honour, would never be prevailed on to suffer the rights of his constituents to be invaded, whilst, on the other hand, from the narrow mind, confined education, and weakness of intellects of the Honourable Baronet, his worthy patron has every thing to hope.

Extract of a letter from Taunton, March 27.

“ This day a bill of indictment was preferred against the Honourable C—— J——
“ F——, for bribery, before the Grand Jury for the county of Somerset, which was
“ returned by them *A true Bill.*”

Finding all other endeavours to prejudice Mr. Fox in the opinion of the worthy Electors of Westminster ineffectual, the *Pittites*, we understand have at length had recourse to a stragem the most daring and infamous:—More than twelve months since Mr. Fox received a letter from a freeman of *Bridgewater*, stating the balance of an account between them, requesting the payment thereof, and desiring at the same time to know whether Mr. Fox wished him to vote for any particular person as Mayor for the Borough of Bridgewater.—Mr. Fox's answer conveyed a draft for the *money due*; and the concluding paragraph pointed out a certain gentleman to whom Mr. F—— wished success in his election for the Mayoralty.—This letter lately fallen into *Ministerial* hands, it was thought some good might be made of it at the present crisis, if by coupling the two distinct circumstances together a man could be procured *bold enough* to give this a colour of *bribery* before a Grand Jury, who hearing but one side of the question, never fail to find a bill that may be preferred upon the slightest of all possible evidence:—This *honourable manœuvre* has been carried into execution; with what view the independent Electors will soon be convinced;—for the infamy of the device is even outdone by the grossness of its absurdity!

Bon Mot.—Mr. Fox, on his late canvass, having accosted a blunt tradesman, whom he solicited for his vote; the man answered, “ I cannot give you my support; I admire your abilities, but damn your principles.” Mr. Fox smartly replied, “ My friend, I applaud you for your sincerity, but damn your manners.”

Mr. Fox having applied to a Sadler in the Hay-market for his vote and interest, the man produced a *halter*, with which he said he was ready to oblige him. Mr. Fox replied, “ I return you thanks, my friend, for your intended present; but I should be sorry to deprive you of it, as I presume it must be a *family piece.*”

The beautiful Duchesse of Devonshire is a constant visitor to the sport in Covent Garden: she is generally attended by a select party of the finest women in England, round whose carriages the mob croud and gaze, and gaze and croud until their senses are lost in admiration, and the pressure of those who push for the same pleasure, drives them into areas, through windows, or rolls them along the kennel to a distant situation, bruised and be-muddled, but not dissatisfied.

The present Westminster Election may truly be called the sense and nonsense of the people, jumbled together. Every person that comes to the Hustings is allowed a right to poll, although the day on which he gives his suffrage be the first in which he ever saw Westminster. This is the actual fact, on the credit of an old gentleman, who has a regular list of the real voters, and who, for public information, and not for any elec-

pioneering purpose, avers to those who are curious in such matters, that there have above two thousand people polled, who on a scrutiny would all be rejected; and out of those two thousand, fifteen hundred are not inhabitants, and five hundred not Electors of Westminster. Many from the parish of Lambeth, from Wapping, Shadwell, Ratcliffe, the Minories, and other parts, have been marshalled up to the Hustings as the constitutional collective body. Not less than seven hundred and fifty came, in one day, from Wapping, Deptford, Greenwich, Rotherhithe, and other seafaring places, to vote, some for one candidate, some for another; and what is astonishing, all were admitted. This is such an open violation of the rights and immunities of the real Electors of Westminster, as demands a scrutiny, let who may be elected on the present contest, whether it be Mr. Fox, or Sir Cecil, or Lord Hood; and the Committees of each party should be publicly reprimanded for such conduct, as well as the High Bailiff. The one for bringing them up, the other for admitting them to poll.

A Gentleman, who was one of Sir George Vandeput's Committee, during the great contest about thirty-five years ago, between him and the present Earl Gower, for the city of Westminster, asserts, that the bills for ribbons, banners, and such frippery, for the former candidate only, amounted to the enormous sum of one thousand, three hundred and odd pounds!

Since the High Bailiff of Westminster declared that *partners* were intitled to vote, there have appeared such partnerships as were never before publicly noticed. Three soldiers polled, because they were *partners* in a three pair of stairs room; and two negroes, because they were *partners* behind the same coach; but on being questioned, so far from being house-keepers, they could not prove that they had been *christened*.

April 2.] This day there was a scuffle in Covent Garden between a body of sailors from Wapping, and a party of Mr. Fox's friends. The poll was very much interrupted in consequence of the fracas, and hundreds of the Electors were prevented from getting up to the Hustings. The flags on both sides were put down, and locked up; and three of the sailors were taken into custody. Application was made to Lord Mahon by some of Mr. Fox's friends; his Lordship said that certainly the sailors should not be suffered to interrupt the poll, but he could not take upon him to dismiss them, without the consent of the Committee at Wood's Hotel.

The *Ladies of Westminster* incline to Mr. Fox, and are daily employed in assisting the canvass for that city.

Punch and *humble* porter is the Westminster beverage—and the God of the Grape is to be excluded altogether, except in the *secret* Committee.

How can it be said that the ——— is regardless of the Commons part of the Legislature, when his ——— at this moment takes such uncommon pains to see that the city of Westminster be properly represented?

In opposition to a paragraph in a *certain* morning paper, we are desired, by one of the Prince of Wales's domestics, to assert, that when the Prince's servants mentioned the circumstance of her Majesty, desiring them to vote for Cecil Wray and Lord Hood, they were answered by his Royal Highness in this manner:—"It is my duty to obey her Majesty; it is the duty of my servants to obey me; and it is the duty of every Elector, without regard to superiors of any description, to support, by their interests and their poll, the rights of the people."

Mr. Samuel House, the patriotic citizen of Westminster, has maintained for upwards of forty years, in the neighbourhood where he at present resides, the character of an Honest Englishman. In the year 1763, at which time he was much more corpulent than he is at present, he undertook, for a trifling wager, to jump off Westminster Bridge;

Bridge; this extraordinary feat he performed, and wore for several years after a plush-coat, with large silver buttons, the produce of the bet.—It was remarkable that he pledged himself to jump from the Bridge at a time when he was *intoxicated*. His friends afterwards endeavoured to dissuade him from the undertaking, by observing he was *drunk* when he made the proposal; “then, says Sam, it the more becomes me to keep *“ my word now I am sober !”*

There never was, says a correspondent, so ridiculous a resolution as the last one of Sir Cecil Wray’s Committee’s inditing. Sir Cecil’s own apology admits that he made the proposition to demolish Chelsea Hospital, and then comes the Committee-man’s comment, which amounts to this,—“Sir Cecil did say so, we own, but we beg you’ll not think he meant any such thing, and we intreat you to transfer all the blame of having made so shameful a proposition from Sir Cecil who actually made it, to the friends of humanity who pointed it out for public indignation.” The Committee-man who wrote the apology is but just recovered from a nervous fever.

Sir Cecil Wray was brought forward to the Electors of Westminster by Mr. Fox, and by his interest and popularity was elected Member for that city, and Lord Hood was rejected. Now Sir Cecil Wray unites and canvasses jointly with Lord Hood to attempt (but it will be in vain) the exclusion of Mr. Fox. Sir Cecil was brought forward and succeeded as the friend of liberty, Lord Hood was rejected as the Candidate of the backstairs. Pray Sir Cecil how do you justify this coalition, *you* man of honour?

’Tis said, that by the ancient laws of the Cretans, the horrid vice of ingratitude, was severely punished. Pray, says a correspondent, how would that generous people have treated an injurious Rat-catcher and a no less infamous Candidate for Westminster?

Yesterday morning a most daring attempt was made at the Hustings in Covent Garden, to controul the freedom of Election. The partizans of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, finding the Poll going rapidly against them, immediately poured forth from their rendezvous at Wood’s Hotel, a desperate *gang of sailors, displaying the King’s colours*, and headed by *naval officers*, who immediately assaulted the peaceable citizens of Westminster, by knocking down all those who were approaching the Hustings in Mr. Fox’s favour! By this *honourable* manœuvre the joint Candidates averted for the moment the decisive majority that must otherwise have appeared against them, and ended the contest.

There never were two men so universally reprobated as Lord Mahon and Sir Cecil Wray are for their paltry conduct during yesterday’s Poll. When Lord Mahon was asked, whether he could stop the outrages of Sir Cecil’s mob? he had the folly to make answer, that *he could do nothing without leave of the Committee*; confessing in his absurd stile, that Sir Cecil had a *regular* plan for interrupting *the freedom of election*. What a pity it is that the wards of Bedlam are *unrepresented*. What constituent in all Moorfields could hesitate to vote for *the Man of the Moon*. Surely neither moaping melancholy nor frantic folly would hesitate to join interest in favour of so perfect a representative of both the miserable extremes of irrationality and insanity.

The indignation of the Electors of Westminster is very justly excited by the officious intrusion of Lord Mahon at their Elections. His Lordship is scarcely an Elector—his gestures are ridiculous—his words absolute madness—his appearance shocking. He stalks on the Hustings like the ghost of a lunatic—vociferates—makes wry faces—is hissed—hooted—and then sneaks off.

Lord M—h—n has long been admired by his friends for skill, in the *conduct* of popular assemblies. Of this he gave some proofs at the General Meeting of Westminster Electors,

Electors, to consider of an Address to his Majesty. The success of the Buckinghamshire meeting was also ascribed wholly to similar exertions of the same patriotic Nobleman. But at the Westminster Election, yesterday, the noble Lord exceeded himself. A party of sailors were stationed to besiege the Shakespeare, and prevent the voters of Mr. Fox from coming to the Hustings. When requested to disperse his gang, his Lordship replied, "*I cannot disperse them, without the consent of the Committee.*" The spirit of the independent Electors, however, overcame all opposition, and *The Man of the People* still retains the majority on the Poll.

The seamen are hearty fellows, and the moment they are rightly informed that Sir Cecil is the sworn foe of the poor old soldiers, they had rather die than give their voice to the man who would starve their fellow-sufferers. Mr. Fox is a friend to Lord Hood, but Lord Hood is as angry as any man at the cruel attack upon Chelsea Hospital.

The Duke of Queensberry having laid a few *paltry* bets that Mr. Fox would not carry his Election for Westminster, has been straining every *remnant* of a *nerve* about him to procure a few votes for *Sir Cecil*. Many say this conduct arises from the *Duke's* anxiety lest he should shortly cease to be a *courtly thing*; while others affirm his Grace has an inveteracy against Mr. Fox, on account of its being whispered some years since, that he assisted in the memorable stanzas addressed to the Duke, which began,

" Say, jockey Lord! advent'rous *macaroni*!
 " So *spruce*, so *old*, so *dapper*, *stiff*, and *starch*,
 " Why quit the amble of thy pacing poney,
 " Why on a filly risk thy fame, O! MARCH?"

The following odd rencontre happened in Covent Garden yesterday:—A young sailor, who was half seas over, kept running about, roaring out *Sir Cecil for ever*!—At the corner of the Piazza an old Chelsea man stood leaning against the wall, who instantly recollected the jolly tar, and cried out, "What! Jack, are you a friend to the man who would pull down my only house?" Jack soon discovered that this speech came from his old father-in-law. The consequence may be easily imagined. The young seaman looked shamefaced, and, pulling out five shillings, broke out into the following honest exclamation:—"Father, is it *thee*?—D—m my eyes, here's the trash that brought me here—it's at your service—and I'll be d—d if I fight for Sir Cecil any more."

The following note was sent last night to the High Bailiff of Westminster:

Shakespeare Tavern, Friday evening.

" Mr. Fox's Committee most earnestly request the High Bailiff of Westminster to exert the powers vested in him by law, for the preservation of the peace, and of the freedom of Election during the Poll, in order to prevent a repetition of the outrages of this day, so disgraceful to the police, and so dangerous to the safety of the peaceable Electors of this city."

To the High Bailiff of Westminster.

The *Duchess of Devonshire* attended the Hustings yesterday in an elegant equipage. Her Grace wore a *favour* in her hat, and another on her breast, inscribed with FOX. The servants and horses were also decorated with these testimonies of approbation. Another carriage of the House of Cavendish made a like display in compliment to Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox was well aware that he roused a nest of hornets when he undertook to restrain the enormous crimes of the plunderers of the East; but his generous soul rose
 above

above all personal considerations. Relying on his Master's support, and the public applause, he brought forward a measure that will reflect eternal honour on his name. If Henry the Fourth of France had sacrificed Sully, in a similar situation, to a Court intrigue, he never would have obtained the name of Great.

Our natural enemies profit by Mr. Fox's abilities; they have eagerly embraced his India Bill as a system of the soundest policy, and drawn from it a code of regulations for the government of the East India Company. Poor deluded Britain! Is it your fate never to see your true interest, until it is too late to profit by the discovery; and must the loss of another empire rouse you from your dream of delusion?

How must every man of honour feel for a manly honest Minister acting under a Master who had entered into a compact with his enemies to betray him into their hands on a private signal!

To facilitate the change projected long before by the secret Cabinet, Mr. Pitt, at the opening of the session, called upon Mr. Fox to bring forward a strong measure for the government of the East India Company. No half measure! was the cry. Mr. Fox's unsuspecting temper and manly spirit led him on to the ground where his cowardly opponents had prepared a mine to blow him up.

The present struggle must determine the future consequence of the House of Commons. If the Ministry are successful in their attempts at seducing the Electors throughout the country, the people may bid a long farewell to all their rights, to all their weight and influence, in preserving the balance of the Constitution. The die will soon be cast, and the event, in a few weeks, must show, whether the popular depravity of the last three months will be corrected in time to save a sinking country from immediate ruin. If men are chosen, who are tenacious of the privileges of the Commons, every thing may yet do well; but, on the contrary, should the new system prevail, and the hands of the present Cabinet be strengthened, to complete their unconstitutional designs, the glorious fabric, which has stood the wonder of ages, must sink at once, and crush the liberty, the glory, the dignity, and the power of the country, never to rise again!—As we value the Constitution, we will be vigilant in this trying hour—we will save our laws, our privileges—we will commit them inviolate to posterity—our sons shall not be justified in complaining, that their fathers were traitors to so sacred a trust; neither shall it be recorded in the historic page, that the efforts of an arbitrary and aristocratic faction, that had been baffled by the spirit of the people twenty years before, succeeded at the present period.

Mr. Sheridan was congratulated on the Hustings on Friday with the acclamations of Mr. Fox's friends, being just returned from Stafford, where, notwithstanding the boult of the ministerial party, he has been unanimously re-chosen.

If any new inducements were wanting to fix the Electors of Westminster in the interest of Mr. Fox, the gross and unconstitutional influence that has publicly and notoriously been exerted *against* him, would amply supply it. It is a literal fact, that, on one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber menacing a tradesman with the loss of the Queen's custom, if he dared to vote against Sir Cecil Wray, the honest and independent answer was this:—"I assure you, Madam, I have every respect for their Majesties, but still more for the Constitution of my country. You'll excuse me, Madam, but I vote for Mr. Fox."

The *aristocratic tyranny* of the *ducal par nobile fratrum* of Westminster is at length displayed in the full magnitude of its insolence; for those proud Lords now tell you, that, aided by the *secret influence* of the ———, they will carry the county of Middlesex, as well as that of *this city*, in despite of the *voice of the people*!

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The *Treasury* has bled so freely within these last thirty-six hours, that a *constitutional draft* from a *great House in Westminster* was returned last night, to the mutual chagrin of the *drawer* and *drawee*.

All *monied* efforts to oppose the re-election of Mr. Fox can avail nothing;—even the *Bank of England* will not be able to buy off the free suffrages of the Electors of Westminster, particularly in a contest that politically involves the *most sacred rights of the people of England*!

The Hustings in Covent Garden were on Saturday last surrounded with carriages containing several of our first-rate BEAUTIES; among others were Lady *Beauchamp*, and the Countesses of *Carlisle* and *Derby*.

Notwithstanding the *claps**, to the amount of *three hundred*, which were polled on Saturday, Mr Fox's friends entertain the most sanguine expectations of his re-election.

The appearance of a whole regiment of guards, properly drawn up and marshalled in coloured cloaths, and headed by *natural* officers, produced a very ludicrous effect in Covent Garden, on Saturday last. One or two companies more, we are well informed, mean to exhibit themselves to day; but probably not with the same event to poor Sir Cecil, as the independent Electors of Westminster are resolved to convince the cabal, that they will not suffer a popular candidate to be borne down by the influence of a Court.

Several of the better sort of the soldiers, who voted on Saturday's poll, declared, that they never had engaged in so unwelcome a service, as supporting the man who attacked Chelsea Hospital. But who can be offended with these brave, but poor fellows, whose situation subjects them to the haughty interference of every dapper Ensign that haunts St. James's. Nero never marched the Pætonian band to a viler service.

Among the different pasquinades of the Westminster contest, one of the most popular, is a print exhibiting Sir Cecil in a state of dismay and terror between an old Chelsea Pensioner and a young House Maid. The former is represented as brandishing his crutch against the foe of the Hospital, which is sketched in the back ground in ruins; while the latter, standing before the door of a register office, *shut up*, deals out her vengeance with her sweeping brush.—Sir Cecil has certainly *brought an old house over his head*, in attacking a *national charity*; and most probably won't have a hole, to take to, if he persists in his embargo on a *national commodity*.

There is nothing talked of any where but the Elections of London and Westminster. If a maid servant but goes for a halfpenny candle, the conversation is, "What do you think of the Election?" If two Duchesses meet, their words almost at the same instant are, "What do you think of the Election?" If two coal porters, two peers, two merchants, two ballad singers, two beggars meet, it is the same thing.

The Play-houses are but thinly attended owing to the Election. The Opera-house is deserted owing to the Election. Trade is neglected owing to the Election. Sobriety and Peace are banished owing to the Election. Friends quarrel owing to the Election. In short every thing is neglected that ought to be attended to, and the whole people in their hearts murmur at certain person for all those misfortunes which are owing to the Election.

Agreeably to the laws of this country no military force is permitted to remain in a place where an election is held. Quære, How can it can it be reconciled to the spirit of

* Three battalions of the Guards were assembled in the Bird Cage Walk, in St. James's Park, and from thence marched to the Hustings. The serjeant, who was the bearer of the news to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, that the above were "*ready at a moment's notice*," was received very *graciously*, and had the honour to *shake hands most heartily* with Sir Cecil.

these.



Annibal Scratch. Ecceit

Sir Cecil Wx Sir Cecil Wx me - I And all the pretty Maids to serve.
 What a strange Game it is you play here. You turn them out of doors to return

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these laws, that five hundred soldiers, of the King's guards, should be allowed to poll for the city of Westminster.

The despotic inclination of the present Ministers is clearly shewn by the manner in which they support their favourite candidate for Westminster. One day a gang of sailors is hired to besiege Mr. Fox's voters in the House of rendezvous. The next day THREE HUNDRED of the Guards are poured in to overbear the majority of independent Electors who support THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE. But the first exertion of the Court faction has been already suppressed by the care of Mr. Fox's Committee and the interposition of the peace officers. And we have every reason to be assured, that the spirit of the inhabitants of Westminster will again assert itself on the poll, and finally prove superior to the little stratagems of Court influence.

The tumults and opposition attendant upon the election, in Covent Garden, shew the necessity of a very powerful interposition of the civil power to preserve the public peace, and to protect the rights and persons of the legal voters for each party. It also evinces the impropriety of holding a poll, where the Electors are so numerous, in an open market, where it is impossible to govern the rudeness and outrages of a misguided and wanton rabble. The consequences of permitting such disorders to prevail, may prove as fatal as the desperate riots relative to the popery bill, which still challenge, and shock our recollection. When such dangers threaten, too great precautions to prevent their baneful effects cannot be taken. Those who have authority, if they neglect to exert it legally with moderation, are highly criminal. In any point of view they are unfit for Magistrates. If they have wisdom they must be censured as indolent or pusillanimous. If they are ignorant they want the necessary qualifications to discharge the duties of the office with which they are invested. Thus much as to the conduct which should be adopted by the Magistrates, on this critical and alarming occasion. A word or two may not be improper as to the other part of the grievance—the situation of the Hustings. In an open street or market-place the common people conceive that they have a right to act as they please, and are not subject to controul. When they are discovered in disorderly proceedings, they have various avenues and opportunities for escape. Those will be present on such a spot who would not have presumption enough to enter an enclosed building. These are evils which call aloud for redress, and should be properly attended to by persons in power, if they wish to preserve the order of government, the laws of Election, or the rights and safety of the people.

The Duc de Chartres and the Duc de Bouillon are constant attendants in Covent Garden since the Poll began. They never saw any thing like it in France.

Hundreds of the friends of Mr. Fox, and the great cause of freedom, were yesterday hindered from polling by the extraordinary concourse of people who attended the Poll. It is astonishing the constables, and especially the returning officer, do not endeavour to establish at least some degree of decency and order, as the freedom of Election depends so much on the convenience and accommodation of Electors at the Hustings.

A correspondent is not a little surprised that the silly trick about the bribery, so impudently vamped up by a desperate faction against one of the Candidates for Westminster, is not generally seen through. Nothing should be admitted for fact without vouchers. And the scene of this most extraordinary business lies at such a distance, that before any enquiries can take place about the truth of it, the contested Election for Westminster may be decided.

A correspondent would ask the Electors of Westminster, for which of the good deeds done by Mr. Fox is it that so many have voted against him on this occasion? Is it because he put an end to the American war, abridged the influence of the Crown, or gave

the people a consequence in the government of their country, which they never possessed but in the reign of a Chatham? Or are they dissatisfied that their illustrious member is not marked with the same insidious insignificance which distinguishes Sir Cecil, that he seems to hire ruffians to overawe the freedom of Election, that he acts uniformly on the broad basis of the public good, and that he would rather lose his Election than carry it by the same series of infamous stratagem which his enemies have adopted in the conduct of theirs?

The same system of intimidation, which so long menaced in vain the late Parliament, seems now extended to disturb the freedom of Election. The bloody scenes exhibited before the Hustings in Covent Garden, oftener than once since the beginning of the Poll, must open the people's eyes to the despotic coercion of the Court in behalf of a favourite sycophant. Those on the side of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, are constantly escorted by a banditti of armed men, in the habit of sailors, who alternately parade and occupy all the passages and streets contiguous to the Hustings. Lest this circumstance might not operate sufficiently, infinite pains are taken to report, that a very numerous body of sailors lurk in most of the ale-houses about the Garden, and are ready, on the first signal, to repeat their former outrages. This falsehood, as connected with the above fact, has so much credit, as to render the friends of Mr. Fox and the constitution not a little shy. Does not all this put Englishmen in mind of the riot at Brentford, and the massacre in St. George's Fields? Can Britons support a cause, thus daringly, and foully stained by the blood of their fellow-citizens?

The beautiful Duchesse of Devonshire and her sister Lady Duncannon were yesterday in Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, for a considerable time. The Fashionable Circle are all on the same side of the question, and their coaches made an elegant appearance from about two to three o'clock.

This is Passion week, and much passion there is in the city of Westminster; praying too goes forward; but it is Election supplications, and not forgiveness of sins. As to *fasting*, it is out of the question. The city has been a scene of gluttony and drunkenness, and though dramatic decency has shut up the theatres, and sent the poor actors literally to starve for seven days, yet private routs, cards, suppers, balls, and other amusements are in practice more than at any other season of the year. There are compliments gone abroad among the fashionable world for parties on Good Friday, to celebrate in festivity, not to mourn in sorrow, the fate of that day. Religion is banished from almost every rank of people, and even the very Bishops permit their Ladies to receive gambling associates at hazard and card tables on Sundays and holidays without reprimand, and sometimes with participation in the pastime. The women go to church to be admired in the morning and to make assignations in the evening, and the men give regular attendance in the same place to fulfil that purpose. Thus the world goes on in Passion week, in and about London, and perhaps it might not be far from the truth to say, that it is much the same at this time in all parts of England.

One word and no more to the Electors of Westminster!—Two thousand five hundred votes remain yet unpollled:—Independence must still be your's if you zealously contend for it!—The Court has exhausted its venality.—You can only be enslaved therefore by your own supineness. Come forth, then, like Britons, and give your suffrages in defence of your own freedom; or henceforth repine not when Prerogative shall elect your Representatives without your concurrence!

Lord King appeared yesterday at the Hustings in Covent Garden, to poll for Sir Cecil Wray; and it was with some difficulty the poll clerk convinced the *neble peer with the courtly name*, that he was in the present instance completely ignorant of the laws of his country!

severally paraded in the *Bird Cage Walk*, by one of the candidates, in person, and from thence marched, *unregimentally*, to vote in support of Sir Cecil Wray and *Secret Influence*. —Who will now say, that *prerogative* has not its full swing?

It is a fact upon which our readers may most confidently rely, that not less than four hundred soldiers belonging to the guards, voted for Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Hood, which was the sole cause of the temporary superiority of the former over Mr. Fox. It will shock every man who still retains an attachment to the constitution of his country, to be informed, which is nevertheless strictly true, that most of the poor fellows belonging to the above corps were compelled some time ago to subject themselves to the expence of house-rents, that they might be convertible into use on an Election emergency.

There never was a more striking instance of the unbiassed freedom of the British Electors than has been exhibited in the course of the present contest for Westminster. The independence of the constituent, which is the great source of the independence of the representatives, was never persevered in with so tenacious a sacredness. We can assure our readers, that all the *soldiers of the guards, sailors*, and the whole body of *Court tradesmen*, who have voted on the above occasion, were under no *undue* influence whatever, but gave their suffrages from the *purest* motives of genuine patriotism and the most *disinterested* preference to those two great and decided *friends* of the House of Commons and the Constitution, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

The conduct of her R——I H——s P——s A——, on this occasion does her immortal honour. Her R——H——s received a message from St. James's, requesting that she would command her household and tradesmen to vote for the Court candidates; to which she replied, that "she had been taught by her great and glorious father George the Second, that it was contrary to the principles of the constitution, and beneath the dignity of the Crown, to interfere in popular Elections, and that she was determined never to depart from so illustrious an example, but to leave all her dependants at freedom to judge and act like Englishmen!"

This is not the first instance that the R——I name has been degraded to influence Elections; it was used so imprudently at Windsor against Lord Keppel, that he had a certainty of carrying his Election if he could have been prevailed on to petition against the return; but his Lordship chose rather to lose his Election, than to expose the Royal name to the contempt and ridicule of an Election Committee.

The present Prerogative Ministry (says a correspondent) who for the purposes of their immoderate ambition have involved the King in a contest with the House of Commons, are proceeding further to degrade the Royal name, by employing it for the most unconstitutional purpose of influencing Elections. When our Kings have been advised to become partizans, and have sunk themselves to the level of individuals to gratify the views of party, disappointment and mortification have been the certain consequences.

There is a spirit in Englishmen that revolts at an unequal contest, and will not suffer a great and manly character to be crushed even by the arm of ———.

The number of *April fools* on Thursday last was much greater than usual, owing to the General Election.

The partizans of Sir Cecil Wray have pretty nearly exhausted all their *arts* and all their *lists*; they can no longer deceive the people, by declaring, during the poll, that Lord North has lost his Election for Banbury, and Lord John Cavendish for York. The retort upon Mr. Fox to counteract the indignation raised in every honest breast by Sir Cecil Wray's inhumanity to the Chelsea Pensioners, has already lost all its effects, and his supposed bribery at Taunton is found to have been the lie of the day. The safety of the peaceable Electors is secured against the violence of the crews of seamen, who, to the

the disgrace of the first Lord of the Admiralty, have been let loose on the city with their officers at their head; all the guards have been mustered and voted, and the poll is at present dragged out by lodgers, and persons having no votes. The numerous body of Electors who have promised Mr. Fox, and have hitherto been detained from approaching the Hustings, will now therefore make their appearance, and ascertain the independency of the city.

A gentleman on Tuesday last, met an old acquaintance walking to the Hustings in Covent Garden: "So! you are going," said he, "to vote for that sad dog Charles Fox!" The other coolly replied, "I am determined, Sir, to give Mr. Fox my vote, not because he is a *sad dog*, but for a better reason;—he is a good *house dog*: I mean a good *House of Commons dog*. And while we have him there to guard our liberties, we shall have little reason to apprehend any danger from court wolves or ministerial tygers."

April 8.] Mrs. Hobart made her appearance yesterday, in her carriage, near the Hustings at Covent Garden, under the noxious banner of Sir Cecil Wray; but unfortunately for her, she was obliged to pass the line of *Devonshire beauties*, that were ranged along the windows at the end of Henrietta street, from whom she received a *platoon of hisses*, for her groundless apostacy!

The mode that has been adopted in the present contest, to compel the guard soldiers to vote for Sir Cecil Wray, is this: the Colonel of each regiment has the power of giving or refusing leave to the privates, to work at their respective trades. The permission to do so, makes the difference of 30s. a week in their favour; of course, the withholding leave is a most effectual punishment for any inattention to the Colonel's mandate. In this manner, *four hundred* votes have been jobbed for Sir Cecil Wray; deduct that number from Sir Cecil's voters, and there remains a decided majority in favour of Mr. Fox. Is it possible, that the real respectable Electors will suffer their uninfluenced opinions to be violated by the worst force of the military power?—Revenue officers of every denomination are prohibited from voting; and yet though it must be evident to every man of the least reflection, that the soldiery are infinitely more subject to influence, the Election of Westminster may ultimately be decided by *four hundred of the guards*!

Those who conceive Mr. Fox's Election to be lost for Westminster, merely on account of the present fallacious aspect of things, are most egregiously mistaken indeed. The independent men who are under no indirect influence, and are not compelled to convene at any particular moment, and to proceed to vote under any particular leader, are not always so forward with their suffrages, and it is well known, from a recent canvass, that at least seven hundred votes of this description, remain at this time unpollled, in the interest of Mr. Fox. These men are not to be *marshalled*, like a detachment of *guards*, and have no *commanding* officer to administer a whipping in case of *disobedience*. They knew no *standard* but that of *liberty*—and acknowledge no *orders*, but the dictates of their conscience. A very few days will prove the truth of these assertions.

Her Majesty has all the morning prints at breakfast every day, and the Princesses are permitted to read them. Her eye caught the indecent language of that one which attacked the Dukes of Devonshire. She gave it to an attendant and said, let that paper never more enter the palace doors. The story got round, and the same orders were given every where else.

Monf. le Duc de Bouillon, now resident here, uncle to the Emperor of Germany, and of course one of the first Peers of France, has interested himself very zealously in
Mr.

Mr. Fox's cause. A *zebig Frenchman* is rather a rare character, but here we find it most illustriously exemplified.

Her Grace of *Devonshire*, Lady *Duncannon*, and one of the Lady *Waldegraves*, towards the close of yesterday's poll, were engaged in canvassing Tavistock-street, and its environs. The success of this fair party is not to be questioned, as every milliner's shop they visited, immediately on their departure, hoisted out *Fox-skin* muffs, in testimony of allegiance to the beautiful *triumviri*!

The *lovely Duchess* is indefatigable in the cause of liberty; in spite of all the ministerial exertions against the ladies, the hearts of Englishmen are not yet insensible to the attractive graces of beauty. It is in vain that the unmanly runners of the immaculate youth revile the sex; they are still triumphant with every man of sensibility and honour. The dapper tribe of boy senators had better be on their guard; the indignation of the people, when once it is thoroughly roused, may not be soon allayed.

April 9. Lord North polled yesterday for Mr. Fox.

The *halt, lame, and blind*, were brought up yesterday to the Hustings at Covent Garden, to poll for the *Man of the Court*, in opposition to that statesman, who is still the *Man of the People*!

The *Court tools* of the parish of *St. Ann's*, that have so *honourably* distinguished themselves during the present electioneering contest, in the cause of *freedom*! not content in canvassing their parish with their *reverend Pastor* and *Churchwardens* at their head, contrived to make *nocturnal* visits to the indigent class of inhabitants, reinforced by the *collectors of taxes*, who, by this oppressive manœuvre found little difficulty, as may be supposed, in compelling those who were *in arrears* to vote against the *MAN of their own choice*!

A morning paper, particularly friendly to the present Ministry, yesterday gave notice, that their Majesties' households *will now* be paid up to Lady-day. N. B. All the household troops *have now* voted against Mr. Fox!

Let it not be forgot by the worthy and free inhabitants of Westminster, that on the first great contest for the independence of the city of Westminster, from the shackles of aristocratic authority, Mr. Fox was five hundred behind Lord Lincoln, a few days before the conclusion of the Election, but notwithstanding obtained a most decisive triumph at the final close of the poll.

Whatever may be the result of the present contest, it is the strict duty of Mr. Fox to expose the shameful devices that have been practised by his opponents. It is a notorious fact, that above 300 receipts for parochial taxes were sent by a certain Committee to their military voters, with this short explanation:—Vote for the Court, and keep the receipt—Vote the other way, and *vice* the receipt; expect the utmost rigour of the law for the slighted delay.

It is universally observed, that, in every *ministerial publication* of the present period, there is a regular and systematic attack against the ladies. This remark is strictly true; examine any ministerial publication, and if it does not contain gross and unmanly reflections on the *loveliest* and most *amiable* of the sex, then the point in question shall be given up; but, on the contrary, if there appears an invariable practice in all ministerial writings, to sneer at *women*, then let us feel like Englishmen, and detest a *habit* so foreign to the native gallantry of British hearts, so unworthy the natural feelings of virtue and honour.

When Sir Cecil Wray shook hands with Lord Hood yesterday on the Hustings, one of the votets cried out, "Take care, my Lord, if he smiles in your face, he'll certainly

"tainly betray you." The honest hint of approbation broke forth—and the populace exclaimed, "Down with ingratitude, down with the viper that stung his friend!"

The spirit of the Electors of Westminster is at length most thoroughly roused, by the indignities offered to this great city, in bringing the military mercenaries to vote against Mr. Fox. Every honest Englishman is eager to distinguish himself in counter-acting the dirty tricks of the Court; nor is there the least doubt, that there is still a sufficient number of voters to rescue Westminster from the haughty grasp of the *Nor-thumberland aristocracy!*

We congratulate the good people of England on the rapid progress they have made within the last six weeks, towards the perfect recovery of their senses. Justly jealous of their liberties, they are precipitate in taking the alarm—honest and manly in their tempers—when roused, they are proportionally warm. Jealousy is ever subject to extraordinary suspicion. This is well understood by artful designers, who have been employed for months past by the present Ministry, and their friends, to infuse into the minds of the public such apprehensions and false ideas of danger, as might best contribute to the completion of popular deception. But, thank Heaven, the day of passion is past—men begin to cool, to reflect, to reason. The India Bill, and every part of the conduct of the Coalition, is now considered with calmness and moderation; the artifices of the secret junto begin now to be understood, and a regard for the Constitution to predominate over that temporary enthusiasm, which saw nothing lovely or valuable in the equilibrium of the three estates, while compared with the Prerogative of the Crown. Two months ago, Mr. Newnham and Mr. Sawbridge (such was the political influence of that period) would not have polled one tenth part of their present numbers. Two months ago, Mr. Fox did not appear to have any friends in Westminster, and yet now he has thousands—and what affords an additional proof, that the enthusiasm of the country people is departing from them, Mr. Hartley, who had no friends at the Reading meeting, has found so formidable a support at Abingdon, as bids fair to carry his Election.

What have the ladies done to call down the whole weight of pensioned pens, and ministerial mercenaries? Read the legend of lies, and you would suppose that the fiends are in league to support Mr. Fox. Go to the Hustings, and you will feel that he is the favourite of angels! Say what you will, ye immaculate and chaste Ministers, 'tis all in vain! We have no Salic law in England—ours is the land of liberty and love!—Nor will the spirit of Englishmen endure the revival of *Daddy James's* politics,

"When mincing minions rul'd, and love was lost!"

Sir Cecil Wray's friends begin now to despair for him, the Court interest is now exhausted, and the detection of the multitude of false votes polled for *Judas* seems to have determined large bodies of the *real* Electors, who intended to have remained neuter, to come forth and assert their own rights, by supporting Mr. Fox, and discouraging impostors.

Three of the rendezvous, at which the supporters of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray meet, are the *Auction* rooms of Mr. Christie in Pall-mall, Suffolk's under the Piazza, and Patterson's in King-street; a clear demonstration, that those candidates meant to carry their point by "*knock-me-down* doings!"

Lord Maitland, Lord Surrey, Mr. Powys, Mr. Sheridan, and Colonel Fitzpatrick, labour under the violent displeasure of Mr. Pitt's junto, for their uniform and judicious support of their friend Mr. Fox, with that superior display of abilities for which those Gentlemen are more particularly distinguished.

While

While the Duchefs of Devonfhire and her fuite are rattling through the alleys on the one fide, and the Duchefs of Rutland on the other, the firft is treated in a profligate morning print with all the *dirty* and *obfcene cant* of a common *brothel*, and the fecond is treated in all the *other* newspapers, with the *gallantry* and *refpect* due to *female beauty*. *Voila la difference!*

The prefent Minifter, principally on the fuggeltion of his relation Lord Mahon, has in contemplation an object which has long been wifhed for in vain—fomething of the plan of the *Jus Trium Liberorum* of the ancients—fpecific immunities and profitable diftinctions, to encourage matrimony, and alleviate the burthens of a *large family*.

A correspondent, who is at a lofs to know what caufe can induce even the loweft mercenary of a Court to defcend to the defpicable meanness of an unremitting attack upon the fair *sex*, begs to follicit information upon fo curious a fubject, by asking the following queftions:—1. Are thefe detractors of the beft part of God's works ready to admit that they diflike the *sex*, and therefore afperfe them? To acknowledge this, would be to confign themfelves to irreparable infamy. 2. Is it that they are *hired* to do it, which is much the more charitable alternative, and if fo, by whom? Sure the prefent *immaculate* Miniftry can iffue no wages for a purpofe fo evidently repugnant to all their feelings. 3. Is it that their friend, the *Knight of the Hofpital*, having firft endeavoured to opprefs the lower order of women, has thought it expedient to proceed with the fame good-natured intention to the higheft? 4. Is it that the freedom and the conftitution of the country is fo perfectly odious to them, that they *bate* even BEAUTY when employed in that caufe? To fome of the above reafons this infamous proceeding muft be owing; and our correspondent, anxious for the prevention of a practice fo difgraceful to the very name of man, and fo peculiarly difgufting to the eyes and ears of Englifhmen, wifhes to know to which of them he is in future to afcribe it.

An Election Bon Mot.—When his Majefty firft heard that the Prince of Wales had interefted himfelf for the fuccefs of Mr. Fox, he deputed one of the ariftocratic *lacquies* of his bedchamber to wait upon his Royal Highnefs, and to remonftrate with him on the impropriety of fuch an interference. “His Majefty, (fays the *Lordly messenger*,) “is furprized at the *Heir Apparent's* taking an active part on the fubject of an election.” —“Be fo good as prefent my humble duty to the King, (replied the other Great Perfonage) and fay it does not appear half fo ftrange that the *Heir* to his Majefty as that Majefty *itfelf* fhould take an active part on fuch an occafion. I never employed *Weltje* till his Majefty had firft employed the *Earl of S—*, and if there was any difference between us, it was only that I had employed the more refpectable *mef-fenger*.”

The infamous mifrepresentations of the conduct of a certain illuftrious character within thefe few days, challenge the reprobation of every good and thinking man. Do we not all occasionally experience an inconvenience from the ignorant and hafty zeal of fervants, who hardly ever interpret a mafter's meaning right, or exercife any authority with difcretion?

Let us fuppofe for a moment that Mr. Fox fhould not come into Parliament at all, where will be the check, the controul, that all Minifters require? Who, befide Mr. Fox, is qualified to be the champion of thofe rights which every Minifter has temptations to violate? Nothing fhort of Mr. Fox's talents can maintain that poft, againft the invafions which are meditating, againft the powers which the Minifter will fhortly bring forward, in order to govern the country at difcretion. If Mr. Fox has loft his miniffterial ftrength, he muft ftill be formidable as Patrocles in Achilles' armour; his very
name

name is a tower of strength, a rock of defence for the constitution; and though he stood alone, his superior genius would keep an host of enemies in awe.

It were to be wished, that in times like these, something like a regard to decency was observed. How can we reconcile it to the rules established among gentlemen, that terms which would not be suffered in conversation, are to be bandied about in lampoons—Can scurrility do good to any cause? It ought to be resented by people as an insult on their understanding, for to them it is addressed.

The riots in Covent Garden are at an end—the chairmen having *out-poll'd* the sailors.

On Mr. Pitt's return from the Grocers Feast, when the rabble who attended him came opposite to Brookes's, in St. James's-street, and commenced their attack on the house, the cry was, "Break the rascals chairs." "Arrah, Pat, (says one of the chairmen to another) is it the Constitution to brake our chares?" "No, by Jafus, Tady, it's Secret Influence."—"Secret Influence! what's that?"—"Nothing so easy; Secret Influence is the Back-stairs, man."—"Oh! tunder and blood, down with the Back-stairs, man! *For fighting* and the *front door* all over the world!" And in three minutes the Irishmen restored peace and good order to the street.

As a proof of our assertion, that a systematical plan is regularly pursued by the adherents of the present Ministry, to revile and calumniate the loveliest of the creation, we must request every man of *English feelings* to count the number of paragraphs inserted in the ministerial prints of yesterday (Good Friday) *against women*. We should detest to insinuate this idea, unless the unwarrantable repetition of the most odious and shocking aspersions on the sex demanded the interference of every man of *generosity and native sensibility*.

THE INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY.

It is not without reason that certain individuals object to the influence of beauty.—What can be so unseemly as that women should descend to the vulgar manners of civility and gentleness? or that they should be so negligent of character and fashion, as to be earnest in the service of the man whom they love? An end is put at once to the privileges of Englishmen, if the Ladies are to be suffered to interfere in the Constitution. What have they to do with representation? So far from wishing to preserve their *freedom*, they generally desire to get rid of it as soon as they can. If they have estates, and desire to protect them, the proper representative is a husband; and with a clear rent roll, they will have no great difficulty in their canvass for one.

A sober, plain Englishman can really have no opinion of his own, if his understanding is to be attacked by the arguments of eyes. He can have no chance for his liberty, if weapons so irresistible as smiles and glances are used against him. The influence of beauty therefore must be more dangerous in a free country than the Secret Influence of the Crown.

If it should be admitted that Ladies have a right to canvass for their favourite candidate, and to exercise the arts of never-failing beauty against the unsuspecting hearts of Englishmen, their next step will be to vote for them; and they will maintain their franchises by arguments which we cannot refute. Having gained this, they will next get into Parliament themselves, and then farewell to our liberties as a free people!—The Ladies now have the confidence to aspire to an equal elevation with the men in every thing. They aver that genius is of no sex, and finding themselves possessed of equal talents, they presume to cultivate them to an equal degree of polish. Is it to be endured, that they should not only triumph over us in figure and face, but that they

should also be superior to us in accomplishments and sense?—Far be it from the wishes of all sober men!

Let it therefore be known from this time forth,

That it shall be downright impudence in any woman of rank to have the condescension of speaking to any person of a lower condition.

That Ladies of quality have no right to entertain friendships, or if they should be so indiscreet and unfashionable as to prefer one man to another, that it is absolute vulgarity in them to expose it to the world.

That Ladies of quality have no business with the affairs of the nation.

That Ladies ought never to come out of the nursery except to make a pudding for dinner; and that, if they have any spare time, it should be occupied in the stitching of chair covers.

It was observed of the Dukes of *Devonshire* and Lady *Duncannon*, while they were soliciting votes in favour of Mr. Fox, on Saturday last, that they were the most *lovely portraits* that ever appeared upon a *canvass*!

On Saturday last Lloyd Kenyon, Esq. lately the Attorney General of the Crown, and now Master of the Rolls, one of the highest offices in the law, voted for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray. His house is in the parish of St. Giles, but he voted for a little *back-room* which projects into Portugal-street. He voted therefore as a *lodger*.

Nothing could be more degrading to a man of feeling and delicacy, than the conduct of the Master of the Rolls. That a man of his rank, and who lately filled the first law office of the Crown, should descend to a vote as the *occupier* of a *back-room*, three yards square, in a city where the right of election is in *housekeepers*, shows to what shifts the Court is driven in the present struggle.

There is something *unmanly* in the squibs thrown against certain Peereffes. When *Ladies* lay themselves *open* to *attack*, men of gallantry will *cover*, and not *expose* their amiable *weaknesses*.

It is expected that the partizans of Lord Hood will, in the course of this day, ring all the changes upon the engagement which was fought on the 12th of April, between the fleets under Lord Rodney and the Comte de Grasse, because his Lordship had that day the command of one of the English divisions. But let the public be remembered that his Lordship, if the Gazette is to be credited, had but little to do in the action, as Lord Rodney expressly says, he "sent Sir Samuel Hood's division in quest of the enemy, because his ships had not *suffered* in the engagement!" It is also arrogantly advanced, that the *Ville de Paris* struck to the *Barfleur*, although the *Canada*, Captain Cornwallis, had a preference to that honour over every other ship in the fleet!

The attempts of *ribaldry* against the Dukes of *Devonshire* are so truly wretched, that one cannot help mixing a degree of pity with the indignation we naturally feel against the writers. The following *apostrophe*, from some lines addressed to her *Grace* about four years since, is at this season very applicable:—

- " O, bow ye transgressors, in penitence bend;
- " Against such *perfection*. what sin to offend.
- " —Yet see—in the brightness which darts from her eyes,
- " With *beauty's* mild lustre her *clemency* flies!
- " That smile, just display'd, to the soul has express'd
- " The happy *composure* that reigns in her breast!

It

It is rather hard on the soldiery to be laughed at, as they now are, for doing the only service that the times allow of. Every one knows that a *red coat* is an odious sight in time of peace; and formerly, the keeping up an army, at a great expence, to lounge about the country, was thought useless and ridiculous, if not dangerous, in a free country. Can any one wonder then, that the soldiers are alert and active at Elections? Marching and countermarching at the Hustings keeps them in exercise, and not only strengthens their limbs, but adds to their courage; for surely if they are taught to bear the indignation of their own countrymen, expressed in every possible way, with ease and indifference, for only a trifling addition of pay, there can be little doubt but that in future they will meet their natural enemies with exactly the same proportion of *patriotism* and *spirit*, that they now discover facing their fellow-citizens.

Several of the soldiers belonging to the regiment quartered in the Savoy voted for Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Hood, on the poll of Saturday last. These worthy and most patriotic candidates having now completely exhausted the whole of their *military* resources, are confidently said to have addressed an application to the Sheriff of London, requesting permission to bring as many of the independent prisoners as are not under actual sentence of death, to vote for them on this day's poll. We understand no answer has yet been returned to this requisition, to the great mortification of Sir Cecil, who rests his whole hopes of making even a decent figure for six days, upon the success of the above application!

The following orders were yesterday transmitted to the proper office, as documents for carrying on the legend of lies, during the course of the ensuing week:

Ordered, That twenty paragraphs per day be inserted against the Duchefs.

That Sir Wm. M——th be white-washed.

That his R——l H——s's amours be represented as crying sins.

That Lord S——y be puffed for his canvassing, and Weltje abused for his.

That Lord John Cavendish, Gen. Conway, Mr. Vyner, and Mr. Baker, be calumniated in every possible way, as the best means to vindicate their constituents for electing their successors.

That the various services of the guards be duly celebrated, at St. George's Fields, firing on the citizens, St. Cas, &c.

That the prisoners, &c. of the Savoy be stated as good Westminster Electors.

That three men, sleeping in the same bed, as lodgers, are all good votes.

That Lord Mountmorres deserves the name of Pompey.

That the High Bailiff of Westminster is a compound of Minos and Rhadamanthus.

Lastly, as the only true principle for supporting the legend of lies in its original vigour, that it be always remembered, that

——— "Whatever is, is right!"

The *Jockey Duke* is still on his fidgets, lest *Mr. Fox* should get the *whip-hand* of Sir Cecil in the *scrutiny heat*; and if so, away goes the *fee simple* of his Grace's borough interest near Dumfries!

Tommy Titmouse adheres to the *Prince* with uncommon *fidelity*:—He fears his voice as *Falstaffe* did the "roaring of the lion's whelp," walks before him in the *Promenades of Beauty* through *hidden mazes* and *secret windings*, and is to the *Prince*, even as the *jackall* is to the *lion*!

It is rather a *solecism* in female politics, that *Lady Willoughby* should canvass on the side of *Mr. Fox*, considering her Ladyship's *relative* situation: the Duchefs of Ancaster is an advocate for the Court Candidates; and Mr. Burrell, whose family is allied by a double marriage to the *House of Percy*, is not, it is thought, inactive in the cause of Sir Cecil.

The *Duchess of Devonshire's* canvass commencing in St. Martin's-le-grand, and finishing in the parish of St. Margaret's, has been compared to the course of the sun, which rises in the *East*, and sets in the *West*;—the simile may be improved upon by observing, that in going down her *splendor* was increased, and that all beholders became *Perfians*, and bowed their heads in *adoration*.

TESTS to which the signatures of Watkin L—s, Joseph M—y, and Cecil W—y ought to be annexed.

"I do solemnly declare, from a consciousness of inability to determine any question requiring sense or judgment, that I will immediately convene my constituents and receive their instructions *how to act*, which I pledge myself to convey to the senate, either by the use of my *lungs or on paper*; and I will ever wholly devote my *cranium vacuum* to their use and service, and shall always consider myself as the *passive vehicle* of nonsense, confusion, and inconsistency."

Notwithstanding the apparent majority in favour of Sir Cecil Wray, the friends of Mr. Fox are confident that the exertions of the independent Electors of Westminster will be finally successful; the miserable arts to which their opponents are reduced, evidently prove that they have exhausted the whole of their strength. Mr. Fox would certainly have had a majority on the poll of yesterday, had not a very unfair and illiberal manœuvre been practised to prevent it towards the latter end of the day; the friends of the Court Candidates observing several persons in the interest of the popular Candidate to be coming up to poll, for the purpose of protracting it, insisted that the test oath should be given to all persons indiscriminately, although there was no reason whatever to suppose any of them to be Roman Catholics; among the number, were two gentlemen, Members of Parliament, one an Officer in the Army, and one the High Sheriff of a County, who certainly could not be supposed to be within that description. By this illiberal artifice near twenty of Mr. Fox's friends were prevented from polling, which would have given him the majority of the day. It is hoped, however, that the Electors will not submit to such treatment, nor allow themselves to be cheated out of the exercise of their franchises by tricks which the lowest pettifogging attorney would be ashamed to practise.

A certain General's appearance at the Hustings at Covent Garden, with upwards of three hundred votes from the first regiment of Guards, in favour of the Court Candidates, was, perhaps, as indecent and as gross a violation of the freedom of Election as ever was remembered to have been practised: this proceeding may, perhaps, prove the General an excellent Courtier; but it does not much exalt his military reputation. The General, no doubt, conceives himself more likely to obtain a regiment for services of this nature, than for any which he can boast to have achieved elsewhere against the enemies of his King and country.

Lord Surrey yesterday joined his forces with Mr. Fox on the Hustings at Covent Garden.

In the greatest of the great contests for Westminster, that between Sir George Vandeput and Lord Trentham (the present Lord Gower) the event of the scrutiny was to vitiate near 1000 votes on both sides!

It is remarkable enough, that the first promotion of Lord Hood, from a Lieutenantcy to the rank of Post Captain, was obtained chiefly by an electioneering interest, which he got by his marriage with a lady of Portsmouth.

It must excite the indignation, says a correspondent, of every lover of goodness, beauty, and virtue, when he peruses some of the daily papers (poor perishable commodities!) at finding the *Duchess of Devonshire* handled, so illiberally, to use a very lenient

nient phrase. There is surely no immodesty in one of the amiable sex's taking upon herself to serve her friends, but there is much generosity. If her Grace has the generosity to undergo the fatigue of canvassing for her acquaintance, her conduct is laudable; but if a paltry garretier happens to prove of different principles, to envy excellence in the other sex, let him either keep silence, or disdain the mean arts of abuse, provided he would not incur the just chastisement and contempt of her Grace's well wishers.

It is not surprising that determined spirits of opposition should appear in Westminster against Sir Cecil Wray, which even the exertions of the Court cannot conquer. There is something in the nature of an *Englishman* which shuns and abhors ingratitude. It is on this score, independent of all politics, that the modern *Judas* is so universally execrated!

That the Court party is now reduced to the very last extremity in Westminster, is apparent from the circumstance of their having yesterday obliged two of the King's messengers to poll for Sir Cecil Wray, who were actually appointed by Mr. Fox himself when Secretary of State. One of those unfortunate men, not being so callous and void of every feeling of gratitude as the candidate for whom he was compelled to vote, was observed to have tears in his eyes, while in obedience to the tyrannical dictates of his superiors, he gave his voice against his benefactor.

The story is now out.—The Seals it seems were pawned at the three *golden balls*—*King, Lords, and Commons*, where, according to the old proverb, it was *two to one* they were not redeemed from the arbitrary shop of *Prerogative* usury.

Nine thousand seven hundred and thirty seven names stood on Monday on the poll books, as having voted at the present Election for Westminster. This is a greater number by three hundred than appeared during the famous contest between Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput.

April 15.] Mr. Fox's majority on the poll yesterday was the remarkable number 45—Mr. Wilkes polled against him the day before.

Fox and 45 will now become a fashionable combination with all the lovers of political freedom and the true friends to the constitution of Great Britain. This glorious *Number*, which once raised an honest enthusiasm in the heart of every *Englishman*, has lately sunk into a general oblivion or disrespect, in consequence of the universal contempt which has covered the individual who first gave rise to it. But it will now recover itself with an invigorated reputation, when it is considered as the symptom of *defeated Aristocracy* and *Court Influence*, and the certain presage of success to that man who has devoted his life to the service of his country, and is alone able to restore her in her humility and exigence.

We presaged some days ago, that when the venal combination of military or mercenary voters was once fairly exhausted, Mr. Fox would again recover that decided superiority in the poll for Westminster, which he undoubtedly possesses in a general estimate of the Electors. The first step towards the final accomplishment of this prediction was displayed in yesterday's majority, and the Independent Electors may rest firmly assured, that their cause is certain of success, and that the Court and Aristocratic Junto must wait for some other opportunity for again enslaving the freedom of the city of Westminster, and reducing it to that state of subjection and obedience, from which the late Representatives so honourably emancipated this great and respectable city.

The independent spirit of the Electors of this free city is now roused. The detection of the system of *polling false votes* for the Court, has decided those who had intended to be neuter, to take a part and assert their own rights.

That

That Lord Hood wished to *insinuate* himself upon the public as the gallant captor of the *Ville de Paris*, was pretty evident from the *modest* display of *De Graff's* flag under that of the *Barfluc*, the first day of the Election, headed by some of his Lordship's own officers!—The writer of this article has no wish to arraign Lord Hood's professional merit, in averring that he had as little to do with the captor of the *Ville de Paris* as his friend the *High Bailiff of Westminster*; for when that ship struck to the *Ferrible* and *Namur*, the *Barfluc* was more than a mile off, not even within random shot, and the *Canada*, commanded by the brave *Cornwallis*, lying immediately between them!

A real friend to the glorious cause of freedom, who thinks a true Englishman ought not to be shackled by any human consideration, much less by so idle a superstition as gratitude, begs leave to intimate to the worthy Baronet, Sir Cecil Wray, that there are yet several expedients untried by which his drooping hopes may be revived, and his Election secured for the city of Westminster. The following hints are therefore submitted to his consideration:

1. He has good reason to believe that those 500 guards, and the 200 Electors in the Savoy, who have already voted *once* for Sir Cecil, may very easily, by proper application from the West End of the Town, and the *same sort of appeal to their feelings as before*, be induced to vote a second time for the same good cause—and why not?—all the world knows both votes would be given with *equal propriety*.

2. The *City Association* might surely be made very useful. The new-dubbed Sugar-baker, the worshipful Sir *Bernard*, has great influence with them; and he certainly could not refuse so trifling a return for so very *extraordinary* a distinction as that which the Court (probably with an eye to some such service as the present) has lately conferred upon him.

3. By the help of Mr. *Jackson*, Mr. —, Mr. —, and the Earl of —, might it not be possible to marshal a respectable number of worthy *Liverymen* (not of the city) and by a temporary direction of the *shoulder-knot*, to convert them into sound and good votes for *Westminster*. They may be furnished with snug brown coats in *Monmouth-street*, and it will be very easy to convince that *modern Minos*, our returning officer, that they are all “honourable men!”

4. Could not Mr. —, the apothecary, be employed to visit some of Mr. Fox's voters in his professional character, and thereby incapacitate them from a probable attendance at the Hustings.—He need not go far out of the line of his general practice, for producing this effect!

5. Has *Wapping* been properly canvassed?—Sailors may surely be used for other and better services than either *fighting* or *rioting*?—Every body knows they are not likely to stick at an *oath*, and that good-natured humour about them will equally satisfy the Bailiff and serve you, Sir Cecil, most essentially.

One of the sailors, who was in the late *plot* of cutting the Irishmen's chairs, having received several violent blows on his head from the enraged proprietors; being asked by the Surgeon, while he was dressing, how he liked the *polling*? The tar humourously replied, “By he that made *poop-lanterns*, I never *cursey'd* so quick to a French twenty-four pounder, as I did to the Irish *poles*.”

Another, a companion of the above and in a similar situation, swore, “d—n my eyes “I would sooner go in *buff* all my life *without a fig-leaf*, than wear *blue* again, and be “beat all the other colours.”

Although it is almost unnecessary to take any notice of the miserable Election device of giving out that Lord Holland is dangerously ill, we have undoubted authority

authority to say, that he is in perfect health, nor has he had any illness whatever.

The number of the votes for Westminster has in all former contests been found to fall short of 10,000. In respect to the occurrences that have come to pass since the famous Poll of Vandeput and Trentham, these are the supposable alterations, that the number of votes in St. George's, Hanover-square, in St. Margaret's, and St. Martin's, have since that time increased,—that since that time also, there has been nearly an equivalent decrease of votes from the disqualifications of different Revenue Officers, who in the various parts of Westminster obviously must be very numerous.

However the *dependants* of Royalty may interfere in behalf of the Court Candidates, we cannot give credit to the many rumours that say “a *Great Personage* exerts all his influence to oppose Mr. Fox; for although *Lord Temple* whispered a tale at *midnight*, which was too much attended to by a *midnight* EAR; yet we cannot admit that *Shakespeare* was entirely prophetic, when he wrote,

“If thou wert the FOX, the LION would suspect thee; when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ASS!”

Eminent women, that have been distinguished as bustling and successful canvassers at Elections. The present Ladies of Westminster are too well known to be repeated.—The Duchesses of Argyle, Lady Coventry, Mrs. Thrale, Old old Sarah, Duchesses of Marlborough, Duchesses of Queensbury, Lady M. W. Mountague, Mrs. Masham, &c. &c.

The interference of the *Duchess of Devonshire* in behalf of Mr. Fox, is but a counter part of the conduct of those Roman Ladies who sued to Coriolanus for the welfare of the city of Rome; for so much is the honour of Westminster concerned in choosing for a Representative the first senator in England; that eternal disgrace would follow were he thrown out. We may say to the Duchesses and her lovely colleagues, in the words of our favourite bard:—

— Ladies you deserve
To have a TEMPLE sacrificed to you!

A chimney-sweeper in a certain borough town, being one of the last voters at a violently contested Election, was strongly pressed by each Candidate to honour him with his vote. The fellow, who was for some time at a loss to tell which fine Gentleman most merited his suffrage, at last recollecting that he had often heard of kissing hands among the great folks, declared that he would not vote for either, unless they would kiss his hand. One of them accordingly came forward; and, having vainly endeavoured to persuade the sweep to dispense with so disagreeable a ceremony, actually saluted his sooty fingers. After which, confidently claiming the expected reward, “No, no!” says the chimney-sweeper, “I shan’t vote for you; for I’m very sure he that would kiss my hand, would kiss any Ministers a—.”

That poor tool of state, whom an act of courtesy has made a *Percy*, but whose nature partakes in no degree of the independent qualities which should distinguish the race of *Hoispur*, has tried every means that *oppression* could dictate, to force his tenants to withdraw their support from Mr. Fox, without being able to succeed?

Mr. *Prater*, the Linen-draper, and Mr. *Hughes*, the Mercer, in the neighbourhood of Northumberland House, have had the spirit to vote in support of Mr. Fox, in defiance of the means used by *Selby*, the *Premier Runner* to the house of *Percy*!

Poor Sir Cecil is quite crest-fallen, and even the impudence of his ingenious Merry Andrew J—k—n, the D—e of N—w—t—e’s Tom Fool, is not equal to bear the repeated:

peated victories gained over them for these two days past. The countenance of the former yesterday seemed lengthened into a fixed state of amazement and chagrin, while the ridiculous contortions of the latter were converted into a look of rage and despair, at the defeat which the hopes of his master were likely to receive.

The *book of the generations of Parliament!*—Charles Fox *begat* the India Bill, and the India Bill *begat* Opposition; Opposition *begat* Lord Temple, and Lord Temple *begat* Secret Advice; Secret Advice *begat* the Back-stairs, and the Back-stairs *begat* the Dismissal; the Dismissal *begat* a new Ministry, and a new Ministry *begat* a Dissolution; a Dissolution *begat* a General Election, and a General Election *begat* D—n—d Lies; D—n—d Lies *begat* a Majority, and a Majority will *beget* what they please. All these generations are twelve generations.

The Court influence, in favour of the two Ministerial Candidates for Westminster, is now evidently on the decline; and from the number of unpolled votes, there is not a doubt but Mr. Fox will have a decided majority, notwithstanding the trifling advantage his opponents have gained by pouring in such a number of bad votes.

W O N D E R S.

The present day teems with events most wonderful! Nothing but wonders—

Wonderful Politics,
Wonderful Religions,
Wonderful Fashions,
Wonderful Men, and
Wonderful Women.

P O L I T I C S.

In Politics, the *ins* gravely assure you, that the nation was wonderfully *misrepresented* in the last Parliament, and therefore the dissolution became necessary. On the other side the *outs* swear, that the people being well *represented*, their *Representatives* were *misrepresented* to the nation by the Ministry, who dissolved the Parliament for the purpose of procuring a misrepresentation.

The Candidates, though most of them *tried* men and *known*, with *wonderful* modesty assure the Electors, that if so happy as to be the object of their choice, they will neither accept of *pension* or *place*.

They form stock-purses to return independent members—Wonderful generosity!

They *bribe* in the cause of *freedom*—Wonderful patriotism!

A Duchess, or a Countess, slips into the shop of a hatter and hofier, and gives five guineas for a pair of stockings—the tradesman votes for her Ladyship's friend—and where is the wonder? What is all this, but what Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant has defined: "Generosity on one side, and gratitude on the other."

It is given out by the friends of Ministry, that on account of the largeness of their expected majority, they will be totally left to themselves in the ensuing session, for that opposition, to conceal their weakness, mean to *secede*. We do not believe, that there is any such intention. It is not the principle of the Rockingham party to desert the interests of their country; and they will no doubt adhere closely to the discharge of their duty, although they may not be able to accomplish the measures which they may think necessary to our deliverance.

The reception of the friends of the Coalition in the country is held out as a proof that the voice of the public is against them. It is not a conclusive proof—it only shows us, that the length of the treasury purse is greater than that of the opposition purse. Examine the facts. Would Sir Richard Hotham have lost the Borough, if he had

had stood the contest? Would Sir Charles Bunbury have lost Suffolk? Would Colonel Hartley, if he had been a *Nabob*, have lost Berkshire? Would Mr. Foljambe and Mr. Weddel have lost Yorkshire, or Mr. Coke Norfolk? The men who know these places are convinced that nothing but the want of cash lost the Elections, and the only fact which those Elections have proved is, that the ability of private gentlemen is not equal to the ability of the nation, and it always must be so.

It may be depended on as a fact, that the Prince of Wales has taken the opposite conduct of a certain Great Personage. Fond of liberty, educated as an English freeman, he used no influence on this general Election. He desired his domestics and friends to vote as they thought best for the interest of the kingdom. Let this be credited, for it is founded on truth.

Her Grace of Devonshire went out of town on Tuesday morning. The annals of the beauties of England, the history of matrimonial fidelity, the records of virtue, and the chronicle of friendship shall illustrate to posterity this exquisite pattern of all that is great, and all that is good. The Queen has often said of her Grace "She is pure in honour, as unfulfilled in her fame. I like her attachments; they flow from friendship to those she esteems. Her love like mine is conjugal."

Dr. Jebb and Mr. Churchill have had a consultation on the case of Sir Cecil Wray; and have declared him in *extreme danger*; his complaint is a *decline*, and his fate is so near a crisis, that the *nurses Jackson and Selby*, are ordered to sit up with him, and not leave him a moment by himself!

Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Fox for having so nobly persevered in the cause of the independent Electors of Westminster, which now wears the most promising appearance, owing to the meritorious exertions of himself and his friends. Many persons, upon the great majority obtained against him by his adversaries, recommended to him to decline any further poll; but Mr. Fox generously replied, that the obligations he felt himself under to those independent Electors who had espoused his cause, determined him, upon their account, to persevere while there remained any possibility of triumphing over the corrupt influence of the Court, and that, considering the issue of the present contest as decisive upon the future consequence and independence of the city of Westminster, he was resolved no exertions should be wanting on his part to maintain those rights which he had fortunately been instrumental in establishing at a former Election.

Nothing perhaps contributes to the promotion of virtue in youthful minds more than giving their merits due praise; nor does any thing more check its growth than undeserved censure. The observance of these principles is essentially necessary, as applicable to characters of exalted rank and station. If their honest exertions meet with contempt, ridicule, and opposition, instead of approbation, respect, and support, they are checked in their career of rectitude, and no longer conceive popular applause worthy of their ambition. These reflections arise from the consideration of the treatment of the second character in the nation. His follies and imprudencies have been blazoned and exaggerated by every art of scandal and sting of malice; while his Excellencies have been consigned to the shades of oblivion. We are told, that he is addicted to play; that he is attached to women; and that he is a friend to the bottle; none however of these can truly be called faults of the heart: they rather perhaps, at an early period of life, are the characteristics of latent generosity and an expanding mind; which, when corrected by prudence, will exhibit knowledge without contraction, and liberality, guided by experience and moderation. Such are the fruits which will most probably spring from this plant, even if as unpromising as is wished and stated by those who dread its prosperous maturity. Let us now turn to the fairer side of the picture, and consider what hopes we may form from the unnoticed virtues of the exalted personage to whom these observations evidently allude. Let it be observed that his enemies cannot

not deny but that he is actuated by principles of honesty, and a regard for his family, who are employed in supplying the necessary articles of his household—they are required to pay their bills every month. It would not probably be improper to relate this truth, and to recommend an imitation of it to the great and wealthy in general. But his virtue is not confined to this point alone; the means by which he effects this noble purpose are equally praise-worthy and extraordinary. The majority of extravagant men of rank, nobility, and fortune, make it a rule to discharge their debts of honour before they discharge those of common honesty. On the contrary, this excellent character first defrays his tradesmens bills, and leaves his honourable creditors to wait some time for his honour to return the obligation. This conduct surely does not expose him to that danger and dissipation of mind with which we have been so much threatened by the bellowing and pensioned calumniators of his reputation.

Mr. Fox's success for Westminster is now ascertained beyond any possibility of doubt, for if he were not to obtain a majority on the poll, an apprehension by no means reasonable, he is, even as things now stand, decidedly a-head of his competitors, the grateful Sir Cecil. The number of bad votes that have already polled for the weak Baronet being already estimated, on the most indisputable evidence, at near three hundred, and his majority, at the conclusion of yesterday, being now considerably reduced below two hundred. The independent Electors therefore, who have so nobly and firmly resisted the menaces of the Court, and the formidable interference of the aristocratic *Junto*, may now be entirely assured of the re-election of their favourite Candidate, as he is next to certain, even on the return upon the poll, but confidently and decisively so, on the contingency of a scrutiny.

Whatever opinion may be thought apposite to the political tendencies of one party or another—those *personal qualifications* must surely prevail very highly in the estimation of all parties, which can affect in the present case of Mr. Fox and his present Election, such spontaneous exertions in his favour.

The sentiments of the electors of Westminster cannot be entirely ascertained till the close of the poll, and perhaps till after a scrutiny; but as to the elect-*resses* of Westminster, if the return was with them, the poll would not be necessary an hour longer.

It is now discovered by the sage convention at Wood's, solemnly y'cleped "the Committee," that Mr. Fox's votes are all false and corrupt. Say, ye wife and virtuous statesman, how it was that you never made the discovery before. Are your optics so curiously constructed that you never perceive corruption, till you are yourselves in a state of exigence? or are your hearts so immaculate, that you care not for it till it affects your own interests.

April 17.] We can assure our readers, from the most unquestionable authority, that out of the eighty-two Electors who polled for Mr. Fox yesterday, there were not more than the odd two who had shirts to their backs; seventy of the remainder were brought to the Hustings, under the controul and discretion of Dr. Munro, by particular permission of the Governors of Bedlam, who are unanimous in the interest of Mr. Fox; and the further residue were so defective in those accoutrements of delicacy and decorum, as actually to make Mr. Pitt faint on the spot, who happened to be present on the occasion, and could not support a sight so very shocking to the chaste *sensations of unbackneyed virtue!*

The Duke of N—— applied to Sir Henry Clinton, and desired him to vote for Sir Cecil Wray. The General told his noble relation, that his opinions were with Mr. Fox. The Duke peremptorily insisted on his voting for Sir Cecil. The General as peremptorily declared that no man should dictate to him in his choice. "Then (says the noble Duke) here, Sir, are the accounts of the expence of your two last elections, which I desire that you will immediately discharge."

A cor-

A correspondent says, that the ignorant and impudent reflection daily aimed at the Heir Apparent, by some of the great as well as little vulgar at the west end of this metropolis, furnish no slight subject for animadversion to the candid and discerning part of this distracted nation. Our Prince perceiving that the corruption, avarice, and ambition of the *Secret Advisers*, had actually torn asunder the British empire, and at the same time alarmed at the increasing dangerous divisions which threaten the whole of his patrimonial inheritance, certainly conducts himself wisely, by setting his face against the tools of a wretched junto, who, rather than not rule, would ruin the State, and so leave at last the Royal Heir not a place where to lay his head.—To the immortal glory of his Royal Highness must it ever be said, that he has invariably held the plotters and contrivers of the American war in the utmost detestation. Young as he is, this Prince foresaw those calamities that awaited, and which have at length involved the whole empire into an almost state of dissolution. Glowing with the love of his country, and excited by the hopes of becoming a blessing to his promised people, and to his royal parents, can it give surprize to any one man of sense and spirit, to see this magnanimous Prince employing every exertion in the preservation of whatever on earth can be accounted dear and valuable—that native liberty by birthright due to Britons? That his Majesty is full of goodness, and every way amiable, no one can deny; but that the reign, from the commencement of it to the present epocha, has proved happy and auspicious to Old England, let those and those only, who have hypocritically called themselves by the name of the King's friends, aver. On the event of the present General Election stands or falls the privileges of the Commons of England. In a word, it is now whether the taxes henceforth are to be raised and levied by the free consent of the people, or by the force of a fiat from the junto behind the Throne.

It must give pleasure to every friend of this country, to find that all the base practices which have been exerted to injure Mr. Fox, begin to be defeated, and the honest Electors of Westminster, sensible of the services which may be expected from talents so great, experience so mature, and patriotism so unabating, have determined to make the man of their choice finally successful. We have the satisfaction of informing our readers, that on the poll of this day Mr. Fox had a majority of ten. Administration have now exhausted their artifices, tried all their strength, and vented all their malignity; and, notwithstanding the utmost of their influence, Liberty and the Constitution, supported by Mr. Fox, will ultimately prevail over the enemies of both, who would willingly plunge the dagger of Prerogative into the vitals of their country.

In Westminster there is the warmest contest ever known. It is now the Ladies against the Gentlemen; and in this beautiful contest the most unmanly means are used, to the disgrace of party, and the eternal dishonour of two public papers, to lessen the zeal of our fair countrywomen. The most noble, the most virtuous, the most beautiful women are called by the appellation of common prostitutes, to make them desist. But, conscious of their innocence, and firm in the cause of freedom and friendship, the Ladies overturn those schemes of the women-haters. The newspapers in which modesty is put to the blush, and chastity libelled, are kicked out of every fashionable house, and torn to pieces by the mob. Thus far, and no farther, has the spirit of Englishmen been yet roused in defence of the most beautiful part of the creation.

T H E P R E S S.

In Ireland the plan for totally abolishing the liberty of animadverting on Government was laid before the House of Commons. Mr. F—— acknowledged that his Grace of R—— had it in orders from the English Minister, and that Government were resolved to carry it through. He assured them, that the same plan would certainly be

agitated in the British Senate, and that the animadversions on Ministers would be stopped in England as well as in Ireland. The Volunteers are pointedly against the measure of Mr. Pitt and his Viceroy; and it is thought the *shining eloquence* and *sharp* periods of their arguments will carry the day. We have no Volunteers in this kingdom. We have a mercenary army at the will of the Court, and if the soldiers are desired to order us to lay down our pens, we must submit. There is some little excuse, however, to be made for the introduction of this arbitrary step. A certain morning paper has been purchased from the proprietors by the Court, into which all the most indecent language that can disgrace literature—all the most violent outrages against modesty, beauty, and virtue—all the most open and barefaced libels that can be penned, are every day inserted, that the prostitution of one public paper may be used as an argument against all the rest. Hence the abuse; hence the little dread of punishment next Term, when the information of her G—— of D——re, who has been called by every opprobrious epithet, comes to be tried. The proprietors then come forward; and who are they? Government. The libellers are tried and found guilty. What follows? Wretches, whose ears would on any libel against the friends of Administration be nailed to the pillory, are pardoned; the point gained, and the liberty of the press lost for ever!—Such are the intentions of the present Administration, if there can be collected a majority for the Minister in the ensuing Parliament. May the guardian genius of England summons every son of Freedom into the House of Commons, and inspire the aggregate body of the people to oppose this destructive measure. May she give us the spirit of Irishmen, and not permit us to surrender up to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Jenkinson one of our dearest, one of our most valuable rights.

The idea of Mr. Pitt's raising the price of porter to four-pence a pot is ridiculous to the last degree, that article having been already raised in many places to *five guineas* a pot, by the Court Candidates.

The flagrant instances of bribery practised by the agents of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray are so frequent, that there is good reason to hope some of them may be brought to light, so as not only to vindicate the invaded Freedom of Election, but to bring to condign punishment the persons concerned in this infamous traffic. As Lord Mahon professes himself an enemy to such illicit practices, it is recommended to him to keep a closer eye upon many persons who are members of the same Committee with his Lordship, for conducting Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's Election.

Mrs. Hobart had a very genteel rout on Tuesday night; the chat was *politics*, *New-market races*, the *Duc de Chartres—Prince*, and *Charles Fox's Election*!—Mrs. Hobart canvasses for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil!

Nothing can better mark the cause and character of that miserable instrument of the Court, the *worthy* Sir Cecil Wray, than the kind of voters brought up to support his sinking interest in the present contest; after having exhausted the Royal Kitchen, the Scullery, the Buttery, the Mews, military renegadoes, and civil raggamuffins, the creatures of the Court were forced to attempt the gross fraud of passing garreteers and inhabitants of cellars as honest voters in the poll of yesterday. So bereft of all legal means of degrading the city of Westminster, is this desperate faction become, that they were reduced to the expedient of endeavouring to impose Lord Mounmorres, *even Lord Mountmorres*, as a legal voter. This was too audacious to escape detection. Hundreds of persons near the Hustings knew that the noble itinerant lives in a ready furnished house. The High Bailiff rejected him, and his Lordship made a precipitate retreat amidst the execrations of the indignant bystanders. The most frontless partizans of the Court side could not help blushing at this vile stratagem. Mrs. Hobart herself, in all her fatness, *foeculence*, and

and phlegm, hung her head in shame and sorrow, and actually continued in a state of dejection, until her spirits were rallied by a certain animating exclamation, which needs not be explained to those who have attended Covent Garden for some days past.

Mr. Churchill and his Committee appear to be in despair, and consequently have pledged themselves to the public, that a scrutiny shall be demanded on their part. The prudence of announcing to the world, that they have no hopes of maintaining their majority, may perhaps be questioned by many; but the assertion of their intending to have recourse to a scrutiny, when it is notorious that they have polled so great a number of persons absolutely unqualified to vote, will probably be believed by very few indeed!

The conduct of the Prince of Wales, on the late illness of the best woman in the world, is a proof of his goodness of heart that does away every boyish levity with which he has been charged. Even the envenomed tongue of that slander which marked the Prince's enemies is silenced, and they are obliged, with the public, to join in giving their applause to this illustrious heir to the British Crown.

In a conversation, lately held at the Green-room at Covent Garden Theatre, the following took place:

A. Pray what does the Morning Post say—has any body seen it to-day?

B. No; I'm told they don't take it now at the Coffee-houses. I read a hand-bill, of the Proprietors, complaining of that matter, on Saturday.

C. I'm glad of it. The immorality it contained, the low filthy scandal, and its continued abuse of women, particularly modest and virtuous ladies, have made the public its enemy. A woman of virtue dare not look into it. It is worse than an obscene jest book. What man or woman would read a paper that is prostituted to abuse the beautiful Duchesses of Devonshire and her lovely sister. Can they be men that would do such a thing? Let them say as much as they please of public men and public measures—that is fair game; but when a newspaper descends to the conduct of individuals, it becomes a nuisance in society, and ought to be reprobated by every person in the kingdom who has the smallest regard for domestic peace and family happiness.

On the late battles in the House of Commons, every civil officer was given to understand, that if he did not vote with the Court, he was no longer a servant of the Crown. Among the rest, Sir Hugh P—— received a message to that effect. We mention this circumstance, that the public may have an opportunity of comparing the conduct of William with that of G——. When the Ministers of the former pressed him to discharge Sir George Rooke for voting against some of the Court measures, the King pertinently asked them, whether they had any thing to alledge against him as an Admiral?

Mrs. Hobart, to convince the world that *Sir Cecil*, as well as *Mr. Fox*, is a favourite of the loveliest part of the creation, takes her station near *Sir Cecil's* side of the Hustings. She there, while opposing herself to the Duchesses of *Devon*, animates all *be bowlers*! and where, ye agents and observers, can you find among the female race, one fitter to be placed in contrast to the fair *Duchesses*!

When Lord —— told a certain Great Personage, that the Prince came post from Newmarket the moment he heard of the Queen's illness, his Majesty said, "I told you, my Lord, repeatedly, that this young man is not what you all represent him to me so constantly to be. You see it now, and I desire that I may hear truth in future." This just rebuke has struck the Lords of the Bedchamber dumb,—has thrown a gloom into the face of the back-stairs grouse, who dread the natural rivalry which filial affection must

must create in the breast of the best of fathers, and in that of the most amiable, virtuous, and good woman in this world.

The conduct of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in the recent instance of the illness of his Royal Mother, will never be forgiven to him by his enemies; nothing could have happened so unseasonably, for it was just in the moment, when, to answer a temporary purpose, they were circulating slanders against the Prince, and endeavouring to persuade the people that the royal youth, because he entertained the opinions of an Englishman, was dead to the feelings of a son. They never will forgive him for disappointing their views.

WESTMINSTER ELECTORS.

April 19.] This day a numerous and respectable company, consisting of near 500 independent Electors of Westminster, assembled at Willis's Rooms, in King-street, St. James's, where an elegant dinner was provided. Mr. Fox took the chair about five o'clock, and directly after dinner gave "The independent Electors of Westminster."

Mr. Britton next gave "Mr. Fox, and success to his Election."

Mr. Fox returned thanks for the honour done him, and strenuously advised his friends to exert themselves, as the only way to insure success.

Mr. Withy reminded the company, that Mr. Fox had, for a series of years, proved himself the friend of the people, and therefore he wished to give as a toast, "May the Virtue of the independent Electors of Westminster prove superior to the Vice of the Court and its Secret Influence." The toast being drank,

Mr. Fox gave "The *Prince of Wales*, and may the Princes of the *House of Brunswick* always countenance those principles that seated their family on the Throne."

Lord George Gordon then addressed the company, and in a speech of near half an hour (full of good sense) strongly exhorted every true friend of religion, and the laws of his country, to support Mr. Fox, who was a man that had, and he trusted always would, prove himself a friend to the rights of the people. He explained the arts that had been used to procure addresses from Scotland in favour of Mr. Pitt, (who, he said, was a young man *without any passions*) and pledged himself to prove, that the magistrates, &c. of Scotland were, previous to the Treasury *mandate* coming down, strongly attached to the cause Mr. Fox espoused in the late House of Commons.

Mr. Britton then gave "May the Independence and Integrity of the late House of Commons be an example to all future Parliaments."

The next toast given was, "The Dukes of Devonshire, and the other noble and beautiful Ladies that have so strenuously supported the cause of Virtue and Freedom."

It was then recommended that each Gentleman present should set down his name, and endeavour, to the utmost of his power, to bring an Elector with him to poll for Mr. Fox. The proposition was readily complied with, and each person subscribed his name.

Mr. Britton next gave "Success to Mr. Byng's Election, and may the turncoat for the county of Middlesex meet his enemies face to face on Thursday next."

The other toasts given by different Gentlemen were,

"The Duke of Portland and the Whig Interest."

"The Cause of Liberty throughout the world."

"Lord Keppel and the Navy of England."

"General Conway and the Army of England."

"May the best abilities and virtues of the last Parliament adorn the next."

The company then broke up perfectly satisfied with the elegance of the entertainment, and proceeded in their laudable undertaking of canvassing the unpolled Electors of Westminster.

The

The *broad* Sun beamed out of the Heavens on Saturday, and the Earth put forth her *broodest* objects in sympathy: *Mrs. Hob—t* made her appearance near Sir Cecil Wray's side of the Hustings, and displayed on a *broad* ribbon the names of *Hood* and *Wray* in *broad* letters of gold. The *broad* smiles of the wearer were returned by the *broad* grins of the spectators, and the utmost harmony seemed to prevail in all countenances present.

Never was scandal more gross and illiberal than that which has been, within these few days, directed against one of the most amiable and accomplished women in this country.

“Be thou as chaste as ice, or cold as snow,
“Thou shalt not escape calumny.”

Administration, it seems, at the onset, hinted, that they had no objection to bear *half the burden* of the Westminster business in defence of their *pair of creatures*; since which time repeated overtures have been made for an *entire indemnity*; the only answer to this has been a reference to the privy p—se!

To the many persons who have been surprised at Lord Mountmorres's vote, on Saturday last, for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, after the rejection of it, on account of his being a *lodger* the day before. It may not be improper to explain, that his Lordship was, about twelve o'clock on Friday night (the time when the present Ministry transact their *most important* affairs) admitted a *partner*, by Lord Temple, in the *cabinet-making* business; and on this title it was, that the *noble Lord* signalized himself as the supporter of prerogative, at the *trifling* expence of every liberal and patriotic sentiment.

The ladies, in their *rage* for Mr. Fox, have adopted a dress in compliment to him: it is to consist of a mixture of *garter-blue* and *buff*. These colours will be diversified according to the taste of the wearer: the *body-part* of some will be of *blue*, in the *Marlborough* style, with a train of buff. Some will consist of a *blue* gown with a *buff* petticoat; and others be in entire *buff*, with *blue* ribbons. The fancy of those daughters of *decoration*, the *Beauvais*, the *Le Brun*, and the *Bague*, will, no doubt, have ample scope in this *nouveau gout*, to exercise their fertile inventions!

The *Fox's brush* is so triumphant at present, that ladies of the first ton display it in their hats in unity with the *plume of feathers*; a device truly expressive of the friendly terms on which Mr. Fox stands with an *illustrious personage*.

We have authority to declare, that the report that the Election for Westminster was, by mutual agreement, to conclude finally this day, is without foundation.

The following curious paper was found in Catherine-street yesterday evening, supposed to have dropped from the pocket of a ministerial Editor, in the environs of that place:

“My dear Friend,
“You go on swimmingly, the women are the best subjects in the world—work then for
“God's sake—HER in Piccadilly particularly. Suppose you were to say in your next—
“we hear that a certain Duchess (in great letters) has eloped with Sam. House—having
“first had half a dozen amours;—she does a deal of mischief to the cause—can't you
“throw in a hint against Lady D——— or Mrs. F———, it would have an
“effect.—Say a word or two about the Miss Keppel's, and just throw out that they
“were seen in a certain place, with a certain fishmonger, and so on, you know how
“to manage it.

“Yours ever———.”

Downing-street.

The

The expence of each Candidate for Westminster to the High Bailiff was 200l. paid by each on the commencement of the Election; and one day last week, from the protracted continuance of the Poll, the same sum was again asked, and had.

After all the abuse that has been so wantonly and indecently directed against an illustrious young personage, merely because he is generous enough to prefer the general interests of his country, to the immediate aggrandisement of his personal consequence, or in other words, because he values the constitution of Great Britain, more than violent prerogative, it may be most cordially agreeable to every liberal mind, to receive the information of so strong and incontrovertible an instance of filial attachment, as distinguished him in his late conduct, with respect to his Royal Mother. This amiable young man (and every person who knows the human heart, will not think him the less so, for a few juvenile gaieties) no sooner heard, that the Queen was in a state of dangerous indisposition, than he instantly forsook the allurements of the diversion he was engaged in, dispensed with all ceremony towards the illustrious guests who accompanied him, and flew with all the expedition of the most enthusiastic affection to visit her in her illness. Say, ye unfeeling and illiberal aspersers—ye unforgiving critics upon youthful infirmities, was this the conduct of such a being as you would wish this Great Personage to be thought? Or was it not rather the delicate sensibility of a mind containing in it the original seeds of every virtue (for which of them exist independently of a feeling heart) that wait only for the luxuriant moments of juvenile vivacity to elapse, to ripen into perfect growth, and to form a character such as the generous nature of Englishmen will delight in, and such impotent scribblers will in vain attempt to traduce.

The diurnal falsehoods that issue every morning *fresh* and *new* under the form of an advertisement, from *Wood's Hotel*, would doubtless excite the universal execration of mankind, if it was not recollected that it is the dying effort of disappointed ambition, and that the poor gentlemen *scold* now only because they are quite certain of a defeat. What man of liberality or of any tendency to commiseration in his nature, will deny this worthy Committee the enjoyment of this sole and final gratification after so complete a disappointment as they have now been exposed to. Let them rail, the world understands it; they squeak because they are hurt!

The Committee at Wood's Hotel, John Churchill, Chairman, appointed to conduct the Election of the worthy Court Candidates, inveigh vehemently against the illiberal threats and undue influence, exerted in support of Mr. Fox. The following facts will shew how far they are themselves free from the imputation which they impudently and falsely endeavour to ascribe to their opponents:

Mr. Whitehead, of Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Yeoman of the Guards, who purchased his employment for the sum of 600l. has been dismissed from the same for having voted and used his interest in favour of Mr. Fox.

It has been notified to Mr. Saunders, an eminent builder, that he will not in future be employed in any of his Majesty's works, as he has been heretofore, upon the same account.

The Messengers in the Secretary of the State's Office, even those appointed by Mr. Fox himself, have been compelled to vote against him.

When such flagrant instances of the exertion of undue influence appear on one side, can it be wondered at if the great, respectable, independent, and opulent persons in the interest of Mr. Fox, universally resolve to use their utmost endeavours to redress the wrongs of those tradesmen, who suffer from the illiberality of such of their employers as may have withdrawn their custom from them, upon account of their votes,
by

by entering into a general agreement to employ such tradesmen only, as have asserted their independence, by polling for the Candidate of their choice.

The friends of Mr. Fox are confident of his success—they have detected the shameful practices of their adversaries; the number of false votes polled for Sir Cecil Wray, is almost incredible, so that by perseverance in the poll, the triumph of the *real Electors* will be certain.

Never was a more shameful proceeding known at any Election, than the having brought down regular bodies of *his Majesty's seamen*, to overawe the independent Electors of Westminster; however, the various sound drubbings which these gentry have received from the insulted populace, assisted by the honest paddies, have most probably sickened them of Election expeditions.

A naval correspondent, who has felt both grief and shame at seeing for some days past gangs of *rauced British seamen* flying through our streets before an enraged populace, laments the shameful want of discipline which must now prevail through the navy, when his Majesty's officers are suffered to bring his seamen into such disgraceful scrapes. Is this the boasted discipline of our present first Lord of the Admiralty?

It is confidently asserted, that Lord Howe sent a severe reprimand to the officers who are supposed to have first introduced the sailors into the present Election contest.

April 20.] Every wretched engine of the Court, it is notorious, has been used to prevent the independent Electors of Westminster from re-electing Mr. Fox their Representative in Parliament; but yesterday an instance of *tyrannic cruelty* occurred, which touched the *callous conscience* of Mr. Jackson himself!—About two o'clock, a genteel man was carried from a hackney coach to the Hustings, such a spectacle of infirmity that excited general attention: when the book was held to his lips on which he was to be sworn, he begged to be heard a few words previous to his polling, and expressed himself in nearly the following words: "I come here from a sick bed, compelled by a mandate from the *Lord Chamberlain's office*, to vote for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, having been threatened with an immediate dismissal from my post of one of the *Grooms of the King's chamber* in case of my refusal.—I was appointed by my worthy patron the Duke of Manchester; I am a perfumer in South Moulton-street, and my name is George Young." After this declaration he *did vote for the two Court Candidates*, and was then carried away fainting from the Hustings! So much for the *freedom of Election*!

Since *Coalitions* are the present subjects of general admiration, we trust the *matchless Coalition* between a *certain personage* and *John Wilkes*, the writer of the memorable *North Briton*, No. 45, will not be suffered to pass without its share of *popular eclat*!

Mr. Charles Jenkinson mounted the Hustings on Saturday, and polled *prerogatively*!—to him succeeded Mr. Rose, of the Treasury; and soon afterwards, that new luminary of the *legal hemisphere* Sir H. Lloyd Kenyon, *Master of the Rolls*, having only a *stable* in Westminster, gave the suffrages of his two *dock'd coach horses* by *proxy*, to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

C H A P. I.

The contention of Elections, and the virulence of parties, absorb the finer feelings of the mind, and engender the most rancorous heats that can be raised by the evil genius of malevolence. No sooner is discord a little allayed in one part, than it starts up with redoubled fury at another, till the whole metropolis, like the Mount of Vesuvius, at the time of an eruption, appears to be exhaling *inflammable* matter from every quarter.

U u

Committees

Committees and Sub-committees are now sitting in every corner of the *Liberty* of Westminster, from the Subscription-rooms in St. James's to the *Divers Kens* in St. Giles's. Scandal is propagated with all the enthusiasm of religion, and swallowed with more avidity than the orthodox doctrines of a drowsy Doctor of Divinity. Lawyers, who seldom open their mouths without a fee, now rack their brains for flowing metaphors, and round swelling periods, which they vociferate with Stentorian lungs to carry conviction to the minds of the greasy grouse, who pay their nightly devoirs at the shrine of brainless Committees, that we must be *ruined* unless they aid with their effectual support the common cause. The overgrown drones, who have scarcely opened their mouths for a twelvemonth, in discharge of the trust imposed upon them by their sacred function, may be now heard in every corner, bellowing like over-drove bullocks on a market-day, to effect the *political* salvation of the people, while they trust their *eternal* salvation to the care of a curate, condemned to starve like a Gentleman on forty or fifty pounds a year. Great men, and the stewards of great men, men of property, and men without property, men of honour, and men of no honour; women of gaiety, and women of gallantry; women of rigid virtue, and women of easy virtue; all, all engage in the same *common cause*, and may be traced in their canvassing perambulation from the obscure allies in Westminster, to the Swindling Colleges on the Surry side of the water, or the no less renowned seminary of profligacy, bordering on the market, that gives a name to the building.

Now in one corner may be seen a son of Mars, with a red coat, and all the attracting *etceteras* of a military habit, supplicating the intercession of a chimney-sweeper's wife with her husband to vote for a man who would tax maids to increase wives; and spare much at home, that he might give more abroad; and after retailing most of the *small talk* before used to some Cranbourne-alley milliner's apprentice, Ma'am Sweep drops a curtsy for the honour, and sealing the bargain with a salute, that leaves the mark of her avocation on the lips of the heroic canvasser, he wheels off with an assurance of her favour and interest in behalf of a man, who she hopes will always be a promoter of the *brush*. While, with no less ardour is the steward of some great man pushing home his argument with the *cara sposa* of a dustman, who, like himself, drives a carriage.

Shouts, hallowing, running, and riot, announce the entrance of a noble female canvasser in the purlieus of Clare-market.

Ye plebeians, bend your unennobled heads,
Behold the Duchefs, as Hygea *blooming*,
As Venus *fair*, and as Minerva *wise*,
Unaw'd by earthly grandeur and its state,
Or the more winning graces of her beauty,
Descends, with leg unveil'd, from ducal coach,
And lightly trips in greasy butcher's shop.

The whole market is left in amazement at the honour—butchers suspend their cleavers in astonishment—poulterers cease trussing—and the very basket women drop their loads to extol her Grace, and gather the pence her liberal hand has scattered among the groups of joyous followers, and open-mouthed gazers. The skips mount, coachy whips, and away with a whirl to the Hustings, to add to the *bevy of beauties*, who daily pay their honours at the shrine of patriotism, ornamented with *foxes tails*, officers coats, and all the *outré* emblems of fantastic folly.

If the cause of the turn coat Wilkes should appear as hopeless in the county of Middlesex, as that of the renegado Wray now seems in Westminster, it will shew that the freeholders of that county concur with the Independent Electors of this city, in their detestation of perjury, treachery, inconsistency, and ingratitude.

The Back-stairs typographical directors have received positive orders to abuse the Prince of Wales, even for his filial affection to his mother, and to hold him out as a most undutiful son, for the late proof he gave of that regard he had for the best woman in the world; and the rancour of party has gone so far, as to hire a mob to insult this illustrious personage the first time he goes to the Theatre. Look to this ye sons of Liberty! Here's a proof of the present times that will hand the new Administration with *honour*, indeed, to posterity. The persons hired for this purpose have openly declared the wages they have received; but we must do justice to the Cabinet, to say, that not a name of that party has been mentioned as concerned in the business, nor do we conceive they would descend to so pitiful a manœuvre. Every man in this realm, from the King to the Peasant, ought to have a free will to think as he pleases, and to act within the pale of the law. Whenever a hired mob is permitted, by insults, to stop that constitutional prerogative, then this kingdom loses its dignity and its real freedom for ever.

A Great Personage, for the last three weeks, has been materially agitated by the process of the Westminster Election. When in town, he enquires every half hour after the state of the poll; and, if at Windsor, receives information, by dispatches appointed for that immediate purpose.

Lord John Cavendish seems to think with the poet, "*When impious men bear sway, the post of honour is a private station.*" It is generally understood, that this great good man has adopted the resolution of retirement, to avoid the mortification which he must inevitably feel, if in Parliament, of witnessing to those encroachments and invasions, which are meditating against the Constitution. If the friends of the people amount to something more than two hundred upon the meeting of the House, there is a dawn of hope that the triumph of the *Secret Influence* will not be completed during the ensuing session.

We hear that several actions are to be commenced against the High Bailiff of W——, for having, within these few days, rejected voters without sufficient reason; the complaints are laid against him on the popular side of the question, but how far these complaints may be well or ill founded, a court of law will best determine.

The dinner at Wood's Hotel, yesterday, is said to have been neither numerous nor lively; the daily decline of Sir Cecil Wray's majority had cast a gloom over the company, which it was not easy to dispel. The purchasers of tickets appeared so tardy in their application, and the honour of dining with Mr. Churchill, apothecary, who was announced chairman of the meeting, was so slight a temptation to the Electors who had polled for the Court candidates, that the Committee was reduced to the necessity of distributing the tickets gratis, lest the desperate situation of their cause should be too apparent from the thinness of the company.

Mr. Churchill's precipitate departure to Bath has left the Committee at Wood's in the utmost confusion; in vain they practise the expedient of continuing his name to their advertisements, and giving out that he is only indisposed in Parliament-street. All method and spirit are banished from their proceedings, while Jack escapes the scene of mortification, and chews the cud at Bath.

When the exertions of the free and independent Electors of Westminster first began to make their way against all the efforts of the Court mandates and aristocratic influence, it was pretended that the cause of that temporary advantage on the part of

Mr. Fox was, that the High Bailiff had not the parish books in his possession, and therefore was not able at the moment to detect the illegality of some of the votes.— But now, said the triumphant advocates for the system of prerogative and ingratitude, things are changed; the Returning Officer has got the regular authenticated list of the real voters in his possession, and as therefore all fictitious substitutions must from henceforth be quite impracticable, the superiority of Sir Cecil Wray will be evident and decisive. This whimsical preface was formed by the ministerial prints full five days ago, but see how the event has justified this confident attempt at Election prophecy. The High Bailiff is no sooner in full possession of the means for preventing the entire possibility of corrupt suffrages, than Mr. Fox begins to rise daily in his poll, and has continued so to do ever since the moment of this curious preface. The fact is, that the only regulation that could possibly have insured Mr. Fox's Election was exactly such a one as the Returning Officer, in a mistaken zeal for his party, thought proper to adopt, for if things had been suffered to go on in the old stile, so that all voters of all descriptions might have been received, the popular party could have stood no chance whatever, for it is quite absurd to suppose that any *private* powers of corruption could have proved equal to the ministerial powers of influence. The truth is, while no means existed of detecting false votes, Mr. Fox was behind; no sooner is the possibility of such artifices put an end to, than he continues to rise daily in the poll, and of course to convince the sensible and impartial part of the community, that HE ALONE is the favourite of the TRUE, UNINFLUENCED, and INCORRUPT portion of the Westminster Electors.

A SCENE IN THE ELECTION,

A NEW FARCE,

Now performing in various parts of the kingdom by his Majesty's Servants.

A Cobler's Stall.—*Crispin* at his work, hammering a sole.

C R I S P I N.

By the Lord of the Manor, thou art a tough piece, and not unlike the hide of my wife Bridget; for though I should beat her hide with all my might and main, I cannot shape the vixen to my fancy: Oh, your hard soles (*hammering*) are the most useless of all others, except to the wearer. If I was a leading man in the State, I would move for a law to be enacted, that good *leather* and good *bemp* (*waxing his thread*) should only be employed for smuggling courtiers, purse-proud citizens, and for Parliament men— If such a law might pass, it would be a rare thing for trade in general.

S O N G.

Of all professions, search around,
None beats the cobbler's calling,
The while his shelves with work abound
For him to flick his awl in.

[*Cobbling.*]

He's ne'er aham'd to thrive by thrift,
To Church and State he's steady;
To mend a sole, or lend a lift,
You'll ever find him ready.

[*Cobbling.*]

Could folks in Church and State say this,
Britannia cease to hobble;
Alas! whate'er they do's amiss,
All! all at best, but cobble.

[*Still cobbling,* Enter

Enter *Pander* and *Sir Bilberry Diddle*.

Pander. Here's a poor psalm-singing cobbler, Sir Bilberry; he has a vote for the borough, as good as the best; do not let us pass honest Crispin.

Sir Bil. By the essence of lilies, thou'rt right, Pander; the scum of the mobility, as well as the scum of the gentry, *at this time*, must be attended to; 'tis a sacrifice that's due to necessity. Therefore, may I never more breathe the mellifluous air of Montpelier, if I do not descend to request his suffrage; the controverted occasion carries with it a pardon for the humiliating and filthy condescension.—Master Shoemaker, your most devoted humble servant, (*bowing*) I am, sweet Sir, your's to the ground.

[*Still bowing.*]

Crisp. Master Shoemaker!—do you mean to mock me?—No, no; I am no shoemaker, but like some of you very fine Gentlemen at the head of affairs—a poor cobbler at best.

Sir Bil. This fellow, Pander, has been commended by some blockhead like himself for his insufferable bluntness, or he would never presume to be so shocking to the feelings of delicacy.

Pan. Bear with him, Sir Bilberry; this is a time when men will say whatever comes uppermost, paying no more respect to delicacy than Æsop's cock to his diamond. If you would succeed, Sir Bilberry, you must descend to be perfectly reconciled to their oddities.

Sir Bil. I will be reconciled—Well, honest cobbler, do you love money?

Crisp. Yes; but I love honesty better—

Sir Bil. Honestly said; if you'll do me a favour, you shall have as much honesty as you please, and money into the bargain.

Crisp. Who are you, and may it please you?

Sir Bil. I am Sir Bilberry Diddle, Knight and Baronet, of Diddle Hall, in this county, come to offer myself for your most ancient borough of Steady Town; should I be so happy as to obtain the ultimate zenith of my wish, you, Mr. Cobbler, shall soon find an alteration in the price of good ale; bread shall be but half the rate it stands at now; and above all, your trade shall flourish and your taxes fall; so that the Cobbler as well as the Prince shall have the glorious opportunity of faddling his spit, every day, with a fat furloin; your right of common soon shall be restored; and without excise or the Doctor's tythe, pigs, poultry, and plumb-puddings, shall crown your cupboards all the year. Now give me your vote, friend Crispin, and as you puff your fragrant essence from your stall in merry glee, you'll heel the shoe, and bless the hour you gave a voice for Diddle.

Crisp. Oh! you fine powdered Gentlemen are somewhat like my codlin tree last spring.

Sir Bil. How's that, Cobbler?

Crisp. It then dealt a wonderful show of blossom, so much that I concluded a rare-autumn; but, alas! I was mistaken; I had not so much as a crump. So 'tis with you who are candidates for boroughs; you promise very fair in the spring of your canvass, but in the autumn of election, when we should expect the fruit of good works of you, we too often find you worthless, base, and barren.

Sir Bil. Nay, Mr. Cobbler, you are too severe in your conclusions; a man of my honour can never deceive you—can I, Pander!

Pan. No, Sir Bilberry—I have known Sir Bilberry from a child, and never knew a dishonourable thing by him, upon my honour, friend Crispin.

Crisp. That's the last lye you told, friend Pander.—Well, Sir Bilberry Diddle, Knight and Baronet, of Diddle Hall, in this county—you are come to ask a vote of a poor Cobbler?

Sir

Sir Bil. I am, friend Crispin, and you may assure yourself that there is not a man in the whole borough I respect so much as you, though but a poor Cobler.

Crisp. Indeed!—that's strange—why you never saw me before.

Sir Bil. O! that don't signify; I tell you, friend Crispin, I respect you equal to the Mayor himself.

Crisp. That's kind;—come into my stall, and sit down, and let's have a little chat together; there, that's hearty; give us your fist. [*Here Diddle takes up his cloaths, gets into the Cobler's stall, and sits down.*]

Sir Bil. Pshaw! how he stinks. [*Aside.*]

Crisp. So you love me as well as the Mayor himself?—that's kind; and so we'll have a glass of gin together.

Sir Bil. O! no! 'pon honour.

Crisp. O yes! when this is gone, there's enough at the Three Norfolk Dumplings and Horse Shoe over the way.—Come, here's the King's health, God bless him and his numerous posterity!—(*Drinks.*)—A glass of as good maxamus as ever tipp'd over an exciseman's tongue; here, take hold. [*Presents it to Diddle.*]

Sir Bil. Dear Mr. Cobler, you must pardon me.

Crisp. No, no, you, who love me as well as the Mayor himself, must drink with me, or I shall take it unkind, and perhaps give my vote where I think I am more respected.

Sir Bil. Resistance is in vain; to get his vote I must submit, and take the poison [*aside*].—Well friend Crispin, to shew that I respect you, here's your's and the King's health (*drinks*) pshaw, pshaw, 'tis a nauseous draught. [*Aside.*]

Crisp. That's well (*throws his arms round Diddle's neck*) my dear friend, that loves me as well as the Mayor himself; kiss my cheek, and then I will believe you are sincere in your friendship.

Sir Bil. There, Crispin (psaw! how he stinks of vile spirits and tobacco.) [*Aside.*]

Crisp. Give us your fist again (*holding him by the hand*) my dear friend, Sir Bilberry, who loves me as well as the Mayor himself, who can descend to drink gin with, and kiss a poor cobbler in his stall—I heartily thank you, and now I'll finish my shoe.

Sir Bil. Well, honest Crispin, you promise to vote for me?

Crisp. Who told you so?

Sir Bil. O! my dear, I understand you (taking out his purse) here are corianders that will purchase hides enough to heel-piece the whole borough—here Crispin.

Crisp. What! a bribe—out of my stall, or by gingo I'll stick my awl to the head in your —. [*Diddle leaves the stall, Crispin follows.*]

Sir Bil. Here's a transition, Pander.

Crisp. What! shall Crispin Heeltap, the Cobler of Steady Town, give his vote to such a thing as you? a mean spirited rascal who can stoop to drink gin in a stall, and to kiss the sweaty cheek of a poor Cobler? No, no, to serve your purpose you would not mind stooping to kiss my —; make off while you're safe. I'll vote for none of your Jack a Dandies, but for my old faithful master, Sir Thomas Trueman—so away Sir Fop, you have your answer. [*Exeunt Diddle and Pander.*]

S O N G.

Ye true hearted Britons who wish to be free,
Ne'er think it a shame to take copy from me;
Who tho' but a Cobler, and little my all,
Dare spurn at a bribe, and scout knaves from my stall.

Would

Would ev'ry Elector do this—I am sure,
Our trade would increase, and our land be secure;
The poor man with plenty might sup in his cot,
With joy clap his hands, and exult in his lot.

Then all take the hint, for you all may be free,
Despise every Diddle who bows to the knee;
Where so much French folly and nonsense abound,
Be sure that the head, and the heart, is not found.

Let your choice be the man, who disdains all that's mean,
To wound sacred Truth, or treat Virtue obscene;
Who feels as his own his poor country's distress,
And dares to do more than he's known to profess.

To your senate such only my good friends advance,
Then a fig for Mynheer, for Don Spaniard, and France,
And, again, where the ensign of Brunswick's unfurl'd,
It shall soon be the wonder and dread of the world.

[Exit Cocker.

T. N.

An impartial correspondent observes, that in the contention between the Committees of the respective candidates for Westminster, this difference is striking—The Committee at Wood's Hotel deals freely in scurrility and general invective against the proceedings of their opponents, while the Select Committee at Ireland's, in Bow-street, authenticate the accusations they bring against the supporters of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, by publishing the names of the persons, who attest the facts alledged by them.

A correspondent observes, that it is difficult to conceive why Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's friends should persevere in denying Mr. Churchill's having left London. Does it follow, because that gentleman's health has made it necessary for him to go to Bath that the cause he has espoused must be desperate?

Another correspondent supposes, that Mr. Rainforth, who is the *locum tenens* of Mr. Churchill, during his absence from town, must be an Irishman, from his late advertisement, relative to the dinner of the friends of the Court Candidates at Wood's Hotel—that place, it seems, was not large enough to accommodate the company, and for that reason a second dinner was advertised at the very same place.

Some of the Ministerial Papers have thought proper to deny the fact of Mr. Whitehead's having been dismissed from his place as Yeoman of the King's Guard, but the fact may be ascertained by any gentleman who will take the trouble to inquire into it from Mr. Whitehead himself, who lives in Green-street, Grosvenor-square.

Mr. Fox insisted in the House of Commons, that the five thousand who signed the Westminster Address, did not constitute a majority of the Electors. This now appears clearly to have been the case from the present state of the poll, which shows that there are more than eleven thousand householders in that city. and as there is the strongest presumption that a great number of lodgers signed the Address, it is a fair conclusion that not one third of the Electors thanked his Majesty for turning out his Ministry. This we may conclude has been the case in all the other cities and boroughs throughout the kingdom.

Every liberal mind revolts at the wretched abuse now levelled at the most amiable of our countrywomen! the base and burring hand of Calumny, however, is raised in vain against the lovely Devon and her sister patriots, who at this juncture so much resemble those

those *fair celestials* of the *Grecian bard*, whose *attributes of divinity* never appeared so brilliant as when forming a shield for the *heroic leader* of an *oppressed people*!

The ridicule that has been so perfectly levelled against honest *Jack Churchill*, has evidently more levity than justice in it.—However mistaken in politics, or misguided in some of his more recent personal attachments, he undoubtedly has many good qualities, amongst the most shining of which is to be enumerated, his extreme ingenuity and candour.—He exhibited a striking testimony of this latter virtue in a speech which he addressed to his friend Sir *Cecil* a few hours before he set out for Bath—taking him by the hand, “My dear friend, says he, you had better quit the field now when you may go off in credit to ourselves and cause—I know Westminster as well as any man in it—and by G— I pronounce your case perfectly desperate, with respect to your present Election—pretend an intention for a future scrutiny and decline.—After the pains I have already taken, I shall not say to be a witness of your defeat and disgrace—so if you won’t take my counsel, why give me your hand and God bless you.”—A friend who happened to be present, records, he believes the very words of this parting harangue with strict accuracy, but certain he is that the general sense is most faithfully represented in this account of it. It is not yet too late, Sir Cecil, to discover a small symptom of expiring grace. Do it, for God’s sake; a friend recommends it; think what will become of the credit of Churchill, your friend, and the Court your employers, if you shall adopt no expedient for breaking the effect of a fall so injurious to the feelings of the one, and the interests of the other? Try for once to reflect a little.

The House of Commons has always been rigorous in its proceedings against returning officers for illegal, arbitrary, or partial conduct during Elections. On the 22d of December, 1741, Mr. *John Lever*, High Bailiff of Westminster was, for such practices, committed to the custody of the Serjeant at Arms.

Extract of a letter from Bath, dated Saturday the 22d instant.

“Yesterday evening our old acquaintance Jack Ch——ll made his appearance in the rooms here; if I may judge from his desponding countenance, he has given up all hopes of his friend Sir Cecil W——’s success in Westminster, Poor C——ll! he looks extremely ill, principally owing, I suppose, to the violent fatigue which he has undergone in canvassing. If the Bath waters do not recruit his spirits soon, I fear he will fall into a decline.”

The prints exhibited on the late change of politics, are in general scurrilous, abusive, destitute of merit, wit, and humour, seemingly calculated to draw a gaping and idle multitude together; and indeed, were we not charitably inclined, we could almost suspect the print-sellers to be in league with the handkerchief merchants of Field-lane: for the prints daily exhibited during the present contest in Westminster, we cannot help saying, are unmanly, base, and infamous. A female character of illustrious rank and beauty, to be exhibited to the vulgar in the most indecent and obscene attitudes and conversations, is a disgrace to the artist, a disgrace to his employer, but more so to the police: at least, our City Magistrates should have taken notice of, and put a stop to so glaring a nuisance, tending to extinguish the remaining spark of morality of the present age; but it seems as if religion and morality underwent a change in the city as well as politics!

The Committee at *Wood’s*, with a *stroke of some humour*, have perpetualized the abdication of *Jack Churchill*, their desponding Chairman. No sooner were they informed he was arrived in the dumps at Bath, on Thursday last, than they sent to Parliament-street, with Sir Cecil Wray’s compliments, and requested the use of Mr. Churchill’s chariot for a few days: this being immediately complied with, Mr. *Salter*, the brick-layer, of St. Margaret’s, whose great resemblance of his friend *Churchill* has occasioned the

the latter so many awkward embarrassments, was prevailed upon to mount a suit of *rusty fables*—to take “the chariot for the day”—drive through the streets—kiss his hand to the colours of *Hood* and *Wray*, and by this *electioneering fac-simile*, prevent those fatal consequences which the general knowledge of *Churchill's* retreat in despair, must have on the *prerogative cause*!—The trick succeeded admirably the first day; but on Saturday it was unfortunately discovered by a particular friend of C's, abruptly stopping the chariot, and begging immediately his Galenical aid for his lady then in hysterics. There was no parrying this unpropitious shaft, and therefore the plot could no longer be concealed; for the gentleman, not in a temper of mind to favour the imposition, wrote by that night's post to *Churchill*, informing him of the particulars of the deception.—What will be the event of this *harmless joke*, as the contrivers call it, a few posts will probably discover;—*Sum solus!* is honest Jack's motto, as well as *Powell's* the *unparalleled fire-eater*, so that all things considered, the remonstrance is expected to be acrimoniously severe from the offended party!

N. B. With their most intimate friends, Mr. *Salter* is only known from Mr. *Churchill*, at the first glance, by a small *wart* under his left eye!

It is now said that Mr. Fox's present votes are to a man *bad*, and that Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's are all *good*. There can be no doubt of the *truth* of this assertion; the High Bailiff's extreme *partiality* for the cause of Mr. Fox, and his zealous endeavours to *favour* his re-election, most fully explain and confirm it.

Poor Lord Hood! how often, in the course of the last twelve days has this *pitiable peer* lamented that *departing* from the *honourable* course of his own profession, he should have been absurd enough to embark on the *stormy sea of politics*!

The *military* exertions of Sir Cecil Wray's party do not content them, after having polled at least 500 *horse-guards* and *foot-guards*, to the tune of *nine in a house*!—For on Saturday last, a *French deserter* was daringly brought up to the Hustings to poll for the *prerogative* Candidates! On an appeal to the Returning Officer (whose lack of knowledge in the *French lingo* was to be his excuse) he was about to be declared a *Philadelphian*, begotten of English parents, and therefore an eligible vote;—when the perturbed *Gaul*, with a *sacre Dieu*, declared himself a *native of France*, and instantly retired, giving the High Bailiff and all his host a *tous les Diable*!

A large detachment of the *Swiss guards* are said to be just landed at Dover, and now on their full march for the Hustings at Covent Garden, in order to poll for the Court Candidates, and thus defend the franchises of British Electors from *further invasion*!

April 24.] One vote was polled for Mr. Fox at the close of this day's poll, which, by accident or *design* was omitted in the casting up, and therefore cannot appear in his favour till the books are opened this morning: this reduces Sir Cecil's *once* boasted majority of 318, to 65 only!

The *Iscaiot Baronet* is so sensible of his impending overthrow, that he now very rarely exposes his *amiable person* to the indignation of the insulted Electors of Westminster; even his late triumphant partizans, who so long disgraced the Hustings with their *noise* and *nonsense*, have at length ceased their *Io Paxans*, and despairing of the return of their *treacherous leader*, affect to console themselves with the hopes of a *six months scrutiny*!

The *modest*, and *liberal* Mr. *Jackson* did not treat the people with any of his *aristocratic convulsions* during the last week. The domestic distresses of *Newcastle House* are said to have required his unremitting attendance!—*despair* reigns through that gloomy mansion with such a train of horrors, that *knives*, *ropes*, and *razors*, with all other *instruments of sudden death* are removed from thence by *physical injunction*!

April 26.] The meeting at the Crown and Anchor Tavern on Friday evening was the most numerous ever known of Mr. Fox's friends, and filled every room in the tavern, so as to make it impossible to accommodate upwards of two hundred, who were obliged to return for want of room. Mr. Fox took the chair about half after four, and in a speech in which the transcendent abilities of that eminent Statesman were most strikingly conspicuous, stated the purpose of the meeting, and the grateful satisfaction of his own heart, at the appearance and zeal of so very respectable and numerous a support. The warmest effusions of cordiality seemed universally to animate the whole assembly, and Mr. Fox with uncommon cheerfulness appeared most pleasingly sensible of the respectable and flattering light in which his friends beheld him. Several constitutional healths were drank by Mr. Fox, Lord Ludlow, Lord Robert Spencer, Colonel North, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Townshend, &c. &c. till about six o'clock, when Captain Morris made his appearance in the room; an instant uproar of applause took place, and Capt. Morris was conducted through the croud, and placed in the chair by Mr. Sheridan, which Mr. Fox had vacated for a few minutes to go into the different rooms. Capt. Morris was then desired to mount on the top of it, and the whole assembly, in one universal clamour, called out for the *Baby and Nurse*; Capt. Morris sang it with uncommon spirit and exertion; the tumult of applause was beyond all belief, and surely there never was a composition which so well deserved it.—A succession of constitutional toasts then took place; Mr. Fox returned, and other songs were called for, but the whole company seemed to look to Captain Morris as the very life and soul of convivial wit and pleasure. The Captain, therefore, in compliance with their friendly solicitations, gave them another of his songs, a most elegant and sterling composition, made for the day, and called the *jest*, which was encored with such a clamour of applause, that the Captain sang it a second time with equal spirit and effect; and it was then agreed, after drinking Captain Morris's health in three cheers, to undertake an universal canvass, and not lose in the charms of convivial enjoyment the great purpose of the meeting. Mr. Sheridan, therefore, in a most ingenious and elegant harangue on the liberty of the press, which the new prerogative Administration have begun to invade in our sister kingdom, gave, as a conclusive toast, "*The Liberty of the Press.*" This being drank, Mr. Fox made a grateful adieu to the company for the evening, and the whole company, except a few who had sacrificed too freely to the jolly god, dispersed themselves on a canvass with full confidence of complete success.

The intention of the suppression of the freedom of the press has struck with horror every paper in London, except *one*, that infamous *one*, devoted to the panegyric of the principal crime, which disgraces the name of *man*, and which is rivetted to the purpose of rendering the female sex obnoxious. The courtly *Sampson* himself, and like his *former* self on this occasion, throws away all ideas of the decorations of a Court, when the trappings of full fledged Royal favours are to be plucked from the pinions of the Constitution, and from the breast of that glorious nymph, *fair Liberty*. The *Morning Post*—has adopted the debilitated idea of Rome—unhappy Rome! once the triumphant *mafter*, now the prostituted *mistress* of the world.

The toasts of the Meeting at Wood's Hotel on Saturday last, are certainly replete with wit, and are worthy the observation of the public. Lord Hood toasted the Lord Lieutenant of the County, as became the professed Candidate of the Court;—Sir C—W— toasted the D— of N—, as became the betrayer of the cause of the independent Electors of Westminster;—Lord M—tm—s drank a toast, full of wit and humour, such as became his Lordship, who is remarkable for the brilliancy of his imagination;—the nominal Mr. G—ll (for the real Mr. C—ll is known to be absent) gave

gave a toast, which seemed to indicate a speedy triumph to the cause of the Court; but unfortunately the state of the poll proves a direct contradiction to all these empty rhodomontades.

The friends of one of our morning papers begin to perceive, that every attack on the much valued D—— of D—— has failed of success, and have therefore given up the chase, or rather it may be thought that such insinuations caused the public to examine the deportment of her Grace in every walk of private and public life, and to examine hers, is to approve and commend.

The great complaint against Mr. Fox is, that he is not a man of very affluent fortune; and his enemies, or rather the enemies to the grandeur of our country, say, that such a man may use the public money for his own advantage; but let us see the answer, Mr. Fox has been twice a Minister, and yet it is not pretended that he has improved his fortune, so that it is not possible to win the good word of an enemy, for had he acquired property from official situation, he would be called a public peculator; and now, because he preferred the good of the country to his private interest, and has departed from office with clean hands; the friends of *Secret Influence* must in truth declare, that he has not a stake in the country, &c. and that because he has proved himself an honest Minister.

April 27.] The event of this day's poll will no doubt prove so far decisive as to rescue the city of Westminster from the painful mortification of any longer seeing the *man of their aversion* stand on the poll superior in numbers to the *man of their free choice*.—The undaunted champion of constitutional freedom!

The phalanx of Independent Electors, who have reserved their suffrages for the completion of this day's victory, will be received as they approach the Hustings, with the grateful acclamations due to the heroic protectors of the *people's rights*.

The bets last night were, a *hundred guineas to ten*, that Mr. Fox was sitting Member for Westminster!

The absurd partizans of the unfortunate Sir *Cecil* give out, that as a scrutiny will be demanded on the part of the *Iscariot* Baronet, the High Bailiff will not return Mr. Fox till that scrutiny is finally concluded: but the *legal fact* is, that the proper officer *must make a return, on or before the 18th of May, agreeable to the tenor of the King's writ*; or abide the penal consequences of his disobedience. In casual Election, no day is fixed for the return; but in general ones, the time is precisely specified, and must be duly observed.

Sir William Gordon, who enjoys no less than a thousand pounds per annum, obtained under the immediate patronage of Mr. Fox, has very *gracefully* declined voting at this crisis in favour of his political benefactor.

Mr. *Salter* the bricklayer has but one admissible pretence for personating Mr. *Churchill*, which is, that he, as well as the *medical* gentleman is a dealer in *plasters*—for stucco-work!

Such gentlemen of the *royal band*, who are Electors of Westminster, have to a man been taught who it is that *pays the piper*, and the *first fiddle* has been the leader of their votes! Many of them in the beginning attempted to indulge in an *ad libitum*, but as this was likely to produce *discord* in the *overture*, they were told that all *pauses* gave offence;—they *prudently* availed themselves of the hint, and have since voted altogether in *allegro time*!

The dismissal of Mr. *Whitehead*, the Yeoman of the Guards, from his office, for voting in support of Mr. *Fox*, exhibits a sad reverse of the *auspicious* fate of his *Laureate*

namefake! he, in his *sacrifices* to the *felar God*, experiences all the blessings of *sunshine*? but the first mentioned gentleman, un-schooled in the page of *fiction*, voted according to the dictates of conscience and an independent mind, and erred in being *honest*.

[April 27.] The propitious moment, which we have long presaged, and of the certainty of which we never entertained a doubt, is at last, this day, happily arrived, and Mr. Fox has obtained that superiority upon the poll for Westminster which he would long since have obtained, if the most desperate and unconstitutional expedients had not been exerted against him, that were ever adopted upon any similar occasion. The triumph upon this occasion is not more complete, on account of the victory obtained over every exercise of every influence, that is at once corrupt and unconstitutional; but as it contains an evidence the most decisive and incontrovertible, that the popular delusion of the moment is now rapidly on the decline, and that the people are proceeding fast to the recovery of that good sense and generous regard for the true constitution of the country, which is their general characteristic, but of which they had evidently undergone a momentary dereliction, and of course, that the triumph of prerogative is likely to be as brief in its duration, as it was base and underhand in the mode of obtaining it. If this temporary deception begins to wear off in Westminster, in the immediate scene of political action, where the nature of a statesman's conduct is subject to the most thorough investigation, and the motives of it best understood, it surely affords a fair and reasonable opportunity for this interference, that the more the general body of the people understand the public principles and conduct of Mr. Fox, the more they will respect them; and that nothing is wanting but a little time to restore him once more to that universal esteem which he has so long held with his countrymen, and which the undeviating consistency of his principles, the decisive superiority of his talents, and the length of his political experience so eminently entitle him to.

Upon the close of this day's poll, the numbers stood,

Lord Hood	—	—	—	6468
Right Hon. C. J. Fox	—	—	—	5827
Sir Cecil Wray	—	—	—	5806
Majority for Mr. Fox on the whole Poll	—	—	—	TWENTY-ONE.
Majority on this day's Poll	—	—	—	FORTY-EIGHT.

[April 27.] This day upwards of eight hundred Electors in the interest of Mr. Fox dined together at the Free Mason's Tavern, Mr. Fox in the chair: after the glorious triumph of the day, it were needless to add that this meeting presented an uninterrupted scene of convivial mirth. Various patriotic toasts were drank—among which were, “the Duchesses of *Devonshire* and *Portland*, and the other fair supporters of the whig cause.” Captain Morris entertained the company with his much admired political song, “*The Baby and Nurse*.”—Mr. Bannister, with “*Give me Death or Liberty, &c.*” after which, the company broke up about seven o'clock, in order to resume their canvass with fresh vigour.

It must be acknowledged that Mr. Churchill's retreat to Bath was not ill timed; he did not chuse to be an eye-witness to the late defeat and complete overthrow of the cause he has espoused, and which his vanity had prompted him to think would prove successful through his exertions, because, upon a former occasion, he had the honour of being Chairman of Mr. Fox's Committee, when the spirit of the independent Electors first triumphed over their opponents in Westminster. Like the Fly upon the Chariot-wheel, he foolishly conceived that he had raised that cloud of dust which first overwhelmed and stifled the influence of the Court in this city, and which he has now in vain endeavoured to revive, by deserting his former principles, and meanly enlisting under the banner of ministerial corruption.

TANCE POST.



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It is remarkable, that since the Court Candidates took the imprudent measure of bringing the parish books to the Hustings, Mr. Fox has had a majority upon every day's poll, except one, when his opponents had the small advantage of four votes against him. This shows what hopes of success they may reasonably derive from the scrutiny, which they pretend to expect so much from.

The licentiousness of the print-shops in exhibiting to public view, caricatures of the most eminent characters of the country, has long given much scandal to the laws of decency and propriety, but the excess to which they have carried it in the course of the present Election, by the exhibition of prints of the amiable and most distinguished female character, has drawn upon them the indignation of the public, in so much, that the windows of several shops have been broken within these few days, in consequence of it. It is to be hoped that this admonition will make the proprietors of these shops, in future, more cautious how they presume to insult the feelings of the public, and teach them to pay more regard to female delicacy, than has been of late usual with them.

Mr. Fox has already received the suffrages of 5827 Electors of Westminster, most of whom have honoured him with *single* votes:—will the tools of the Court audaciously tell us any more, “that he has lost the *confidence of the Electors*, and that he is no longer the *Man of the People*?”

As soon as Mr. Fox was declared a head of Sir Cecil Wray on the Poll, the *patriotic beauties* at Mr. Jennings's, in Henrietta street, ratified the triumph of independence by a general display of *laurel branches*!

Lord Hood's canvassers for the last three days have gone about pressing Electors to vote for *Fox and Wray*; “and thus displease the friends of neither party;” but the design was too early discovered, and generally exposed, for the Court to derive much aid from so despicable a manœuvre!

Yesterday the *recruiting party* of the Court brought up Mr. Cross, the *deaf and dumb* miniature painter to give his suffrage for Sir Cecil Wray; the unfortunate Gentleman, however, being unable to answer any but *private signals* made by his own brother, was, after some difficulty adjudged not qualified to vote in support even of *secret influence*!

The friends of Freedom and the Constitution must not relax in their exertions, because the *Man of their Choice* has gained the majority over his opponent: they are bound in justice to the cause, rather to redouble their zeal in his support, and thus raise him so high, that the powerful machinations of his combined enemies can no more reach him!

Lord Mahon retired from the Hustings yesterday, in woeful dudgeon! Unluckily a maid-servant, with a wet mop in her hand, observed him making his escape; and watching her opportunity, she trundled her dripping weapon so very dexterously, as to moisten the Peer of the rueful countenance, most profusely!—“*His Lordship's face was like an April morn, clad in a shower of juds!*”—The poor Peer stalked off, with a “muttered curse, *quite chop-fallen!*”

The joy expressed yesterday by the populace in Covent Garden, upon the declaration of the majority in favour of Mr. Fox, sufficiently shows that he is still, as the uniformity of his conduct entitles him to be, the darling of the people. It is to be lamented that their zeal hurried them into some excesses, such as breaking the windows of several shops where prints and caricatures are exhibited, endeavouring to ridicule the cause in which the Independent Electors of Westminster feel themselves so deeply interested. It is however not to be wondered at, that the people should not tamely submit

mit to such daily insults as are offered to their feelings by these indecent and scandalous exhibitions.

A N T I C I P A T I O N.

The Duchefs of D. with the whole *Whig* interest of females, appears in battle array at the Theatre, Drury-lane, to support the tragedy of Cato—their station on the Prince's side—cockades orange and blue—patches on the right cheek.

The Duchefs of R. with the whole *Tory* interest of females, appears in battle array at the Theatre, Drury-lane, to oppose the tragedy of Cato—their station on the King's side—cockades pink and white—patches on the left cheek.

Each party brings into the field large quantities of ammunition, such as powder, essence, rouge, &c.

The Duchefs of D. lets fly a volley of arrows from her eyes; down fall the *Tories* in the Pit.

The *Tories* in the Pit recover; they venture to advance; the Duchefs of D. opens her breast-work; the *Tories* stand; they fall; Duchefs of D. looks up to the *Whig* gods in the upper region; the *Whig* gods thunder their approbation.

The Duchefs of R. lets fly a volley of arrows from her eyes; down fall the *Whigs* in the Pit.

The *Whigs* in the Pit recover; they venture to advance; the Duchefs of R. opens her breast-work; the *Whigs* stand; they fall; the Duchefs of R. looks up to the *Tory* gods in the upper regions; the *Tory* gods thunder their approbation.

The battle rages; lightning and thunder; thunder and lightning.

Lightning flashes from the eyes of the Duchefs of D.—*Whig* lightning; true blue.

Lightning flashes from the eyes of the Duchefs of R.—*Tory* lightning; deep red.

The curtain rises; Cato appears; the principles of liberty appear in all the elegant ornaments that Addison's genius could cull—

— *A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.*

The sentiment, like an electrical shock, flies to the very heart of the hearers; party subsides, and every Briton applauds.

His *sporting* Grace of *Queensberry*, it is conjectured, will lose no less a sum than 10,000*l.* in long odds, which he betted some time since against Mr. Fox's Election.

It is now with pleasure we inform the sons of freedom and independence, that the following places have exhausted all their stores of corruption in support of Sir Cecil Wray, and *Secret Influence*; viz. *St. James's, Buckingham House, Treasury, Admiralty, Navy Office, East India House, Bank, South Sea House, Horse Guards, &c. &c. &c. &c.*

April 29.] Yesterday overtures were repeatedly made by the desponding partizans of Sir Cecil Wray to close the poll, which however were as often rejected by the friends of Mr. Fox.

About nine o'clock yesterday morning the tail of the Lion on the top of Northumberland House fell down into the street, just as Sir Cecil Wray was passing by on his return from a voteless canvass: the superstitious observers of this strange accident gave it an ominous interpretation, predicting thereby the electioneering downfall of the *Judaic Baronet*, and his patron, old *Hurlo Thrumbo*!

The Committee at Wood's Hotel, for conducting Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's Election, have sent no less than three expresses to Bath, to entreat Mr. C—l, their Chairman, to return to London; but the unprosperous state of their cause, and the bad accounts

accounts he has received from Westminster since his residence at Bath, have so much counteracted the waters, that his health, it seems, will not permit him to comply with their pressing and reiterated solicitations.

The D—— of D—— continues to pay a just compliment to those persons whose good opinion ought to have any weight, for he is determined not to abandon Mr. Fox, until he is declared unworthy of support by the virtuous, or until he gives up the cause of the public.

The question is not with whom Mr. Fox votes, but the question is, has Mr. Fox given up his public opinions, or abandoned his friends; if he has not, and if he can persuade men with whom he once differed on *public measures* to concur with him in acting for the national good, we must be of opinion that he has with effect preached the gospel of patriotism, and therefore that he deserves to continue in high favour with the Westminster Electors.

Extract of a letter from Bridgwater, Somerset, April 24.

“ This day the Honourable Charles James Fox was presented by the Mayor, Aldermen, and capital Burgesses, with the freedom of this borough, and therewith chosen Recorder for the same, in the room of Vere Poulett, brother to Ann Poulett, Member for the said borough, &c. &c.”

Notwithstanding all the idle ribaldry with which the prints and print-shops abound, at the expence of one of the most accomplished and perfect female characters of this or any other country; the time is approaching very fast, when the exertions of this lovely woman in the cause of Liberty and the Constitution will meet their due reward; when cool and dispassionate reflection shall triumph over the prejudices of the day. All men, who think the influence of her Grace contributed to the success of Mr. Fox's Election, will incline to the belief and confession, that she redeemed and restored the declining honour of the city of Westminster—that she vindicated the independence of the Electors—that she saved them from the arbitrary interference of the Court, and afforded an example of political heroism, which added a lustre to the exalted dignity of her station.

The ministerial prints have been obliged to confess, contrary to their inclination, that all the voters for Westminster have been unexceptionable since the parish books have been brought to the Hustings; within which time a majority of upwards of *three hundred* has been done away, and poor Sir Cecil thrown into the back ground, to mourn his folly at his leisure!

An Election correspondent observing, with some surprize, an advertisement from the Committee at Wood's Hotel, with the name of John Churchill, Chairman, calling upon the unpolled Electors of the city of Westminster to give their immediate suffrages in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, of which description they assert there are still a sufficient number to secure a majority in favour of those *patriotic Candidates, greater than has appeared during the poll*; he begs leave to recall to the recollection of the public, that when the state of the poll was more favourable to the above mentioned *patriotic candidates*, there appeared an advertisement from the same Committee, complaining of Mr. Fox's protracting the poll, when the number of unpolled Electors was not sufficient to give him a *possibility of success*. The same advertisement repeats the determination of the Parochial Committees, to persevere in supporting a scrutiny with the utmost vigour, but the circumstance of Mr. Fox's majority having *uniformly increased since the parish books have been brought upon the Hustings*, does not seem to afford them the most flattering prospect of success from their adopting such a measure. The truth is, that this canting
and

and prevaricating Committee find themselves completely defeated, and they are catching at every thing to hide their shame, and ward off the contempt and ridicule they have incurred even with their own party!

There is no longer that confident talk of a scrutiny for Westminster, which prevailed so violently a few days ago. There is somewhat more of the *piano* in Mr. Churchill's note, and he now sings to the tune of a petition to the House, complaining of an undue Election. This, if granted, would certainly have a delicious effect, as the whole business would be to do over again, with this advantage to Mr. Fox, that as the world is coming round to their senses again, his majority would be ten times as great as it is at present.

Every Minister in this country has experienced a want of popularity before he has been long in office. Even the immortal Chatham himself lost the confidence and opinion of the people soon after the war, in which he was so truly successful, glorious, and triumphant. There is in the first place no fixt principle to regulate the judgment of the croud; the multitude does not reflect, it cannot argue, but is eternally carried away by accidental prejudices, and governed by the turbulence of passion. Thus the croud, which once idolized Mr. Fox, has since deserted him; idolized him for the very principles that have been since condemned in practice; idolized him for his zeal, for the constitutional privileges of the subject—those very privileges which the people have so lately been solicitous to betray. If, however, Mr. Fox lost his popularity in the hour of enthusiasm, he is now gradually recovering it from all quarters.—The thunders of execration are sunk into the sober debates of reason, which bid fair to be shortly succeeded by that still finall voice of public esteem, which arises from the conviction of public error.

The many ill-natured, illiberal, and scandalous insinuations that have been thrown out against the Duchess of D——e, on her friendly and spirited behaviour during the Election for Westminster, rather indeed deserve contempt than serious refutation. Had the authors reflected on her conduct, as espousing a different cause, it might have been pardonable; but from thence to insinuate a want of virtue and modesty, which are confined to no party, betrays a littleness of mind and ideas as contracted as the narrow sphere of life in which they move. Her exertions to serve Mr. Fox have, it seems, provoked a poetaster in the newspapers to lament the degeneracy of female virtue and modesty; yet is he so ignorant of the human heart, as not to be able to judge wherein they consist. He sets out upon the most absurd principles; that is, he imagines that virtue and modesty are only to be found among the *great*, or else he could not condemn her as lost to those virtues, only because she visits the *poor*. With regard to her permitting a kiss from a *butcher*, it is much more likely to be false than true, and considering her, as she really is, a woman of character, there is no doubt but that she knows how to behave as such, and to repel any improper liberty that may be offered; however, our correspondent will for the present suppose it were true; to what then does the crime amount? If she gained a vote for her friend by a kiss, it was not more criminal than granting a kiss to a man of quality for no other reason than his being introduced; perhaps there is less guile in the heart of a butcher than in a man of quality; yet she is accused of trespassing on the rules of modesty in one instance, which would not have been thought so in the other. “She likewise descends below her *dignity*.” What is the dignity of title? Not pride, which is sometimes the definition of it, a thing that has never been classed in the list of virtues, and therefore can have no real merit, but humility, which is the true dignity of a virtuous, benevolent, rational creature, and is a much higher title than Duchess of D——e. Humility in the poor may be necessary; but in the opulent it is the sweetest virtue, and shews that they

they have a soul as great as their rank and fortune. A little mind and a great fortune, though they so often meet, yet are improper companions: the great, instead of thinking themselves a superior race of beings, entitled to the homage and obedience of their inferiors, should practice the virtues of humility, more particularly, as the weight of their obligations to providence is far greater than others who have not had so many favours bestowed on them. Ladies of quality are in general a set of insipid, useless beings, and the world is surprized to find *one* rising above their indolence and pride, and exerting herself to the utmost in what she thinks right: a luke-warm friend is worth nothing*. It matters not whether she is the friend of Fox, of Pitt, or the Man in the Moon: the principle from which she acts, deserves the highest praise; she no doubt thinks it the cause of liberty and public good, the best incentives to a virtuous mind, and like the wife and mother of Coriolanus, exerts her utmost endeavours to save a sinking state. What contamination is there in the abode of a poor tradesman merely because he is poor? The Duchess has too much good sense to affect the studied character of a prude, and from her innocence and good-humour, may not perhaps resent trifling things, while those of another description might condemn; but our correspondent is certain she would never admit of any familiarities that unaffected modesty could disapprove. Dean Swift, in ridicule of an *over-nice* person observes, "That an over-nice man is a man of nasty ideas;" even virtue, when carried to excess, becomes criminal, folly and vice are in extremes; good sense and virtue is the true medium.

The Westminster Election, supposing it to be terminated as it stands at present, has been much farther carried than in the contest between Trentham and Vandeput—That the most memorable of any on record in Westminster, obviously was much less remarkable than that now carrying on, having lasted but 17 days, and being terminated with not many more than 9000 voters on the poll.

Lord Hood is placed over the door in the great room at the *Academy*: and Lord Rodney, the *real* hero of the 12th of April, has a *secondary* situation in the anti-room!

Yesterday afternoon a party of gentlemen waited upon the proprietors of the several print shops in the Strand, and remonstrated with them upon the impropriety of exposing in their windows the several shameful and indecent prints on the most amiable of female characters: the shopkeepers admitted the grossness of such an exhibition, and very handsomely promised to prevent it in future: an example, no doubt, that will immediately be followed by all the respectable part of their profession; and should any other printseller after this be daring enough to continue a display of those wretched caricatures, there is little doubt but he will be convinced of his error by a more *speedy* and *exemplary* punishment than the law of the land may afford.

It was the current report of yesterday, that Lord Hood was about to be appointed to the immediate command of the British Squadron in the East-Indies, with an English peerage:—the idea was to secure thereby Sir Cecil Wray's seat for Westminster; but the Attorney General has informed Mr. Pitt, that the Returning Officer must return Lord Hood, notwithstanding any creation of nobility, if he continues at the head of the poll.

The dejected Committee of Sir Cecil Wray talk of a scrutiny, merely to preserve appearances with each other; a kind of *pledge* is thrown out in the prints, that a Scrutiny shall be instituted as a ray of hope to the few *reluctant stragglers* that may yet be dragged forth by *secret influence* in support of their lost cause: to carry on this farce,

* "A friend is worth all hazard we can run;
" Poor is the *friend's* matter of a world;
" A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

a subscription was proposed after Thursday's dinner at Wood's Hotel, when the capital sums of *twice twenty pounds* were subscribed *on paper* in the course of the evening to carry on this *trifling concern*; the list was handed to Lord *Pompey*, who, with more good sense than usually appertains to him, said, he was not quite so rank an *Hibernian* as to contribute towards a scrutiny, that might probably invalidate the suffrage he himself had given! and here the matter rests!

The half-finished scrutiny carried on by Sir George Vandeput against Lord Trentham, the present Earl Gower, cost the latter 22,000l.—his Lordship's majority was 158, after about six or seven hundred votes were struck off on each side. The present Lord Camden and the late Baron Perrot were Lord Trentham's counsel.

The fashionable toast of the day is—*laurel branches* to the independent Electors of Westminster, and *laurel water* to the enemies of the constitution!

Among the numerous *patriotic* toasts drank at Sir Cecil's last dinner, what could have been more *congenial* than these two, which immediately succeeded each other, viz.

The Independence of the City of Westminster!

The Dukes of Northumberland and Newcastle!

—had poor Jack Churchill's health permitted his remaining in town, this glaring contradiction had at least been avoided.

It is curious to observe, that the first toast related to have been given by the *Vice Churchill* at Wood's, at the late miserable dinner, was *Woman!*—These gentry are sensible of the very general *suspicion* which *certain* of their principals labour under, and are rather indiscreetly zealous to do away the imputation.

A correspondent observes, that the toasts of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's friends at Wood's Hotel, were happily selected, and did great credit to the loyalty, gallantry, taste, and ingenuity of the company; he observes that they were fifteen in number, and cannot but regret that so numerous and so convivial a meeting had not the effect of producing an equal number of votes in favour of Sir Cecil, who unfortunately had only twelve votes on the poll of yesterday.

MASQUERADE INTELLIGENCE.

April 30.] The masquerade at the Opera House last night, considering the engagements which the bustle of electioneering must have laid on the inhabitants of the metropolis, was numerous and gay; a company of about 800 were assembled by two o'clock. Among these, were many gentlemen of the gay world, some few women of fashion; but the nymphs in the train of *Venus* constituted the *majority* of the night.—Among the characters were, a *Fortune Teller*, who boasted, by an advertisement, that she had possession of a *retrospective mirror*, by which

“The Peer might see when he lost his popularity, by spreading *secret influence!*

“The General his army, by attending to plunder!

“The Admiral his fleet, in *Prize-hunting!*

“The Physician his patient, from want of attention!

“The Bishop his religion, in search of temporalities! And

“The Chancellor his SEALS, by not keeping a WATCH!”

A *Tinker*, who called himself *Paddy Mountmorris*, delivered a song, containing satirical strictures on his *namesake Peer*.

The *Prince of Wales* visited the scene, but did not continue more than an hour. The *Fox Brush* entwined with *laurel* was worn by a third part of the Company; but to extend the licence of punning, the partizans of the *Court Candidates* were *hood-winked*, and did not beam forth a *ray* all night!

Lord

Lord Pompey's printed speech, *supposed* to have been spoken to the desponding Committee at Wood's Hotel, points out, in the midst of all its *flowerifications*, one plain and indisputable fact, viz. that the game of *secret influence* is over in Westminster.

Sir Cecil Wray was heard to exclaim on Saturday in a voice of despondence, that the *triumphal laurel*, which the friends of Mr. Fox wore, was *poison* to him without *distillation*!

An *Hibernian Peer*, who is ever fond of sliding his spare carcase into every situation of tumult and confusion, ought to be aware lest the indignation of an incensed multitude, should lead them on some occasion to forget his Lordship's right of *privilege*, and treat him only as if he were any other incendiary, without the protection of any aristocratic character whatever.

May 3.] Many false reports relative to the riot which happened before Wood's on Saturday night, having been industriously circulated, we are glad to have it in our power, in consequence of authentic information on the subject, to give the public a true and impartial state of the whole of that transaction, as it appeared in evidence before Sir Sampson Wright yesterday morning, when the men seized by the military were examined. It was ascertained by the concurring testimony of many Gentlemen unconnected with either party, that the beginning of the tumult was an unprovoked attack on a party of marrow-bones and cleavers, who, in passing by Wood's, were assaulted by some sailors for having Fox's colours in their hats. A scuffle ensued, in which the butchers were overpowered by numbers, and pursued across the Garden, where they rallied upon being joined by a party of chairmen, and the aggressors were soon driven back to Wood's.—Here a serious conflict ensued; a body of ruffians issuing from the Hotel, armed with cutlasses and pistols; they were driven back, and the doors of the Hotel were closed, but glass bottles being thrown at the populace from the windows, and several shot fired, by which two men were dangerously wounded, the party attacked grew outrageous, and assaulted the house, breaking the lamps and windows. The arrival of Sir Sampson Wright, with a large body of soldiers, prevented further extremities; and informations being taken by him that some of the assailants had retired to a neighbouring house, a party of the guards was detached to seize them there, and six were accordingly taken without further charge or evidence. Those were the persons produced yesterday at the office in Bow-street, and it seemed the object of those who attended on the part of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, to have had these men committed to Newgate on the capital charge of an attempt to *pull down Wood's Hotel*. Happily, however, this ridiculous, though most malicious intention, was defeated by the spirited interference of some Gentlemen of Mr. Fox's Committee who attended the examination, and by the very candid and considerate conduct of Sir Sampson Wright, who seeing clearly that the party at Wood's were the aggressors in the business, strongly recommended it to both sides to give up vindictive prosecutions; the men in custody were accordingly discharged, and the business ended with Mr. Wood's receiving a very serious and sensible admonition from the Bench, to discourage in future the ill conduct of his waiters and others surrounding his doors, and to imitate the decency and decorum which Sir Sampson declared he had himself observed to be maintained at the Shakespeare. Lord Mountmorres and some other Gentlemen of the Court party attended, but finding their cause not to be supported in this affair, they very becomingly acquiesced in the determination of the Bench. The report of any lives being lost is without foundation, though many on both sides were badly wounded.

We are informed, from undoubted authority, that the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Ladies, in the interest of Mr. Fox, have appointed a Committee to enquire into the cases of such tradesmen as have suffered from the oppression of the Court party, many of

whom have been formally acquainted, that in consequence of their having voted in the present Election contrary to the wishes of their employers, they are in future to be deprived of their custom. This Committee is to prepare a list of such persons for the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Ladies abovementioned, who have entered into a most laudable association to employ those only, in their several trades, in lieu of such as have basely betrayed their country, by sacrificing their franchises to the undue influence of the Court, or of those who have not dared manfully to stand forth at the risk of their interest, and have endeavoured to screen themselves from all danger by a pitiful neutrality.

The Westminster magistrates pay close attention to the examination and commitment of such rioters as are brought before them. That justice and humanity would have been more conspicuous and meritorious, had they taken proper precautions to have prevented breaches of the peace, than in the previous permission, and subsequent quarrels.

The following incident occurred at Covent Garden Theatre, on Wednesday evening. A young fellow, of genteel aspect, and possessing a good-humoured countenance, expressive of hilarity, and an honest heart, reeled, smiling, into the bottom boxes, "hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood."

A Gentleman appearing with one of Mr. Fox's favours in his hat, the disciple of Bacchus vociferated, *Fox for ever*.

A phlegmatic politician, in an opposite interest, immediately took up the matter gravely.

"Sir, do you consider the place you are in?" says the grave man.

"*Fox for ever!*" exclaimed the Buck.

"Sir, the audience must not be disturbed," says the grave man.

Fox for ever! exclaimed the Buck.

"Sir, you are intoxicated," says the grave man.

"*Fox for ever!*" exclaimed the Buck.

The choler of the grave man began to rise.

"D—n me," says the grave man, "but I wish you were in Calais."

"I am *half-seas-over* already," answered the Buck.

The grave man rose with all the dignity of a certain Senator when he spies a Peer—

"Sir," says the grave man, "you have offended the Ladies and Gentlemen round me, and I insist on your asking pardon."

"Ladies and Gentleman round me," says the Buck, with a bright effusion of good humour emanating from his eyes; if I have offended you, I ask pardon; but as for this vinegar-faced curmudgeon," looking at the grave man with ineffable contempt, "remember, I make no apology to him; so *Fox for ever!* And let me see if he will follow me out."

Exit Buck.

MANET, *the grave Man.*

"To fight, or not to fight—that is the question,

"Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer,

"The scoffs and laughs of a surrounding crowd,

"Smiling contempt, the fair one's turn'd up nose,

"Or by retiring to the lobby box, be

"Sore affronted

"Ay, there's the rub—So I'll

"Stay where I am.

[*The grave man sits.*]

The

The Electors of Westminster have proceeded, in the present contest, on a very plain and sensible principle; they think that one of their Representatives, at least, should know how to speak in the House, and as they know from experience, that poor Sir C. has few ideas, and fewer words, they don't think that Lord H—d will do for them, with so dumb a colleague. They don't expect Lord H—d to speak, but they know he's a brave fellow, therefore they wish to return one good *dumb*, and one good speaker—two *dumbies* would not do for them—but with one clever fellow, they can manage pretty tolerably.

No character is more mistaken than that of Sir C. W. Sir C. never wished to be in Parliament. His mind, like his countenance, is mild and tranquil. Forced into the maddening tumult of politics, he has long sighed for those intellectual joys, which he has now the happy prospect of soon retrieving. Sir C. has a pleasant turn for writing, and, at one time, was thought to have contributed pretty largely to the gentleman's magazine. Hence, while the enemies of this worthy Baronet are triumphing at his defeat in Westminster, his real friends enjoy a much more solid satisfaction in his return to lettered indolence and philolophic ease.

Paddy Pompey may thank the bustle of the times for a snug escape from ridicule. In the same breath that he assures the Electors, Mr. Fox had polled eleven hundred more votes than could possibly exist; he adds, there are voters enough left to out-number him with ease. O! Paddy Pompey! what would become of thee, if the Irish Peers should extend the *Strangford* penalties against bribery, to the miserable absurdities of their travelling bull-makers.

From the pains taken to persuade the public that Mr. Ch——ll is in London, one would suppose that he is a person of very considerable interest in Westminster; but the state of the poll for some days past in the parishes of St. John's and St. Margaret's, where his interest is supposed to be most prevalent, does not seem to indicate this gentleman's presence or absence to be a matter of such importance as to engage the attention of either party.

Yesterday a soldier offered to vote for Sir C. W. declaring that he paid 5l. a year for his house; unfortunately he named a street where it was known there could be no house let at so low a rent, and consequently two persons (one of each party) were sent to ascertain the truth of his assertion; but no sooner was this respectable Elector out of reach of the Hustings, than he set off as hard as he could lay legs to the ground, and never was heard of more; yet Sir C. W. and the parochial Committees, who support him so handsomely, place all their reliance upon a scrutiny.

May 4.] To so deplorable a situation is the cause of the *Court Candidates* reduced, that they have even given up *advertising*! the daily papers were yesterday favoured with none of the elegant performances from *Wood's Committee*! No pathetic complaints from *John Churchill*, of the *wicked arts* made use of by Mr. Fox's friends! No encouraging exhortations to the unpollled *independent* Electors to come forward and support those sweepers of the Back Stairs, Lord H—d and Sir C—l W—y! What quite chop fallen! Poor Jack Churchill! Why you might as well have followed your first purpose, and have been Candidate yourself?—even that could not have made you cut a more ridiculous figure.

A gentleman in the interest of Mr. Fox offered yesterday, on the Hustings, to give two of Sir Cecil's *Committee* a fair opportunity of increasing their *scrutineering subscription*, by giving them two hundred, to bet a thousand guineas that a scrutiny was instituted, and carried thro' by the unsuccessful Candidate;—this offer, however, was very prudently declined.

Those

Those who are most intimate with Sir Cecil Wray heartily rejoice at the prospect of his being speedily released from a scene of bustle and confusion that is ill suited to his calm and philosophic mind. Sir Cecil is an excellent scholar, fond of reading, particularly the classics, and has been often heard to lament his ever having come into Parliament. What a happiness for such a character, to retire to his literary pursuits, and the tranquil enjoyment of a well chosen library!—*O, fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint, Agricole!*

Lord Mountmorres, like Colonel Flood, is an *Irish* orator. At the grand dinner of the Court Candidates he made a speech, in which he stated, that 9000 was the utmost number of voters in the city of Westminster, although 11,000 had now polled, 2000 more therefore had voted than could actually exist. What was the conclusion? That there were still *enough left* to carry Sir Cecil Wray's Election.

A subscription is to be opened for a scrutiny. We remember that the *Firm and Free*, with John Churchill at their head, opened a subscription for a most benevolent purpose—to reward the services of the brave men who had so gloriously defended the rock of Gibraltar. They advertised it. They boasted they would procure 20,000*l.* in a fortnight. That subscription was open a month, and the whole sum in the hands of all the bankers was *twenty guineas*. It was like Sir James Lowther's *man of war!*

A friend to the genuine honour of the British navy, laments the ignominious service that the once gallant Hood has stooped to undertake.—The little low arts of prerogative policy, the menacing, or the cajoling votes for a Court Candidate, may do very well for a Clerk of the King's Kitchen, but it is utterly unworthy a brave and generous character. When Lord Hood first canvassed for himself alone, he was received with every mark of respect; but from the moment he became an agent for royal resentment, his popularity declined. The people of Westminster despised the artifices that have been used by the Court in the present contest; and every day's experience must convince Lord Hood that he descends from his professional character, when he assists the unworthy caprices of any man breathing. While he acted up to his character, who would have dared to receive him with the marks of infamy and contempt that are now evident upon every occasion? A foolish, swaggering ignorance may reject this hint, but calm reflection will admit its force, and be guided by it.

Sunday evening the Gardens at Bagnigge Wells exhibited a strange scene of riot and confusion. How the affair began is not easy to be determined, but at the same moment several hundreds of Stentorian lungs vociferated the cry of "Hood and Wray," and these were answered by the exclamation of "Fox for ever!" Intoxicated with liquor and politics, those who were for Hood and Wray boxed with their opposites in politics, and many on both sides were knocked down with the canes and sticks of their adversaries. So sudden a disarrangement of the tea table apparatus was perhaps never before seen, and innumerable fragments of China shone in every walk, and served to give issue to the inflamed blood of the fallen and sprawling heroes. Though peace officers were sent for, the tumult was not appeased for near two hours and a half. Three men, who had been active in fomenting the disturbance, were taken into custody, but were soon rescued.

The Westminster Address is now with the King's Taylor, for the purpose of *measuring* all those who signed it, for new suits of mourning on the present melancholy occasion.

It is a *trait* in politics not quite unworthy of notice, that *faithful Jack Robinson* was, at the late Brentford Election, the most active partizan for *Jack Wilkes*.

The

The Orchestra Band at both Theatres have a fine idle time of it between the acts, as the mob in the gallery now supply the music of *Bach*, *Abel*, and *Corelli*, with the vocal vociferations of *Fox*, *Hood*, and *Wray*, with the grand electioneering finales, of "throw him over!" *Da Capo*.

Friday a Quaker, who polled at the Hustings in Covent Garden, on being asked the usual question, "Who do you poll for?" replied, "For the man who calleth himself Lord Hood, and also for the man who calleth himself Sir Cecil Wray." Another friend soon after voted "for the man who is called the Man of the People."

A correspondent begs to be informed of what consequence on earth it is to the public, or even to the Election contest in Westminster, whether Mr. John Churchill, Apothecary in Parliament-street, has left town or not? If it was intended as a puff by Mr. Churchill's friends, to insinuate that his presence or absence is of mighty moment in the Election, it is a foolish attempt, as it has been fully proved that there are very few of the better sort of tradesmen who have so little interest; and if he has really not left town, and the report was a piece of waggery from the other side, it is a very bad jest indeed, and upon a very insignificant subject. The fact, however, might be easily ascertained by this chemical quidnunc condescending to exhibit his delicate figure for one day on the Hustings.

The Right Hon. Charles James Fox is chosen representative for the district of boroughs in the Orkneys. This return is only secured to defeat the pitiful design of his Court adversaries, who mean to deprive the senate of his unrivalled talents, pending a tedious, though groundless scrutiny; for Mr. Fox will undoubtedly make his Election for Westminster, by the independent citizens of which he will so honourably be sent to Parliament.

What, in the name of common sense, can the *inanimately* obstinate Committee of Sir Cecil Wray be about, when every day's attempt to reduce the majority of his popular competitor leaves him at a more contemptible distance behind? A scrutiny is an ideal succedaneum from which little can be expected, as the power of their *prerogative High Priest*, the *High Bailiff* of *Westminster*, ceases inevitably the 18th instant, the day on which the writ is returnable! The only remaining hope, therefore, rests on their *mendicant* advertisement for small subscriptions in support of their expiring cause, when no doubt, like most other *uninsured sufferers* who have been *burnt out*, they will receive the elymosynary contributions of all charitable and well disposed *courtiers*!

A staunch friend to Sir Cecil Wray and his party most *gravely* desires us to state, that on Monday last an old woman appeared at the Hustings, Covent Garden, and insisted upon polling for Mr. Fox; upon being told of the impossibility of complying with her request, she answered, it was very hard that all her *lodgers* should give their votes for Mr. Fox, and the landlady be debarred of that privilege.

Whether the *Committee at Wood's* are aground for want of votes, the public are left to decide, but *individuals* know with much greater certainty, that they are completely at a stand for want of money. The poor clerks, who have hitherto gone through the unpopular duty of attending on their side, are now dismissed, as also are the comitables in their pay, or rather in their promise;—even the expence of advertising is found to be more than the seedy pockets of the Committee can support! An attempt at a charitable collection has totally failed. The *high-spirited* Duke of N——le is deaf on the subject, and old N-rth-mb-l—d is as close-fisted as if his knuckles were barred with chalk-stones, while *Judas* himself keeps his purse safely locked up in the strong-hold of his own small-beer cellar! Such is the fate of this miserable beaten bankrupt faction—this wretched coalition of mock-patriots, mock-politicians, and the lick-spittles
of

of the Court! and the worst of it is, that after all their dirty drudgery, their task-masters at St. James's revile and insult them for their failure!

A scrutiny is always an unpopular measure. It is true that it may serve to detect a few improper votes, but it leads to the discovery of circumstances which had better be concealed, and gives uneasiness where there is no guilt. It shows *the nakedness of the land*.

The public are returning to their senses, greatly to the disappointment of the Backstairs Lords, who thought they had got fast hold of them all. There is nothing like perseverance in the cause of virtue.

The Bishop of Osnaburgh writes constantly to the Prince of Wales, and expresses his most hearty good wishes for Mr. Fox and the cause of the people. This is a *fact* known in polite circles to have given some offence to a certain Person.

When the best woman in the world was told of the Duchess of Devonshire's conduct on the Election, by one of the Lords of the Back Stairs, who represented her Grace as acting extremely wrong, her Majesty very emphatically said, "I admire her spirit and her friendship, and sincerely wish that there was even half the truth and worth in the nobility that surround the Throne." This struck the Scotch Earl dumb; he twisted his green ribband, sneaked down stairs again, and was on Tuesday seen in the Park taking a melancholy walk in the Mall.

Last night the following question was debated at Coach-maker's Hall, viz. "*Is it consistent for the FEMALE SEX to interfere at Elections?*" After many curious speeches *pro* and *con.* of the serious, burlesque, and preposterous kind, the question was put, and carried in the affirmative, by a decisive majority. The truly *honourable* spouters of the evening very familiarly introduced the names of *Dev—re, Salisb—y, Arg—le, Hob—t, &c. &c.* as illustrative of their several arguments.

SECRET SERVICE LEDGER.

To the Proprietors of the M—g P—t, for defaming the Dukes of D—re,	£. 50
To ditto, by order of Mr. P—, for abusing the female sex	100
To Captain B—d, for writing paragraphs to that effect	30
To the Proprietors of the P—c A—r, for the abuse of the D—s	20
To ditto, for several paragraphs against women	10
To Captain B—d, for writing the same	5
To the country newspapers	10,000
To several evening papers in London	4,000
To two London morning papers	1,000
To electioneering expences	1,000,000
To several print-shops	2000
To Mr. —, for his indecent engravings	500
To the weekly allowance to the hundred men kept in pay to insult the P—e whenever he goes to the play	105
To Mr. P—'s paragraph puffers	200
To the porter-house brawlers	50

A special messenger from Downing-street brings the pleasing intelligence, that *moral honesty* is of no consequence; that *public virtue* is private convenience; that being *in debt* is the very essence of independence; and that *knavery* is the most becoming quality in nature.

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In a company, in which the Prince of W——s and Earl Temple happened, some time since, to meet, the conversation turned on *fashionable amusements*. The Prince having mentioned the severity of Mr. Pitt's life, his Lordship subjoined, "I must own, Sir, the fact is so; but in lieu of these things, he *knows how to convert a prosperous state into a declining one.*"

May 6.] Late yesterday evening arrived in town from Bath, John C——ll, Esq. vender of medicines in Parliament-street, and Chairman of the Committee for conducting the Election of the *prerogative* candidates for Westminster. The foresight of this Gentleman, so peculiarly distinguishing upon all occasions, informed him early in the Election, that his friends would certainly fail, which occasioned so rapid a declension of every vital faculty, that nothing less than the speedy dissolution of the carcass of Mr. C——ll, and the cause of Prerogative, could be expected, consistently with that Gentleman's longer continuance on the scene of Election. The leaders of the party, during his long absence, vainly endeavoured to mislead their desponding friends, who were not well acquainted with the person of Mr. C——ll, by one while placing a fat cadaverous figure in the chair at Wood's, in representation of their woe-worn friend; at another time by a similar exhibition on the Hustings. Notwithstanding the most palpable detection of these *wicked arts*, so daring are the adherents of Mr. C——ll at this moment, as to assert, that the man *who has been* in the chair at Wood's all along, during the Election, was, and is the identical *Jack C——ll*, who having deserted his patron, was modest and wife enough to declare, that when he had turned him out of his seat for Westminster, "he would forgive him his offence!"

Poor Jack Churchill!—This man, who but a short time ago had every personal qualification for the part of Falstaff, is now, by rapid diminution, become a suitable figure for Shakespeare's Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet. His nights are dismal spaces of broken rest, and frightful dreams. He has been frequently heard to mutter disjointed passages of Wolsey's celebrated soliloquy; at one time exclaiming,

Vain pomp, and glory of the world, I hate ye!

Then again—

I have swam these many summers on a sea of glory,
Till at length my high-blown pride broke under me;
And now has left me, weary and old with service,
To the mercy of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me!

The poor fellow is entitled to some pity; *he once was honest*; and the stings of conscience for his late offences, which now make such havock with his health, sufficiently prove, that his heart is not yet enough hardened for the purposes of the party he has espoused. Why does not Sir Cecil do something for this veteran invalid in Chelsea Hospital?—Perhaps both Sir Cecil Wray and Mr. C——ll are aware, *that the utmost professional skill of the latter cannot furnish a medicine adequate to the cure of those vital corruptions, which the practice of DEEP INGRATITUDE seldom fails to create!*

Towards the close of yesterday's poll, a *wag* hoisted a *poor's box*, upon a staff bearing this inscription;—"Pray remember Sir Cecil Wray's SCRUTINY." The effect this exhibition had on the multitude surrounding the Hustings was ludicrous to the last degree! The propriety of collecting *alms* for so *pious a purpose*, by this mode, struck all ranks of people, particularly the friends of Mr. Fox, who very liberally *subscribed* their *half-pence* on the occasion in support of the *all-glorious cause!*

Lady Margaret F——e, a few evenings since, attacked a Lady of fashion in the opera coffee-room with a ferocity truly *clannish*, and snatched from her bosom a *laurel branch*,

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exclaiming

exclaiming at the same moment, *No Fox!* Has *Secret Influence* so entirely subdued her Ladyship, that decency and good manners is no longer to be attended to?

Mrs. *Hobart* and Lady *Southampton* have lately addressed each other in language so plain and sincere, that it is expected they will not renew the *tete-a-tete* for some time. In the above altercation the titled Lady rescued the *plume of feathers* and *Fox's brush* from the odium her competitor endeavoured to lay on those *ensigns* of party!

May 7.] Yesterday afternoon the independent Electors of Westminster dined together at Willis's great room, King-street, St. James's; the Right Honourable Charles James Fox in the chair. This meeting, like all the preceding ones in the same glorious cause, was spent with the most cordial festivity. To the standing patriotic toasts the following were deservedly added, viz.

1. The Duke of *Bedford*; and may he pursue, through a long life, those principles which brought one of his ancestors to a glorious death!
2. The Livery of London.
3. The worthy Electors of Stafford..
4. Mr. *Byng*, and success to his scrutiny.
5. Mr. Sheriff *Skinner*; and may the city of London never want able, independent, and impartial men to guard their freedom.
6. The Electors of *Kirkwall*; and may the independent Electors of Westminster soon give them an opportunity of re-exercising their franchise in the cause of liberty.
7. Lord *North*; and may the persecution of the Court ever recommend the object of it to the protection of a generous people!
8. The Duchesses of Devonshire and Portland, and all the Ladies in the interest of Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox, in thanking the company for drinking his health, and for coupling his name with the rights of the people, said, that they had seen what perseverance in a good cause had produced in Westminster, and he trusted it would animate them, and give the happy presage of what perseverance in the cause of popular privileges would bring about in the country at large.

The company broke up about eight o'clock, and proceeded, as usual, on a spirited canvass through their respective divisions.

The yell of *No Fox—No Coalition—No North*, has died away upon the surface of that corrupted river, which gave it existence. Common sense returned from the pure spring of reason now flows again; and in that limpid stream of the Constitution, the people begin to taste their own beverage, the nectar of liberty. Court liquor is *laural water* to British freedom.

The Minister intends to *Tax Small Beer* in compliment to the ancient Baronet of this new *malt water* title; and all the prerogative Ladies will have double locks to the *Back Stairs*, to prevent this diabetean liquor from making an ascension in cans and cups, and bottles and mugs, to the private committees of the mop-squeezing sisterhood, at their Saturday night revels, in the sky bed-chambers of the attic story.

The amiable Duchess has retired for some Sundays past to her seat at Chiswick, to enjoy, in the enchanting shades of Burlington, the retrospect of a well-spent week, engaged in the best interests of her country.

Ministerial influence has been prevalent in Westminster during the whole of the contest, though the first mover affects to keep at a distance. Letters of denization have likewise been granted, to qualify foreigners to vote in opposition to the *Man of the People*.

Mr.

Mr. H. Dundas, early on Tuesday morning last, polled for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

Mr. Fox's celebrated *Whig toast*, respecting the illustrious House of Bedford, has been most indecently and bunglingly perverted; it is simply this,—*The Duke of BED-*
 “FORD; and may he, through a long life, support that cause for which his illustrious an-
 “cestor died on the scaffold!”

To ask the friends of secret influence a few serious questions:—In what part of his character does Mr. Fox resemble Oliver Cromwell? Was Oliver a fluent, elegant, universal speaker? No. Was Oliver an open, manly-hearted man? No. Was Oliver a pleasant, facetious man in temper? No. Was Oliver so insensible to his own interests as to attempt to serve the people at the risk of power, wealth, influence, and every private consideration? Surely not. In what then does Mr. Fox resemble a Republican, who is in his heart so attached to monarchy, as to despise every other form of Government? In what does Mr. Fox resemble a tyrant, whose enemies allow him to have generosity and liberality in the extreme? In what does Mr. Fox resemble a hypocrite, who is so frank, so open in his carriage? Or, in what does he deserve to be compared with a notorious enemy to the Constitution of his country, who has passed so many years in Parliament in defending it upon every occasion?

Yesterday afternoon a gentleman, in his passage through King's street, Covent Garden, picked up a paper, of which the following is an exact copy, with this indorsement, “Copy of a Letter to the Duke of N——d.”

“My good Lord Duke,

Wood's Hotel, May 7, 1784.

“Permit me, among all the troubles, vexations, and tumults, of this long contested Election, to thank your Grace for the vast support you have afforded me.—It is to be lamented that your Grace's personal influence, strong as it is, has not been more effectual; for now not the slightest hope of success can remain in the mind of the most sanguine friend to the cause of prerogative; yet I shall ever reflect with admiration on your Grace's wisdom, in the single instance of your Grace's yearly administration of alms to so many poor inhabitants of Westminster. The policy and foresight of this step has shone to our party with the most splendid lustre. Some, we knew, had received these donations from the noble house of N——d during a long series of years. This circumstance, coupled with the influence which your Grace immediately exercised upon it, we knew would operate as a complete disqualification; yet all this was managed, and we polled 535 persons in this predicament. Indeed till within these last ten days, we polled whom we pleased, and what we pleased—but, sad reverse of fortune! force could then no longer fetter the inclinations of men; the fire of freedom, which we thought had been extinguished, broke forth with redoubled fury; and though both your Grace and myself escaped roasting, we have, at least, been severely scorched by the flame. We have industriously held out to the public, that the majority of bad votes is certainly on the other side. How far we have succeeded in making the necessary impression, it would be difficult for me to determine; though this notion, I am convinced is generally enough received by the public, to found in them a belief of the assertion we have made in the newspapers, *That we shall certainly demand, and go through a rigid scrutiny.* We have advertised, as your Grace has doubtless perceived, the names of banking-houses, at which subscriptions for carrying on this scrutiny will be thankfully received. This manœuvre was thus kept up to bring forth any friends that might remain; but we are now convinced that none do remain. We shall take the liberty to pocket the few mites which have been subscribed, supposing reasonably, that those who had not penetration to discover our artifice in pre-engaging ourselves to scrutinize, will not be more discerning as to the pocket in
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“ which the scrutiny cash will finally stick. My notions of your Grace's generous and dignified way of thinking make me perfectly easy upon this subject, as far as your Grace is concerned.

“ I have the honour to be, &c. &c.”

N. B. It is a standing toast at Wood's—The Duke of N——d, and his 535 beggars.

May 10.] It is necessary to inform the unpolled Electors of Westminster, in the interest of Mr. Fox, that the High Bailiff intends, if possible, to close the poll this day, at three o'clock, after which time they will not possibly have the power of giving their suffrages in support of the *Constitutional Guardian of the People's Rights*.

A correspondent is at a loss to learn, and wishes to know, how a scrutiny is to be supported throughout, that depends on contingencies and the precarious issue of subscriptions, and to reconcile a spirit becoming Englishmen, with the humiliating applications of needy beggars. The knight of the pestle and mortar, or the prating peer from the banks of the Liffy, are requested to explain these jarring productions.

A correspondent observes, that at the close of the poll, it is usual for the Court Candidates to come forward to the front of the Hustings, and to show their inviolable attachment to the cause, to take each other by the hand. They were on Saturday so closely linked, that, what with the cadaverous countenance of the losing Candidate, with the multitude of spectators gathered around them, it brought to his recollection the melancholy spectacle of the unfortunate convicts taking leave of each other at the place of execution.

Kirkwall, Wick, &c. for which Mr. Fox is returned, are principally in the interest of Sir Thomas Dundas. Wick is a small sea port on the east side of Caithness; Kirkwall is the principal place in the Orkneys.

The mean attempts made to injure the reputation of those virtuous female characters, who have patriotically espoused the cause of the defenders of the liberties of their country, are surely as ridiculous as they are unmanly and unbecoming. Ancient states and governments, remarkable for their wisdom, fortitude, integrity, and success, very judiciously encouraged a spirit of public virtue among their women. As then illustrious Princesses and distinguished patriots have not been wanting in England as much as in other nations, as they have shown abilities equal to the task of policy and government, and as they are or ought to be like the men, the most free in the world, what man that loves the sex, or respects liberty, can object to being canvassed by a British beauty?

“ I can create, said a King of England, a *thousand lords* at my pleasure, but I cannot “ make *one honest man*.” The prerogative Minister is engaged in manufacturing the first mentioned class of men; and a future Premier, it is hoped, will ere long, show us *one* of the latter!

A blunt political writer says, it was much more *honourable* to be a Member of Parliament in former than in present times; but it was not so *profitable*. Does any man *buy* without a view of *selling*? and how are the *buyers* of seats in Parliament to reimburse themselves, but out of the plunder of a wretched and almost bankrupt nation? “ D—n you and your instructions (said a worthy Member, in answer to some requisitions “ from his constituents) I have *bought* you, and I will *sell* you by G—.”

The cultivation of the *Belles Lettres* seem to belong to the *Ways* of England, just as the *Polite Sciences* have been fostered by the *Rousseaus* in France. And although *Sir Cecil* is admitted to be a first rate *scholar*, yet in the expressions of *Lingo*, there is a *namefake* who takes the lead of the Baronet, and is “ a *master of scholars*.”—In proof of this we subjoin

subjoin the following sign inscription, nailed on a tree at the corner of a lane, near Kenfington :—" I teeches larning at Sics pence a Weak, eache Parson.—*Nick. Wray.*"

A certain Great Person was very much against dissolving, but the influence of the Secret Committee carried the day, and the effects are what the people have woefully experienced.

Many a tradesman rues the day the Parliament was dissolved—and many a statute of Bankruptcy will that same dissolution occasion.

Should Mr. Pitt come over before the meeting of Parliament, and that Mr. Fox in consequence had a majority, Parliament will no doubt be again dissolved, and the sense of the people taken on the change.

May 11.] After the close of the poll yesterday for Westminster, an affray happened at Covent Garden. It seems, there had been summoned an extraordinary number of Constables, from the *Tower Hamlets*, to keep the peace. At three o'clock all was peaceable and quiet; but in half an hour afterwards, when the business of the day was finished, a violent conflict took place between the constables and the mob; the former of which were driven out of the Garden down King-street. At four o'clock, Mr. Justice Wilmot brought up a detachment of the guards, who, after twice or thrice parading from Wood's Hotel to the corner of Henrietta-street (headed by a few constables) seized on the butchers who attend with marrow-bones and cleavers, and conducted them to *Hood and Wray's* Committee Room. Mr. Elliot, the High Constable, several of the peace officers, and many of the mob, were very much bruised and wounded. The Guards were attending late last night.

Every friend to humanity must undoubtedly feel the deepest regret at the fatal consequences of the riot of yesterday in Covent Garden. The loss of a fellow creature by popular violence, ought to suspend every operation of party attachment, and induce all people to unite in the most zealous endeavours to prevent such dreadful excesses in future. But, however deeply we may lament a circumstance so dreadful, we ought not to suppress the dictates of indignation, or remain deaf to the demands of justice, when we find that these shocking events are not the natural effects of public assemblies, but the consequences of a settled plan to disturb the peace, foment mischiefs of the most alarming kind, and familiarize a species of interference which the people of this country have always beheld with a jealous eye. That occasions may arise, in which military interposition may be absolutely necessary for the preservation of peace, and the security of government, no man can deny; but surely the most venal abettors of Court despotism can never have the hardiness to say, that there was any thing in the complexion of the people who were assembled round the Hustings yesterday, that could justify the appearance of Justice Wilmot with his furious band of legal ruffians, and the consequent reinforcement of the guards! The business of the day was conducted in the usual manner, and no other bustle attended the poll than might naturally be expected, till the above Magistrate and his corps appeared, who, the moment of their arrival, evidently showed, that the sole purpose for which they came was to *pick a quarrel*, in order to call in the military, for what end it is not difficult to conceive, since the whole proceedings of the Ministry, during the Election, have been to effect the most arbitrary measures, and to leave no effort unexerted that might tend to counteract the wishes of the people. Let us, however, hope, that now murder has been the consequence of their indecent interference, they will suffer the Election to terminate quietly, and not mark their defeat with characters of blood.

A correspondent, who was present at the riot yesterday, assures us, that there never was a more audacious and unprincipled plot to destroy the freedom of Election, and strike at the liberties of this country, as this will come out to have been. The poll was proceeding

proceeding peaceably, though triumphantly, for the popular Candidate, no appearance of riot has existed for days past; yet this is the time chosen by the courtly Lord Lieutenant of the county, to convene together the Magistrates of Westminster, and they are directed to take vigorous measures to keep the peace; in consequence of this, a body of desperate men are hired, and constable's staves put into their hands, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the real peace officers, who declare that no such assistance is necessary, and that nothing but riot can follow. These men accordingly attack and insult Mr. Fox's friends;—an affray ensues, upon which they fly like cowards. The third regiment of guards kept in readiness with loaded muskets, are then brought forward. The houses of Mr. Fox's friends are forcibly entered, and after an indiscriminate seizure, a complete military government is established on the spot which has ever been held sacred to the exercise of our dearest franchises. But let the plotters and abettors, of this scheme of tyranny, beware. A prerogative Administration may *dare* much, but there are things which Englishmen will not *endure*.

The poll, say the *Court sycophants*, was expected to be closed yesterday, and therefore some precautions were necessary for the preservation of the peace. This, no doubt, very *pacifically* accounts for the independent Electors in the interest of Mr. Fox being knocked down, in the front of the Hustings, by Justice Wilmot's new levied banditti, which he calls constables, taking up sixteen innocent men for a riot, those very constables themselves set on foot; and all this, for the sole purpose of introducing the *bayonets* of the military with a better grace!

It is not a little remarkable, that the massacre of *young Allen* in *St. George's Fields*, in the year 1768, happened on the 10th of *May*: the murder was perpetrated by the third regiment of guards; the officer who commanded, was a Scots gentleman, of the name of *Murray*. A letter, encouraging the troops to act with vigour and effect, was written by Lord *Weymouth*, then Secretary of State, now Groom of the Stole to his Majesty. Yesterday, the 10th of *May*, a letter was written by the *Duke of Northumberland*, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Middlesex, to the magistracy of Westminster, to desire and beg they would act with vigour and effect. Accordingly, a party of the third regiment of guards were under orders the whole day; and on the pretence of any existing riot, were to be marched into Covent Garden, under the command of a Scots gentleman, of the name of *Johnstone*. Without the slightest provocation on the part of the people, a musquet was discharged; but here, fortunately, the parallel ceases, as there appears to have wanted a victim to this inhuman and barbarous outrage; Mr. Justice *Wilmot* therefore, must yield in point of authority to Mr. Justice *Gillam*, of notorious memory, though every one must do him the justice to believe that his intentions were equally *laudable*, although his exertions were not attended with equal effect!

It is known to be a sacred principle in the British Constitution, if we have yet a free constitution to boast, that no troops should be suffered to remain in any city or borough during the time of Election; the city of Westminster is alone an exception to this rule, from the circumstance of its being the royal residence, and that the King's Guards are a necessary appendage to the Royal Person. But is this circumstance to authorize so palpable, so infamous, so outrageous, and so unconstitutional an invasion of the freedom of Election, as was yesterday perpetrated by the Magistracy of Westminster? The Magistracy of this city has long been a reproach to the very name of justice, and unless some gentlemen of character will step forward, upon the present occasion, and undertake the function of Magistracy; it is possible that we shall soon see the inhabitants of this city delivered over to the controul of military power, by a set of the most abject miscreants under the denomination of Justices of the Peace, who have too long, under the present Lord Lieutenant of the county, disgraced the city of Westminster!

Lieutenant

Lieutenant Colonel *Johnstone* who headed the detachment of the third regiment of foot guards on yesterday's *ensanguined* anniversary, displayed a *genius* proportioned to the *honourable service* of the day, and proved himself an able successor of the celebrated Captain *Murray*, who commanded the same corps at the massacre in St. George's Fields.

It is not a little extraordinary, when a warrant is out against a man for an offence, not bailable by law, that a gentleman of character should think himself at liberty to avow his knowledge of the offender's place of concealment, and even offer to the persons engaged to prosecute him, that he should, on condition of being examined before a particular Magistrate, surrender himself. Yet it is positively asserted by a gentleman, who declares himself to have been present at the time, that *the son of one of the Candidates for Westminster*, was not ashamed to bring a formal message to Mr. Fox's Committee at the Shakespeare Tavern, offering that L—— the —— Constable, who has absconded, should be forth coming, upon condition of being examined before a certain Magistrate. If this be true, the story does not tell much to the honour of the gentleman who brought the message, or the Magistrate, before whom the culprit, seems so peculiarly desirous of being examined.

In order to preserve the *freedom of Election*, as inviolate as possible, the aid of the *military* is no doubt necessary. Our public places of amusement, the *opera* and *theatres*, were last night deprived of the usual party of guards; the soldiery being found necessary to attend to other *tragedies* besides those exhibited in the *dramatic world*!

A certain magistrate who has come forward on a recent occasion is so well informed in all *legal points*, that the inhabitants of Westminster may consider themselves peculiarly fortunate in having such a chief in their municipal jurisdiction. From his extreme caution not to exceed the *licence* of magistracy, he lately wrote a billet to Mr. *Evans* the bookseller, for guidance on that head, of which the following is a copy:

" Mr. Evans,

" Sir, I expects soon to be call'd out on a Mergensy, so send me all the ax of parlyment re Latin to a Gustis of Piece. I am,

" Yours to command, &c.

" GUSTIS WILMOT."

As the intelligent part of the world are at present busily employed in forming opinions of the different exhibitions of paintings in this city, we think it will prove a gratification to our readers to be informed of an intended exhibition of *political pictures*, which will be opened for public inspection in a few days in St. Stephen's Chapel; the following are reported to be among the most striking subjects:

1. The *Lava of Despair*, from Spencer, after the manner of Rembrandt by Sir Cecil Wray. This artist has been particularly happy in his choice of a subject, the grouping of the objects that form the fore ground of the picture are so characteristic and natural, that it is presumed the painter's mind was strongly impressed with that *melancholy* and *distraction* he has so ably depicted.

2. A *Noli me tangere*, drawn with a hot poker in the stile of *Salvator Rosa* by the Right Hon. W. Pitt.

The first essays of this artist's pencil were purchased with an avidity that promised him a considerable share of profit and reputation, but unfortunately he has contracted a manner of colouring that will ultimately destroy both; his best friends have advised him to recur to his usual simplicity of stile, in which he united truth and harmony; but his mind has been of late so far debauched by servile flattery, that they perceive their good wishes to be ineffectual, as the *presumption* of the young artist is evidently superior to his *judgment*.

3. *Cris-*

3. *Choræbus* destroying the monster, from the *Thebaid* of Statius, a capital performance in imitation of *Michael Angelo*, by the Right Honourable *Charles James Fox*.

The grace and greatness so conspicuous in this picture will immortalize the artist's name, and be considered as a monument in future times of the amazing excellence of an individual that existed and flourished in this age for the advantage and glory of his country.

May 12.] Yesterday afternoon at five o'clock, Mr. Prickard, the coroner for the city and liberty of Westminster, with an inquest of the neighbouring inhabitants, met at Wood's Hotel, Covent Garden, to sit on the body of the constable who died at one o'clock the same morning, of the blows he received in an affray before the Hustings, at the close of the Poll on Monday last.

Messrs. J. Hunter and Sheldon, on examination of the body, found three of the ribs, on the left side, had been broken, and that the skull had been fractured near the right temple, which last wound, in their opinion, was the cause of his death.—A variety of evidence appeared on the occasion, most of whom came voluntarily to depose, that the unnecessary band of new made constables, sent to the Hustings that day by Justice Wilmot, were the first promoters of the riot; and that at the head of these, was the unfortunate man deceased: but as a coroner's inquest seldom enquire further than by *ex parte* evidence for the crown, what immediately relates to the death of the subject, this part of the evidence (most material when the affair is brought before a criminal court of judicature) though heard in some measure, was but little attended to.—The evidence closed about one o'clock this morning; and the coroner having given his charge, the inquest, after about half an hour's deliberation, brought in their verdict, "wilful murder by persons unknown:" in consequence of which, there is no doubt but the sixteen innocent and inoffensive men, committed, as supposed accessories in the murder, will immediately be discharged.

About one o'clock — Kelly, Esq. one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex, came into the Hot l, and ordered the celebrated *Justice Wilmot* into immediate custody, charging him with being an *accessary before the fact*, in the death of the unfortunate constable. Wilmot being secured, was carried before Mr. Hale, another magistrate then in the Hotel, who was employed in taking the information against him, when this paper went to press, respecting a charge which was likely to undergo a long investigation; what may be the issue thereof, we cannot surmise; but Mr. Kelly's charge certainly goes to prove, that Wilmot's ordering the riotous band of new made *Middlesex* constables into the city of *Westminster*, was contrary to the collective sense of the magistracy assembled at Guildhall, on Monday last, in consequence of the Duke of Northumberland's letter; and that he, Mr. K. had predicted to the said Wilmot, the fatal consequences that must inevitably happen, should he persist in his rash, and ill advised project.

A large detachment of the Horse and Foot and Horse Grenadier Guards, under the command of Colonels Sir George Osborne and Thomas, took post round the Hotel about seven o'clock in the evening, and remained there the whole night, without the smallest appearance of any riotous or tumultuous assembly during the day or evening: the orders for this *constitutional* service it seems were issued immediately from Sir *George Yonge, the Secretary at War!*

It has been usual with men, who by their *imprudencies*, have reduced their finances, to feel their friends by secret applications, before they ventured *publicly* to announce their distresses. Prudence should have directed the *Wooden Committee* to have tried the
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wary Dukes to supply the *wiley* beggars with the needful, ere they had ventured to expose their poorness in *spirit*, as well as in *purse*, to carry on a scrutiny.

A correspondent is sorry to inform the public, that the Chairman of the *Ways and Means* at Wood's Hotel, by the increase of the adversary's Poll, and the heat of the weather, from a *puff up* state, ready to burst the seams of his coat, has discovered within these few days such strong symptoms of a consumptive habit, as to require, in addition to his own, the physical aid and assistance of Dr. Jebb, to prevent a total decay. It gives our correspondent concern to add, that the Chairman's mental faculties seem much impaired, and as it is supposed, that these alarming maladies of mind and body have been increased by vexation, disappointment, and distress, it is earnestly hoped, that all well-disposed Christians will contribute by their prayers and charitable donations, to restore him to his pristine state.

The Secretary at W— is to bring a Bill into Parliament to make it legal for his Majesty's army, or militia, to attend by detachments at the Hustings in London, Middlesex, Coventry, Westminster, and York, to prevent unlawful tumults and keep the peace during the Poll. And from this we are to suppose, that the army will shortly after surround the House of Commons when any popular measure is agitated. The people at this moment are ripe to receive any act against their antient rights, of which they now seem to be heartily tired.

Extract of a letter from Kirkwall, April 26.

"This day came on the Election of a Member for the northern district of the boroughs in Scotland, when the delegates from the towns of Wick and Dornock voted for John Sinclair, Esq. late Member for Caithness, and since returned for Loftwithiel, in Cornwall; and the delegates from Tain, Dingwall, and Kirkwall, for the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, upon which Mr. Fox was declared duly elected. Objections, however, were stated to the delegates from Kirkwall and Dingwall; and it was farther contended, that Mr. Fox, not being a qualified burgher in any of the towns, was consequently ineligible; from which it is supposed, that the merits of the Election will yet undergo the consideration of a Committee."

The dreadful sacrifices of St. George's Fields and Brentford Election, which can never be forgotten by the people of this country, and the abhorrence that will eternally be felt against the administration that promoted them, might have taught men who have the management of the state at this period, what shocking effects are frequently produced by the interference of government in popular assemblies. While the people are left to themselves, if they quarrel, a few bloody noses are the usual effects of their dissension; but as soon as the magistracy make a bustle, there is generally created an occasion for military interposition, the tumult then assumes a more formidable aspect, and the lives of the subject is the consequence of an attempt to *keep the peace*!

The avidity with which the present Ministry seized the opportunity of filling the metropolis with military on pretence of quelling riots, which only existed in the purlieus of Covent Garden, and for an hour after the Election, is a specimen of what we may expect from a young prerogative Minister; and it behoves the friends of liberty and freedom to watch, with a steady eye, the manœuvres of the secret influence, which first procures the execution of a number of constables, under pretence of restraining a riot, and then instruct them to occasion one, merely to give pretence for an introduction of the military.

Facts are incontestible.—It is a fact that there were *two hundred constables* extraordinary in the field on Monday.—It is a fact that a number of men were made constables on that day, and were paid for their attendance.—It is a fact that this body of constables commenced hostilities, and made the riot, though it is their office to keep the

the peace.—It is a fact that they did not act against the mob in general, but against the partizans of Mr. Fox only.—It is a fact that there were three constables for one man of any other description in the garden.—It is a fact that notwithstanding this superiority of the civil power, the *trading Justice* called in a military force.—The conclusions are obvious.

Major M—— threatened to charge the gentle and tender-hearted *Miss Keppel*, with *aiding and abetting* the riot, because when a poor old man was knocked down under the window where she stood, she, with her usual sympathy, *shed a tear*, and begged some of the attendants to take him away, that he might not be trampled to death!

Lord Robert Spencer narrowly escaped being killed on Monday evening by a soldier, who, not knowing his Lordship, pushed at him with a bayonet. The weapon missed his body, but penetrated his coat.

May 13.] Covent Garden afforded yesterday a perfect scene of peace and good order, for three very good reasons; because neither the *military Justice Wilmot*, nor his corps of *banditti constables* made their *constitutional* appearance for the *protection and security* of his Majesty's liege subjects!

Yesterday twelve of the fifteen inoffensive men, committed to Newgate by *Wilmot*, were brought before a bench of Westminster Magistrates, and admitted to bail for a common assault; the three others however, upon the *newly studied oath* of the *superceded Justice Grelton*, were detained on suspicion of being accessory to the death of the constable.—The *manœuvres of a wretched party* are too palpable not to be seen through and executed.

It is a melancholy truth, that party violence too often takes such entire possession of the minds of men, as to suppress every feeling of justice, and even common humanity in the breasts of those, who in cooler moments are most susceptible of them. We will not affirm that the unfortunate constable who lost his life in Covent Garden, has been the victim of the factious temper of the times, or impute his death to any criminal negligence on the part of those who attended him. Mr. *John Hunter's** private, as well as his professional character, secures him from the remotest suspicion upon the occasion, nor will the malice of faction itself venture to insinuate that the circumstance of his being a partizan of Sir *Cecil Wray*, in the present contest, could have the slightest influence upon his conduct. It is, however, to be regretted that Mr. *Sheldont*†, the gentleman who was sent by Mr. Fox's Committee to visit the deceased before his death on Monday night, was not allowed to see him. It is possible, that by suggesting the operation of trepanning, which we understand, upon examining the fracture, he was of opinion ought to have been tried, the poor fellow's life might have been saved.

Two inoffensive spectators, *William Neal* and *Thomas Shaw*, were so cruelly mangled by the banditti of Tower Hamlet constables on Monday last, that their death is hourly expected!

It appeared yesterday upon the clearest evidence before two dispassionate magistrates, subservient to no party, that the unfortunate constable who lost his life in the above affray, was at the head of that *daring band of hirelings*, who commenced the riot, and so wantonly and indiscriminately knocked down all the friends of Mr. Fox.

That illustrious modern *Ethic* writer, Mr. Soame Jenyns, mounted the Hustings a few days since, and from a meer *conscientious impulse*, gave his suffrage for Sir *Cecil Wray*: one of Mr. Fox's inspectors, however, not entirely relying on this *internal evidence*, took the liberty of tendering Mr. J—— the whole string of oaths, particularly the Catholic test, that the gentleman, who, by his writings, has refused to tell us

* Mr. John Hunter, a celebrated Surgeon, resident in Leicester-fields, brother to the late Dr. William Hunter, of physical scientific memory.

† An eminent Surgeon, of Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Lecturer on Anatomy to the Royal Academy, to which he was promoted on the demise of Dr. William Hunter.

what religion he *professes*, may, at least, by his oath, declare to the world that which he *abjures*!

Mrs. H——t has not *ballooned* a single vote to the Hustings, since she was *caracatured* by the *unmerciful Viscount* of Hanover-square.

The late alarming riots that have prevailed in Covent Garden, evince demonstratively the necessity of a reform in the Middlesex and Westminster police. Mr. Sheridan, shortly after his introduction to Parliament, proposed a bill for that purpose; but his knowledge and abilities had not then acquired that brilliancy which they now so eminently display. It is however to be hoped, that he will not abandon so benevolent and necessary a design, but promote it with every improvement arising from the maturity of his judgment and increase of his information.

It is not the least surprizing that Mr. Fox should be the favourite of the ladies, for that he is returned as member for a Scotch borough. This gentleman warmly introduced a motion to the House of Commons for the repeal of the odious marriage act; an act which controuls and suppresses those rights and honourable passions with which God, Nature, and Reason have endowed the young and virtuous. The laws of Scotland still leave mankind free to enjoy their freedom in this point, and therefore it is by no means astonishing that a portion of the Electors thereof should support a man, who has asserted, and who undoubtedly will assert those liberal sentiments,

A correspondent hints to Mr. Fox's Committee, and to those who would wish to bestow the honours amply due to the Duchess of Devonshire and her beautiful companions, the guardian angels of Westminster, to have gold medallions struck, in honour of their glorious contest, as a very acceptable present to her Grace, and one to each of her female friends: one side of the medal, our correspondent thinks, might represent her Grace at full length, crowning Mr. Fox with laurels and an applicable motto; on the reverse, the names of her Grace and her friends, who will be handed to posterity with greater eclat than the most celebrated heroines of Roman story.

The following extracts from authentic papers, are submitted for public consideration, at the present crisis, both as a record of former virtue, and as the best incitement to future acts of genuine patriotism.

Presentment of the Grand Jury of Middlesex, 1741, respecting the *atrocious violation of the freedom of Election, by marching a party of the Guards up to the Hustings, at the Westminster Election.*

Middlesex, June 14, 1741.

“ We the Grand Jury of and for the body of the county of Middlesex, do apprehend, that, among the many enormities and offences committed against the public, none deserve our observation and censure more than those which tend to the subversion of the ancient rights of the people to a free Election of their Representatives in Parliament, in whom they repose their undoubted share in the government, as well as constitute them guardians of their liberties and properties.

“ For we cannot but apprehend, that whenever the people shall lose the right of Election, or, which is the same thing, the freedom of Election, and be obliged to chuse their Representatives under the awe, dread, or influence of any other power, there must be an end of Parliaments, or, at least, *the people's interest and share therein.*

“ Wherefore being sworn to enquire for our sovereign Lord the King, and the body of the county, we, upon our oaths present find, That on Friday the 8th day of May last, while the Election for Members of Parliament for the city and liberty of Westminster was depending, and before the declaration thereof was made, a body of foot guards or soldiers, to the number of 50 and upwards, headed by officers, did, in the afternoon, in a military manner, march up near the place of polling, which practice may be of the most dangerous consequence to the liberties of the people, as contrary to law, and a restraint on the freedom of Election.

" We therefore being affected and alarmed with a due sense and dread of so daring a violation and insult, on our freedom and liberties, and *the dangerous consequences of military power exercised in civil affairs*, do recommend it to this Honourable Court to give such order and direction for preventing and discouraging the like heinous offence for the future, as they shall judge most proper and convenient." Such is the illustrious example given by the first county in England of a firm and manly resistance to the insolence of a military interference in the rights of Election. To this we shall subjoin an extract of the instructions from the city of London to their new members upon the same occasion.

" As standing armies have ever been esteemed burthenfome to the subject, and dangerous to liberty; and as the most sacred and valuable privileges of Englishmen have lately suffered *most outrageous insult and violence* at a neighbouring Election, where the military force was employed to the manifest violation of justice, and in the *open defiance of a law*, which expressly commands *that no man, by force of arms, shall disturb the freedom of Election*, we most earnestly recommend that by a constant and vigorous opposition to all standing armies in time of peace, you would preserve this nation from a calamity which has already been fatal to the liberties of every kingdom round us, and *which we at this day are beginning to feel!*"

Sir Cecil Wray's *sagacious* Committee have conducted their *murderous machinations* upon principles truly *Hibernian*. They first prevail upon *Wilmot*, that *sober, sage Jusiciary Resident* of Wood's Hotel, to lodge a detainer against three harmless men, for an offence that will clearly appear to have been perpetrated by the *Tower Hamlets banditti*, and the next day advertise a reward of Fifty Pounds, for the evidence of any person who can step forth, and declare the murderer or murderers UNKNOWN.

Yesterday another proposal was made to Mr. Fox, by Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, through the *official medium* of the High Bailiff, to close the Poll finally this day, (May 14th) which, however, was peremptorily declined by the former; the High Bailiff then rejoined, he should close it by his own authority on Monday next.

It should be known, that the High Bailiff is only a secondary officer in the present Election, the King's writ being addressed to the Sheriffs of Middlesex, who issue their precept to the Bailiff of the city of Westminster, and to whom he, the Bailiff, must make his return.

Lord Sydney sent for Mr. *Addington* of the police in Bow-street, on Wednesday last, and remonstrated with him warmly for not having stepped forth and headed the *military* in Covent Garden, on Monday evening,—the independent magistrate, with becoming spirit and good sense replied—" he did not think any justice of the peace warranted in so doing; nor would he in a similar case presume to call out the soldiery unless authorized by the official seal and signature of his Lordship himself as *Secretary of State!*"

A warrant has been granted by two magistrates of Middlesex and Westminster, for apprehending L—— the High Constable, who is charged with having begun the riot in Covent Garden, on Monday last. The Coroner's Inquest having found a verdict of wilful murder, against persons unknown, the beginner of the affray is legally guilty of murder; and it appears that L—— is well aware of this point of law, for which he has thought proper to absent himself, not relying much upon any evidence which Mr. Justice Wilmot may be able to collect, or the immaculate Mr. Gretton fabricate against the honest marrowbones and cleavers whom they have so extraordinarily charged with murder, for the mere purpose of raising a groundless Election-cry against their opponents.

Anecdote.

Anecdote.—The honour of *Gustus Wilmot* has lately rendered him an object of such general speculation, that every minutiae of his official conduct must be acceptable to the public. Not many years ago this worthy magistrate had a very hot contest with a brother of the bench, concerning some emoluments to which he thought himself entitled. Every Justice must be a *man of honour*—*Wilmot* consequently gave the other a challenge, who, however, affected to treat the hero with scorn, and, turning his back on the enraged Justice, appealed to some gentlemen present, whether he had not used him as he deserved? “No,” said one of the gentlemen, “you should have accepted the challenge; one of you might then have fallen, and the other must have been hanged. By this means the dignity of the magistracy would not have been injured, and the public rid of two very great ~~f~~—ls.”

An *Hibernian Lord's* visit on Thursday upon the Hustings, was rather *mal-a-propos* on the part of his Lordship, as a gentleman present immediately put a question to him respecting a 300l. *electioneering bill*, of near seven years standing, due to *Wilson, of the Bull, at East Retford*, which so disconcerted the *patriotic Pompey*, that he decamped amidst the general hisses of the advocates of liberty, and *common honesty*!

Mr. Jennings, of Covent Garden, to whom the Ladies, in the interest of Mr. Fox, are indebted for the accommodation of his house during the poll, has, in the handsomest manner, refused the smallest recompence on the occasion, professing himself perfectly neutral, with regard to the Election, declaring his only wish has thus been to gratify the curiosity of the Ladies.

A correspondent informs us, that the article, mentioning Mr. *Addington's* interview with the *Secretary of State*, is in some particulars erroneous; the Secretary did not express a wish that the *military* should be called forth, on the contrary, he thought it improper; but from what passed, it was evident that Lord *Sydney* had not the best intelligence of what happened at Covent Garden, as he understood the guards were ordered out on Tuesday to quell a riot, when, in fact, none had existed. Mr. *Addington's* conduct as a magistrate, is, in every point of view, irreproachable; his readiness to step forward to preserve the public peace is well known, and his reluctance to call out the military, unless in cases of absolute necessity, cannot be too highly applauded. It should not be forgotten, no, not even by a *Secretary of State*, that Mr. *Addington* is a gentleman!

May 15.] The poll at Covent Garden closed yesterday at two o'clock, instead of three, which has been the usual hour, owing to the following circumstance:—Mr. Fox's friends having received information that there was an intention of bringing the body of the constable who lost his life in the affray of Monday, from Nightingale-lane, to be buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, at the time of closing the poll, were apprehensive, that such a circumstance might give occasion to a renewal of those tumults, which it is so peculiarly the interest of the candidates at the head of the poll to avoid;—they made application therefore to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, to agree to close the poll at an earlier hour, in order that the people might quietly disperse before the ceremony of the burial began. This was with some difficulty on their part agreed to, it being strongly stated to them that their refusal would bear an appearance of their wishing to turn to solemn a ceremony, as the interment of a deceased person to the purposes of an Election clamour, and this consideration induced the abovementioned Candidates to consent to the proposal of Mr. Fox's friends; accordingly the poll was closed at two o'clock, and the body was interred at four; without more than the usual attendance upon such occasions. We are sorry to add, from the manner in which the procession was conducted, the deportment of some of the few persons who attended it, and the inflammatory hand bills showered down from the windows of Hood and Wray's Committee Room, there is too much reason to think a design was entertained of creating a tumult upon this occasion;

sion; which was happily prevented by the foresight, prudence, and moderation of Mr. Fox's party.

Another correspondent has given the following account of the above transaction, viz.

The Committee at Wood's Hotel, had planned an affecting *spectacle* for the close of yesterday's poll, from which, the most glorious consequences to *their cause*, were by such men naturally expected. A *mock funeral procession* of the murdered constable was *ably* planned, to be brought round Covent Garden, to St. Paul's Church, for purposes of the most *orderly*, and *peaceful* nature. The friends of Mr. Fox, however, having notice of the project, were determined to defeat its intended effect, and therefore proposed yesterday morning to Lord Hood, that the poll should close at two o'clock that day, in order to gratify the *pious feelings* of the widow of the deceased, in the singular mode she had adopted for the interment of her husband. His Lordship (who is too much of a *Courtier* already to offend any Gentleman by *too direct* an answer) begged leave to consult his colleague, and the High Bailiff, on a matter of so much importance before he could give a reply. However, after many *ifs* and *buts*, and *vestry closings*, his Lordship and the High Bailiff found themselves at last under the necessity of acceding to the proposition.

In consequence thereof, orders were issued from Wood's Hotel, to inform the *bonest blades* with the *oak-boughs* in their ha's, who surrounded the Hustings so early,—and Colonel *Johnstone's* brigade of the *Third Regiment of Guards*, then under orders at the Savoy—that there would be no occasion for their further services that day.—The mock interment was likewise *by command* deferred till six o'clock in the evening, when the procession was made in the following order:

BANDITTI CONSTABLES of the
Tower Hamlets;—*two and two*.
The LOADED BLUDGEON of the deceased,
decorated with scraps of crape, and
borne by one of WILMOT'S THIEF TAKERS.

A C O F F I N

(The BODY having been interred the preceding day at Whitechapel.)

A DRUNKEN WOMAN
personating the RELICT of the deceased
crying "BLOOD for BLOOD!"
"Damnation to F—x!"

The Justice — and Squire —. well cocked and primed,

As her CHIEF SUPPORTERS,
Each bearing a bottle of ANNISEED WATER!

Six WAITERS at WOOD'S,
with unblanched napkins round their temples.

Six Hackney Coaches
containing Lord HOOD and Sir CECIL WRAY'S COMMITTEE.

Mr. JOHN CH—LL.

KILLER in Ordinary to the COURT CAUSE.

TAG, RAG, and BOBTAIL,
closing the Scene.

This striking procession arriving at the end of Ruffel-street, took to the right, and perambulated by the Shakespeare, Wood's, and before the Hustings, to the corner of Southampton-

Southampton-street; after which they entered the church, *deposited the remains of their mockery*, and then retiring to the front of *Wood's Hotel*, there received the rewards of their *pious labours*, in large libations of *usquebagh* and *brandy*!

May 15.] *Against that part of the recital, signed An Elector, in yesterday's Morning Post and Public Advertiser, which respects the Gentlemen who followed the hackney coach, containing Justice Wilmot, Mr. Hood, &c. from Wood's Hotel on Wednesday morning, the Gentlemen alluded to beg leave to protest *in toto*. And lest their denial of its truth may be misunderstood, they do, in terms the most positive and unequivocal, declare the statement to be *directly false*. With regard to the Gentlemen following the coach, it arose simply thus:

After Mr. Kelly had substantiated his charge against Wilmot, he and Mr. Sheridan left the Hotel, acquainting the few of Mr. Fox's friends who were then in the Coffee-room, that the obnoxious magistrate actually stood committed. The assertion of his committal having been denied by some of the Committee at Wood's, the Gentlemen remained a little while in the house. That the fact was so, they had no doubt, not only because Mr. Sheridan said *it was*, but because several of the other party said *it was not*. A wish, however, to see, if under the circumstances of this affair, any man would be rash enough to discharge Wilmot, induced the Gentlemen to remain. In a short time the accused Justice came down stairs, and went into a hackney coach, amidst the execrations of several persons who surrounded the Hotel, and who exclaimed, "*To Newgate with him!*" he was accompanied by three persons, whom the Gentlemen took to be constables. The coach drove into King-street, and returning back again, stopped at the Hotel. It then drove towards Russel-street, and four Gentlemen (Colonel North, Mr. O'Bryen, Mr. Shove, and Mr. Reid) anxious to know whether he was going to prison or not, without one moment's premeditation, went into another hackney coach, and drove after them. Curiosity alone incited those Gentlemen to follow the Justice, and the course which the leading coach took increased their curiosity in a tenfold degree. It went up and down the same street three or four times. It went sometimes slow, and sometimes in full gallop. A consciousness of something wrong, and an eagerness to conceal their destination, were evident in the Justice's party. The Gentlemen, innocent of the remotest intention to injure or offend, held themselves at full liberty to gratify a curiosity as harmless as it was naturally excited, and made no scruple to follow the coach. That any person known to the Gentlemen pursued on foot, or behind their coach, the Gentlemen absolutely deny. Others might probably have been impelled by similar curiosity, but of those, if any such there were, the Gentlemen know nothing.—Thus much with regard to the expedition, and the motives of it.

As to the gallant detail of Mr. Hood's feats in two conferences with the gentlemen, they beg leave to assure the public, that they are neither more nor less than a *series of lies*. To those who know the Gentlemen alluded to, it is presumed there is no necessity of saying, that they are not of a complexion to endure with temper the species of address attributed to Mr. Hood by his historian. Had he used the words imputed to him, the reply due to a blockhead and a bravadoe would naturally have succeeded. It is true, however, that Mr. Hood, in a spirit congenial with the cause he abets, and perfectly characteristic of his connections, did express some fears for *his personal safety*; but it is as true that he precluded the Gentlemen the trouble of checking him, by instantly disclaiming every term of offence. The four persons in the coach that followed had not a single weapon of any kind; the four in the leading coach positively had. Those, therefore, who avowedly had "*bludgeons and broomsticks*," seemed better

* For the paper, to which this pointed piece of composition is an answer, see page 120.

calculated for assassination, than they who were wholly unarmed; and whether it was for the sake of his understanding, or from motives more influencing upon his nerves, that Mr. Hood apologized, it is difficult to ascertain: this, however, is true, that he prudently retracted his insinuations in less than half a minute after he had the weakness to express them. Mr. Hood might possibly be a very wise and valiant man. The Gentlemen in question, however, solemnly declare, that it is in the newspapers only they have seen his wisdom and valour upon this occasion. In *those* indeed there is a pompous display of various prowess, and if Mr. Hood himself can endure without pain the distortion which these imputed virtues force him into, the detail of his conduct could have no possible good effect upon a character, which assumes and attaches to itself so very much of what is so very, *very* little its right.

To suppose that Mr. Hood connived at the publication of yesterday, would be a hard supposition indeed. That farrago could only be the fabrication of some person, who, in contradiction to Mr. Hood's own practice, was prodigal of his safety, and wickedly wished to involve him in an embarrassment, which might hazard much more than the imputation of idiotism.

This morning Mr. Fielding moved the Court of King's-bench, for an information to be filed against Justice Wilmot, for assembling a large body of the Tower Hamlet Constables in Covent Garden on Monday last, by which the freedom of Election was violated, and other outrages, too notorious to be here described, committed against the peace of his Majesty's subjects, &c. &c.—Earl Mansfield paid the utmost attention to the eloquent and pointed statement of the case by Mr. Fielding, and, at the close of it, informed him, "*that his motion for a rule to shew cause, would come stronger after the final close of the Election;*" in consequence of which, the further proceedings in this extraordinary transaction are of course suspended, till the High Bailiff shall have made his return for the city of Westminster.

The attempts which have been made by the Committee assembled at Wood's Hotel, to transfer the original blame of the riots in Covent Garden, and their unfortunate consequences, from their own party to the friends of Mr. Fox, are too absurd and contemptible to produce any other effect upon minds that have the smallest pretensions to justice, candour, or truth, than a full and complete confirmation of their own guilt.

Without entering into a minute narrative of all the circumstances which attended this unhappy disturbance (the detail of which will be laid before the public, with every accuracy and authority, in as short time as the various depositions can be adjusted and transcribed) we shall only mention two plain facts, that are not even attempted to be denied by the adversary, and which we conceive will appear to our readers decisive upon the question, where these disturbances originated.

In the course of an Election, which has lasted longer than almost any preceding one, and commenced at a period when men's minds were more heated and irritated, than they perhaps ever were known to be even in this country, there have been only two riots.—The first was occasioned by a gang of sailors parading about the Hustings in an armed body, menacing and insulting all the friends of Mr. Fox.—No fatal consequence, however, happily ensued from this attempt. The sailors retired, and the riots ceased—every thing was quiet before they attended the Hustings—when they ceased to attend them every thing became quiet again. Where then did the cause of this disturbance lay? It would be absurd to attempt to direct mens opinions on an occasion so obvious and irresistible as this is. The riot commenced on that day, when the naval raggamuffins showed themselves at the Hustings—on the preceding and subsequent days, when they were not present, every thing was orderly and peaceable.

A full

A full month elapsed between this first effort to disturb the tranquility of Westminster, and that more effectual one which took place on Monday last, and there had not, during the whole of that interval, appeared the smallest symptom of a tumultuous disposition, nor in fact the least attempt at disturbance whatever.—If Mr. Fox's adherents had been disposed to tumult, how was it that they did not discover their inclination, during this long interval, when they might have done it with less danger and more certainty of success?—Are the Committee of Wood's ready to admit that the *Mob*, as they called them who adhered to Mr. Fox, are men of such nice honour that they are only to be stimulated into action by a sense of danger? If so, let them answer to the world, why they put them in a situation by an influx of armed constables, of displaying this very extraordinary quality in a "*hired banditti*."—If Mr. Fox's mob, as they term them, were like other mobs, they certainly would have been as much disposed to be riotous when they were pretty nearly on a footing of equality with the enemy, as when they were quite inferior to them, and if they were men of that high mettle to fight only when spurred to it by great danger, why were these official raggamuffins brought to produce that danger?—These are questions that they will perhaps have some difficulty in replying to.—Full thirty days had passed, during which Mr. Fox, from being the unsuccessful, became the victorious candidate, and no indication of tumult appeared—neither the exultation of victory, nor the provocations of the enemy, who, as is generally the case, became more insolent in proportion as they were less successful, could induce Mr. Fox's friends to violate that harmony, the observance of which he was every day so strongly enforcing to them from the Hustings. Under these circumstances, a low, dirty, wretched pettyfogging mercenary Justice of the Peace for Middlesex, undertakes (contrary to the declared sense of a general meeting of magistrates convened for the occasion) to bring *one hundred* fellows, under the denomination of constables, to the Hustings. It is now known that these men were composed of the worst members of the lowest orders of the community—as they had not been appointed constables before the commencement of the Election, and were at last appointed by an open and violent friend to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, let any man ask himself, with what feelings these people probably came to the Hustings, were they likely to be impartial in the execution of their office, who had received their appointment from one of the most hot-headed partizans belonging to one side of the question? If it was probable that they would, on this account, have a predilection one way, in what manner were they likely to show it; that must be answered, by asking what is the usual mode in which disbanded soldiers, crimps, shoe-blacks, and other such vagabonds, generally conduct themselves in a mob? The consequence was such as is easy to be presaged from such proceedings.—A riot took place, the unhappy effects of which are generally known, and sincerely regretted by *one* side of the question. Now let any man of plain unsophisticated understanding, lay his hand upon his heart and say, which he believes to have been the cause of this tumult, those men who had attended at the Hustings, for thirty days together, with uninterrupted good order and tranquility, or those who came but one day, and on that the mischief took place. This can be no question with a fair or reasoning man. Before these constables came, all was quiet. When they cease to come, all is quiet again. Then who caused the disturbance?—No detail of circumstances is wanting in a case so clear.—He that runs may read.

May 15.] Yesterday the poll at Covent Garden closed at two o'clock, by particular desire of Mr. Fox. It seems, some of Sir Cecil's *peaceable* friends had determined to bring the corpse of the unfortunate constable, who died of his wounds, from his residence in the Tower Hamlet (to which place he was removed) and to bury him in Covent Garden Church-yard, just at the close of the poll. This was intimated to Mr. Fox, who very wisely prevented the *effects which this humane scheme* would most probably have produced,

by closing the poll at two. Mr. Fox, in his speech from the Hustings, strongly recommended his friends to depart to their respective houses, and declared the poll would close on Monday next at three o'clock.

Thursday another proposal was made to Mr. Fox, by Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, through the *official medium* of the High Bailiff, to close the poll finally as the next day; which, however, was peremptorily declined by the former; the High Bailiff then rejoined, he should close it by his own authority on Monday next.

The following is a fact that can be proved by the most indisputable testimony. Just as their Majesties were about to set off from Buckingham-house for Covent Garden Theatre, on Friday evening (*May 14*) a private message reached them from *two illustrious candidates*, desiring them, for G—d's sake, not to venture into the regions of Covent Garden that evening, for fear of consequences the most fatal, as an *assault* was meditating of the most daring nature! Sensible of the *perseverance* of a certain character, they knew this advice would have no other effect than making the royal visit at the Theatre a matter of greater certainty;—the next thing was to contrive an uproar in the playhouse, to fulfil their zealous prediction; for this purpose, the *heroes themselves*, with *party ribbons* in their hats for the first time, went to the box lobby, and by various attempts endeavoured to force themselves into a conspicuous part of the side boxes, well knowing that a violent contest and uproar must have been the inevitable consequence of their appearance. The boxkeepers, however, who saw through the design, and ever determined to preserve the peace of the Theatre, very laudably told them there was no room in any part of the house (which was far from the fact) and thus prudently defeated the execution of a manœuvre, more desperate and pitiful, if possible, than the processional interment of the *riotous crimp*, who was lately slain in their *honourable service*!

The political opinion of the people of this country wears a very different aspect from that in which it was represented to the Throne by Addresses. London, to prove that the Address from the Metropolis spoke not the real sentiments of its inhabitants, has elected the very party who supported Mr. Fox. And Westminster, by a considerable majority, have proved, in the most decided manner, that the Address presented, and said to be theirs, was diametrically opposite to the sense of the people. This must convince our most gracious Sovereign, that he was deceived into a resolution of dissolving the Parliament.

A correspondent informs us as a fact, that early in last week the sum of *four pence* was sent to Drummond's banking-house as a subscription towards Sir Cecil Wray's Scrutiny, and after some consultation in the back office, the same was received and carried to account!! "Tell it not in Gath, &c."

A Gentleman who was present observes, that Mr. Fox's conduct in closing the Poll on Friday at two o'clock, was well timed, for it had the effect of stopping the burial of the deceased constable until four o'clock that afternoon, at which time the hearse arrived in the Garden from the Tower Hamlets, and was by direction of Sir Cecil's *peaceable* friends driven first facing the Shakespeare, and then turned round the Garden under Jennings's window, drove before the Hustings with a mourning coach, following it in which was the widow, who in *tenderneſs* to her deceased husband, thrust her head out of the coach-window, crying, "*blood for blood*." If our correspondent had not heard the words and seen the conduct he could scarcely have given it credit.

May 17.] This day at three o'clock the Poll closed for the city of Westminster, after being open since the 1st of April last. The numbers were, for

Lord Hood	-	6694
Hon. Charles James Fox	-	6234
Sir Cecil Wray	-	5998
Majority for Mr. Fox,	- - -	236

As

As soon as the High Bailiff declared the numbers on the Poll, Sir Cecil Wray, in a written declaration to the High Bailiff, containing his motives for so doing, demanded a scrutiny. [*For a copy of the Requisition, &c. and an account of the other particulars relating to the transactions, in the Vestry of this day, see p. 209.*]

On Mr. Fox's quitting the Vestry, his friends who were assembled to the amount of many thousands, insisted on chairing him, and the grandest spectacle ensued which we ever saw on any similar occasion. The crowds were innumerable; the windows were filled with the most beautiful women that ever youthful fancy can imagine; the streets were lined with carriages, and choaked with multitudes of the people. The description of Henry IV. was demonstrated, and notwithstanding the immense concourse, and the general triumph, the whole was conducted, not only with the greatest regularity, but with the profoundest peace. The following was the order of the procession:

Heralds on Horseback.

Twenty-four Marrow-bones and Cleavers.

The ARMS of WESTMINSTER.

Thirty Firemen of Westminster.

Martial Music.

Committees of the Seven Parishes, with white Wands, following their respective banners, and attended by numberless Gentlemen of the several districts.

SQUADRON of GENTLEMEN on Horseback in the Blue and Buff uniform.

Trumpets.

Flag.—THE RIGHTS OF THE COMMONS.

Grand-Band of Music.

Flag.—THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Marshals on Foot.

TRIUMPHAL CHAIR,

Decorated with Laurels, in which was seated

The Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES. FOX.

Trumpets.

Flag.—The WHIG CAUSE!

Second Squadron of Horse.

Liberty Boys of Newport Market.

Mr. FOX's CARRIAGE crowned with Laurels.

BANNER—*Sacred to Female Patriotism!*

Blue Standard, inscribed,

I N D E P E N D E N C E !

STATE CARRIAGES of their Graces

The Dukes of PORTLAND and

DEVONSHIRE, drawn by six horses superbly

Caparisoned, with six running footmen attendant on each.

Gentlemen's servants closing the Procession,

two and two, &c. &c.

The route of the procession was round Covent Garden, down Russell and Catharine-streets into the Strand, Charing cross, down Parliament street, round the end of Great George-street, and back to Charing-cross, Pall-mall, &c. St. James's-street, Piccadilly, Berkley-street, round Berkley-square; back through Berkley-street, and into Devonshire-house Court-yard, where the various banners formed in front, while Mr. Fox, alighting from his chair, ascended the steps, and joined his Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES, their Graces the Duke and Dukes of Devonshire, Lady Duncannon, and a train of other illustrious beauties, who were assembled on the platform, in order to greet the arrival of their favourite Representative. Mr. Fox from thence addressed his

friends, in an elegant speech, most cordially thanking them for the high honour they had conferred upon him, and requesting, as their triumph in the cause of freedom and independence had been so highly honourable to him and themselves, it might not be sullied by the smallest marks of tumult or intemperance.

The procession then turned off to Willis's spacious rooms in King-street, where they sat down to dinner about eight in the evening, and the night was spent with unusual exhilaration. The constitutional toasts which have always been drank at the meetings of Mr. Fox's friends were given; and Mr. Morris joined his convivial powers to the spirits of the company, which were sufficiently elevated with the triumph of the day. He sung two new songs full of applicable points. After the toast of the Independent Electors of Westminster

Mr. Baker proposed as a toast, "*Mr. Fox, and may the House of Commons fulfil the efforts of the Independent Electors of Westminster, and complete the Election of the man of their choice.*" This toast was drank with infinite applause, and Mr. Fox, in return, observed, that he should be the most ungrateful man on earth not to feel the most lively sensations of satisfaction and acknowledgment to the present company on the event of that day. It was a coincidence of circumstances which, he could not help remarking, that when several of the Gentlemen present, last met in the same place, few or none of them expected what they were all now witnesses of; but he was happy to say in their behalf, and it did them infinite honour, that even then their principle, their attachment to the great cause of liberty was still the same. This, in his opinion, was the most honourable testimony they could have given of the soundness and constitutional purity of their politics. For it was no unusual thing with many to boast of sentiments in prosperity which they were notorious for relinquishing in the hour of trial and adversity. Happily this was not the case with his friends, whose zeal and exertions were never more strong and exemplary than when their hopes of success were most doubtful.

Nor did he think it became him to be silent in praise of their attachment to the genius and spirit of the constitution, at a time when, by the arts of misrepresentation, so many other parts of the country had almost lost sight of their birthright as Britons and as men. They had given a glorious example of their honesty and public virtue in the worst of times, and in opposition to the most detestable machinations.

He would say it was flattering to him in a very eminent degree, that while he had been exhibited, in various places, as the most inordinately ambitious, their conduct who knew him best, who were the only competent judges of his politics and his morals, gave the lie direct to the scurrilous reports of those who only wish to traduce him, and every honest independent man, to a level with themselves. He had lived among them all his days, and been ever under their eye; and this day was, in his mind, no very unequivocal proof that the system of public conduct which he avowed was agreeable to them. He trusted the House of Commons would do that justice to their free and independent suffrages, which had been denied by the High Bailiff of Westminster.

On the eve of a new Parliament he hoped to be forgiven remarking, that notwithstanding the very extraordinary clamour which had been raised against him, those new Members who had come to town this night would hardly conceive him to be so very unpopular as he had been said to be. It was in short his pride that so many of the most respectable citizens in the kingdom had thus unanimously approved his exertions in the public service. This demonstration they had given in a way which could not be misunderstood, and against an influence which had few parallels in any Election in the annals of a free country. And he would only add, that the best mode of testifying his gratitude was by continuing to act the part which had called forth so spirited and so general a support."

The

The festival concluded, as it was conducted throughout, with peace and harmony. There was neither riot nor disorder. The city was generally illuminated, and it was illuminated without the assistance of a mob. May such ever be the triumphs of an independent city, over those who would invade the exercise of their rights!

We cannot close this account without expressing our admiration of the great order and regularity with which the whole was conducted; not an assault was offered by the triumphant party, even where the laws of retaliation seemed to demand it. The spectacle was brilliant beyond imagination, as can be fully testified by those myriads of British beauties, whose presence so powerfully graced the scene!—The *entre* of Carleton House, and Devonshire Yard, which every Gentleman passed through uncovered, in honour of the illustrious possessors, and the glorious pass in Berkeley-street, where an illustrious *Prince of the House of Brunswick* ascended some unaccommodating steps to the wall, with two illustrious Duchesses, in order to salute the *triumphant sons of Freedom* on their march, are circumstances too flattering ever to be forgotten by those who had the honour of beholding them!

May 18.] The High Bailiff of Westminster presented a paper this day to the House of Commons, in which he stated, that as a scrutiny had been demanded by one of the candidates for that city, and as it was not in his power to ascertain on which side the majority of legal votes rested, he had consented to the application, and that a scrutiny was *now pending*. For what purpose this little *inaccuracy* is committed, it is not difficult to say, as the scrutiny is not to take place till the 28th of this month.

This day at noon his Royal Highness the *Prince of Wales* gave a grand *dejeuné* to the nobility and gentry, at Carleton House. Several tents are pitched in Carleton Gardens, for the accommodation of the visitants, and the grounds laid out in a *novelle* stile.—This *morning fete* is given in honour of Mr. Fox's Re-election!

This evening Mrs. *Crew* gives a select ball and supper to the nobility and gentry, in honour of Mr. Fox's Re-election!

Yesterday morning the *Prince of Wales* was present at the *review* at *Ascot Heath*, in company with his *Majesty*. His Highness returned about half past three to town, and rode several times in his regimentals along Pall-mall and St. James's-street, where he was received with shouts of triumph by the populace, who had collected to see Mr. *Fox's procession*. Soon afterwards his *Highness* dressed for dinner, and appeared in his carriage, displaying in his hat the *Fox favour* and *laurel*. In his way to *Devonshire House*, where he was to dine, no description can equal the *acclamations* he received,

The number of *naval uniforms* which were yesterday *lent* from the *leathern doublet* in *Monmouth-street*, to give an appearance of *parade* to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil, is past conception. One fellow (a runner to Bidewell) who displayed a *Post Captain's* lapel on the occasion, falling in with a *hackney coachman* arrayed like a *Master and Commander*, took him into custody for stealing a horse; and carrying him before the sitting Justices in Bow-street, thereby deprived the procession of two respectable members!

When the question of a scrutiny was debated in the Vestry Room at Covent Garden, little *Counsellor Frag*, in reply to Mr. Fox, made a very happy distinction between a *legal writ* and a *constitutional writ*. We presume, however, that this cunning casuist borrowed the hint from Mr. Wilkes's comprehensive definition of the Constitution. It is said of the worthy Alderman, that once commending Mr. Serjeant Glynn as an excellent lawyer, and as well versed in the Constitution as in the law, he was asked, what he meant by the Constitution? To which he replied, *every thing, that is not law*.

The Minister is resolved to take the early advantage of a popular delusion which he knows cannot be of long endurance. He resolves to break down the ancient fences of
of

of the Constitution, and with a bold precipitance to trample on the rights and freedom of Election. With this view the Westminster Bailiff is to be supported through thick and thin. Quirks and quibbles are to usurp the place of plain honest principles; in short, all the dirty work of prerogative is to commence at the very onset of our virgin Parliament.

The Electors of Westminster are in as degraded a situation as ever fell by way of punishment on a franchised body. Their High Bailiff daringly tells them, that altho' he could not dispute the validity of their suffrages at the place of poll, yet the Representative they have chosen shall not be *returned*. His insult to the House of Commons has still greater indignity in it; as he tells the House, that a *Member* elected to sit among them shall be withheld his seat merely to answer the purpose of party, and to show how little he regards their importance!

The scrutiny promised for Westminster, and which will undoubtedly take place, will lay open, it is generally believed, such scenes of the most abandoned proceedings, as must for ever disgrace the ministerial party. They were open enough in many transactions sufficiently culpable; but others, still more heinous than those, remain yet behind the curtain.

In the *runder* Parliaments of former times, the poor decrepid High Bailiff of Westminster had no doubt been immured within the dreary mansions of *Newgate*, for an act which in these enlightened days will probably insure him, in this *plentiful season*, the full-blown honours of *British Nobility*!

If Mr. *Corbett* is really called up to the *House of Peers*, an event generally expected to take place, it will be by the stile and title of *Lord Puzzle Vote*, *Baron Scrutiny*, of the city of Westminster; with remainder, in default of issue, to the *nineteenth grandchild, male or female, of Hotspur, most high, most noble, and most puissant Duke of HURLO THRUMBO*!

A scrutiny for Bedfordshire was refused by the Returning Officer, because the whole Election had been a scrutiny. The same reason was assigned for refusing a scrutiny in Buckinghamshire. Let us see what reason the High Bailiff of Westminster had for granting a scrutiny, if we allow his power of doing so to be unquestionable. When Mr. Fox first began to recover his lost ground, the Test Oath was administered *because Mr. Fox's voters were all Roman Catholics*! When this proved no sufficient impediment to Mr. Fox's rising majorities, the parish books were then produced, *as Mr. Fox's voters were all inhabitants of Spitalfields*. This was still found by no means a sufficient check. The ruling powers then proceeded to suspend till the next morning five or six votes on a day, when they had any doubts of their validity; yet, after all this, when Mr. Fox finally closes the poll with a majority of 236, the High Bailiff thinks himself in duty bound to grant a scrutiny, even after the expiration of the writ, when he has no warrant to show for any further authority whatever!

A ministerial paper contains an advertisement from Mrs. Casson, relict of the constable, dated from Nightingale-lane, Wapping, in which, with most Ephesian piety, she offers 50*l.* reward for discovering her husband's assassin, and adds, that "from her ideas of constructive evidence," she conceives that Mr. Casson was the victim of party vengeance. One would have thought it scarcely credible that Mr. C—— would have given his sanction to so ridiculous a composition, purporting to issue from the pen of Mrs. Casson, of Nightingale-lane, Wapping.

Ministers will have a very powerful majority in the new Parliament. To what is this to be attributed—to their *weight* of character, or their *weight* of metal?

The

The following is an official copy of the return made by the High Bailiff of Westminster to the Sheriff of Middlesex, and by the Sheriff to the Clerk of the Crown.

“ Thomas Corbett, Bailiff of the Liberty of the Dean and Chapter of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, at Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, doth hereby certify unto the Sheriff of the said county of Middlesex, that by virtue of a certain precept, dated the 16th day of March last, and on the same day delivered to him the said Bailiff, by the said Sheriff, for the election of two citizens to serve in the ensuing Parliament for the city of Westminster, and by virtue of the writ therein recited (proclamation of the premises in the said precept first mentioned, of the day and place as in the said precept is directed first being made) he the said Bailiff did proceed to the Election of two citizens to serve in the ensuing Parliament for the said city of Westminster, on the first day of April now last past, on which day appeared and were put in nomination the three Candidates herein after mentioned, and a poll being demanded, he the said Bailiff did forthwith proceed to take the said poll, and continued to take the same day by day, during six hours each day, viz. from nine in the forenoon to three in the afternoon, until the day of the date of these presents inclusive, on which day the said poll was finally closed, when the numbers on the said poll for the said several Candidates stood as follows : viz.

For the Right Hon. Sir Samuel Hood, Baronet, Baron Hood	—	—	6694
of the kingdom of Ireland	—	—	
For the Right Hon. Charles James Fox	—	—	6234
For Sir Cecil Wray, Baronet	—	—	5998

The said Bailiff further sets forth, “ That on the said final close of the poll, a scrutiny was duly demanded in behalf of Sir Cecil Wray ; which scrutiny the said Bailiff has granted for the purpose of investigating the legality of the votes more accurately than could be done on the said poll ; and the said scrutiny so granted is now pending and undetermined, and by reason of the premises, the said Bailiff humbly conceives he cannot make any other return to the said precept than as herein before is contained, until the said scrutiny shall be determined, which he fully intends to proceed upon with all practicable dispatch. In witness whereof, he, the said Thomas Corbett, Bailiff of the said liberty, hath hereunto set his hand and seal, the 17th day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1784.

THO. CORBETT, Bailiff.”

Having laid before the public authentic extracts respecting the atrocious violation of the freedom of Election in the Westminster poll of 1741, we now subjoin the memorable speech of the then Speaker of the House of Commons (the illustrious Mr. Onslow) on the day appointed by the House for reprimanding the Westminster Justices who had dared to call out the military upon that occasion 15th Geo. II. Jan. 22, 1742.

“ You having at the bar of this House yesterday confessed, that you did send for and cause to come on Friday the 8th day of May last, a body of armed soldiers, headed by officers, in a military manner, who did take possession of the church-yard of St. Paul, Covent Garden, near the place where the poll for the Election of Citizens to serve in this present Parliament for the city of Westminster was taken, before the said Election was ended ; and you having acknowledged your offence therein, the House did order you to attend this morning, to be brought to the bar, to be reprimanded on your knees by me for the said offence.

“ I cannot better describe to you the nature of this offence you have been guilty of, than in the words of the resolutions this House came to, upon their examination into that matter, which are,

“ That

“ *That the presence of a regular body of armed soldiers at an Election of Members to serve in Parliament, is an high infringement of the liberties of the subject, a manifest violation of the freedom of Elections, and in open defiance of the laws and constitution of this kingdom. And it is impossible, if you well consider the terms of this resolution, but that you must have in your breasts the deepest sorrow and remorse for this rash act of yours, which if it had not been animadverted upon might have given the most dangerous wound to the constitution of this free country that perhaps it had ever felt—This country free, because the House is so, which this House can never be, but from the freedom of Elections to it; and, amidst the too many ways for violating that, none can be more pernicious, because none more quick, decisive, and permanent, than what you might have unhappily set a precedent for, and which might have grown to an extremity, under the specious and ready pretences of fears and necessity that supersede all law—a precedent would have received an authority from the place it began in—the seat of government, and the legislature of this kingdom.*

“ *But you have acknowledged your offence, and have asked pardon for it. This has disposed the House to lenity; use it not to lessen the sense of your crime, but to raise in your hearts that sense of gratitude you have to the House for that gentle treatment you have met with on this occasion.*”

In respect to the Westminster Election, we must observe, that if Sir Cecil Wray had polled 236 more than Mr. Fox, and that Mr. Fox had demanded a scrutiny, we do most firmly believe, let the circumstances of the case be what they might, the High Bailiff would not have granted a scrutiny, but on the contrary have returned the highest number as duly elected. In this opinion, we conceive every candid man in London will agree. The numbers being so high above Sir Cecil, the Bailiff, who in fact gave his sanction to, and approved of those votes, ought to have supported his own consequence by adhering to what he had admitted. We are therefore justified in joining with the popular voice in disapproving the extraordinary conduct of the High Bailiff on this important occasion.

Extract of a letter from Derby.

“ *The moment Mr. Fox’s victory was announced, the principal inhabitants of this town assembled at Mr. Symond’s, the Greyhound, in the Market Place, by repeated huzzas; the bells in the five churches were immediately ordered to be rung, and have continued ringing ever since without the least intermission. In the evening, an elegant supper was given at the same house, to a select party of gentlemen, and this day a grand dinner was given at the George Inn, at which almost all the principal inhabitants were present. Mr. Fox’s health was drank with two hundred and thirty-six cheers, (his majority upon the poll) and the evening concluded with every possible demonstration of joy, illuminations, bonfires, fireworks, &c. &c. &c.*”

When the news arrived at Chesterfield of the Right Honourable Charles Fox being legally chosen Member of Parliament for Westminster, the bells began to ring there, and continued at intervals till past twelve o’clock at night. A large bonfire was made in the market-place, and several cannons were discharged. In the evening Mr. Gosling was chaired round the town in honour of the Member, having in his hat a cockade, on which was written, in letters of gold, FOX AND FREEDOM, attended by a great concourse of people, chiefly composed of the principal inhabitants of the town, who all wore laurels in their hats.

It is somewhat extraordinary that Lord Mountmorres should be at the head of those who have demanded a scrutiny. Lord Mountmorres was certainly a lodger only when the poll began, and lived in ready furnished apartments. The title of Irish Peer gives

no sanction to a name at a Westminster Election. Let justice hold the scale, and the weight be impartial. If Mr. Fox has polled improper persons, he deserves to be turned out, and to be for ever reprobated for such conduct; and if Sir Cecil Wray has demanded a scrutiny on weak and frivolous grounds, he is a character equally detestable; very improper means were no doubt used on this Election by both parties. The servants of the Crown, and the Newcastle and Northumberland interest began undue influence for the Court party, and the Devonshire and Portland family opposed in favour of the other. This is very unconstitutional, and contrary to the right of Election.

C A R L E T O N H O U S E.

R U R A L F E T E.

May 19.] In consequence of the *Morning Fete*, his Royal Highness the *Prince of Wales* proposed, in honour of Mr. Fox's victory over the prerogative Candidates, a company of near six hundred of the first persons of fashion assembled yesterday at Carleton House. The suite of rooms were laid out in the most superb style for their reception. Nine *marquees* were pitched in the gardens, and covers spread in each, consisting of *devices* equally expressive of the political principles and gallantry of his Highness. The *Dejunc* displayed two hundred and fifty covers of the most choice viands, confections, and ices: strawberries, grapes, and a variety of the choicest fruits, made a part of the entertainment. Four *Bands* were disposed at proper distances in the gardens, two of which were composed of wind instruments; one was a regular orchestra, and one for country dances, at the head of which *Werner* presided. The *grotesque Italian*, who is so much distinguished for his oddities, made his appearance in the character of a *French Marquis*, his wife assisted in this *dramatis personæ*, and occasioned much diversion. After the elapse of a short period, a party was formed for country dances and cotillions. The ball was confined to the garden, and was opened on a spot chosen by the Prince. His Highness and the Duchess of Devonshire were the *first couple*; Lady H. Walpole was next who was honoured by the *royal hand*.

Among others who danced, were

Lord Carlisle	—	Lady Jersey.
Mr. Greville	—	Duchess of Portland.
Mr. Fitzroy	—	{ Mrs. Anderson.
Sir Harry Featherstone		{ Miss Ingram.
Mr. C. Wyndam	—	Miss Ingram.
Mr. Burrell	—	Mrs. Meynell.
Mr. St. John	—	Lady Duncannon.
		Miss Keppel.

Lord Berkeley was particularly favoured, as Lady Beauchamp, Lady Derby, and Miss Townshend, in the course of the dance, honoured him with their hands. The Miss Norths, Lady A. Campbell, Lady Chewton, Lady Lewisham, Lady Julia Howard, and several other ladies as well as gentlemen also stood up; but the frequent exchange of partners, puts it out of our power to give an exact account. This *rural repast* was considered as a revival of *old English hospitality*, and such was the spirit of the meeting, that it may literally be said the breakfast was not over till six in the evening. A select party of about thirty gentlemen remained after the company departed, to dine with the Prince; among whom were Mr. Fox, Admiral Pigot, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Col. North, Lord Lewisham, Mr. Boothby, Sir Harry Featherstone, Colonel Onslow, Sir Thomas Gascoigne, Mr. P. Delme, Lord Berkeley, Lord Winchelsea, Mr. C. Wyndham, Mr. Fitzroy, Colonel Stephenon, and others.

In the evening, the *Carleton visitants* met at Mrs. Crewe's, who gave a *Ball* on the occasion. His Highness, after his dinner party broke up, attended the evening scene

of gaiety. Among the ladies particularly distinguished by their dress, was Lady *Beauchamp* in a *white Polonese* of her own design, ornamented with *spangles*; Mrs. *Anderson*, who wore a beautiful fancy *Venetian* dress; and Mrs. *Meynell*, the elder, who was elegance itself. The gentlemen who visited Carleton-house were dressed almost, without an exception, in *blue and buff*. The *Prince* was in uncommon spirits at dinner, and besides singing several *songs* in a very pleasing style, also joined in some *catches* and *glees*. This entertainment was formed under the regulation of Mr. *Wilke*, and does him the highest honour for its elegance and taste.

A curious anecdote happened at the Prince of Wales's public breakfast. Some one, for the sake of a laugh, pinned a *Fox's cockade* on the *tete* of Lady Talbot, whose partiality for the Court Candidates was known to be violent. Every body wondered at the Lady's sudden conversion, and the eyes of the whole company were directed to the ornamented head-dress. At length, after those who were in the secret had fully enjoyed the titter, they commissioned a person to step up and compliment her Ladyship on her coming over to the standard of beauty and freedom. By this means she discovered the cause of her being so distinguished, and she was so enraged, that having employed the French Ambassador to unpin from her head dress the *party emblem*, she coursed round the gardens till she came to the political groupe where Charles was standing, and here she threw the *beau knot* down, and trampled it under foot.

Mrs. C R E W's B A L L.

Mrs. Crew's ball on Tuesday night, in honour of Mr. Fox's victory, was the most pleasant and jovial ever given in the circle of high life, and united all the charms of elegance, ease, and conviviality. The company was select though numerous, and assembled about ten o'clock in blue and buff uniforms; the dancing begun about eleven, and at half after the Prince's quadrille arrived, consisting of his Royal Highness, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Duncannon, Lady Bamfield, Miss Keppel, Mr. Stepney, Mr. Greville, &c. who, all dressed in uniforms, sashes, and feathers, danced the most elegant figure dance that could be formed; the Prince then danced minuets with the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Bamfield, &c. and then followed country dances, led by the Prince and the Duchess, till half after two, when the company descended to a truly elegant and comfortable supper. The supper business was soon dispatched, and, at the unanimous request of the Ladies, Captain Morris was placed in the chair, and a general call ensued for the *Baby and Nurse*; he sung it in his very best style, and the fair circle chorussed with the most heart-felt spirit. The Ladies then drank his health, and cheered him three times with true festive glee; upon which Captain Morris after thanking the fair company for the honour of their charming approbation, gave as a toast *buff and blue and Mrs. Crew*, which Mrs. Crew very smartly returned in a glass, with *buff and blue and all of you*. The toasts being drank, a party in another supper-room, consisting of Lord North, the Duchess of Portland, Lady Jersey, and others, sent a deputation to Captain Morris, requesting him to come into their room, upon which he went, and gave that company *the Baby and Nurse*, he then came back to the great room in a crash of applause from the Ladies fair hands, and resumed the chair; the company from the other room soon followed, and he entertained them with a continual succession of droll songs, applicable to the times, and sung them with a spirit that made every fair eye in the room dance with delight. In short, never was an evening spent with so much true pleasure and comfort, and every tongue in the room was unanimous in their expressions of satisfaction and admiration. At four the company resumed the dance, and a wit in the room said, Captain Morris had set the Ladies spirits into such motion, that he supposed there would be *Morris-dancing* till dinner-time. There were present, among others, the Prince of Wales, Duke of Devonshire, Earl Fitzwilliam, Earl of Jersey,

Jersey, Earl of Carlisle, Earl Cholmondeley, Earl of Derby, Lord North, Lord Leston, Lord Beauchamp, Lord Melbourne, Mr. Onslow, Sir Ralph Payne, General St. John, Colonel Fitzpatrick, Colonel North, Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Hafe, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Faulkener, and Dukes of Devonshire, Dukes of Portland, Ladies Jersey, Duncannon, Fitzwilliam, Sefton, Archer, Melbourne, Bamfield, St. John, Beauchamp, North, Payne, &c. &c.—The company were all retired between six and seven, and the whole entertainment was conducted in a manner that did great honour to the beautiful patroness of the night, and will ever be remembered in the festive annals of the great and gay world.

[We have now gone through the Paragraphical Part of our Miscellany, on both Sides the Question, which, we assure our Readers, has occasioned us great Trouble in selecting. Sensible how difficult a Matter it is to hit the Taste of Individuals, in Things of this Kind, we are prepared to expect Censure from some and Praise from others on one and the same Subject: We flatter ourselves, however, that our Desire to please will not be overlooked, though possibly our inferior Judgment may justly be condemned. We shall next proceed to the Trial of the Rioters.]

ON the first of June, *Patrick Nicholson, James Ward, Joseph Shaw, James Murray,* and others, took their trial at the Old Bailey, before the Right Honourable *Robert Peckham*, Esq. Lord Mayor of the City of London; the Honourable *John Willes*, Esq. one of the Justices of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench; the Honourable *Sir Richard Perryn*, Knt. one of the Barons of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer; the Honourable *James Adair*, Esq. Serjeant at Law, Recorder of the said City; and others his Majesty's Justices of Oyer and Terminer of the City of London and Justices of Gaol Delivery of Newgate, holden for the said City and County of Middlesex, on suspicion of the wilful murder of *Nicholas Casson*, at Covent Garden, on May 10, 1784. The following particulars contain the whole of the witnesses depositions, and proceedings of the Court thereon.

I N D I C T M E N T.

Patrick Nicholson, James Ward, Joseph Shaw, and James Murray, late of the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the county of Middlesex, labourers, were indicted, for that they, not having the fear of God before their eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, on the 10th of May, in the twenty-fourth year of his Majesty's reign, with force and arms in and upon one *Nicholas Casson*, in the peace of God and our Lord the King, then and there being, did make an assault; and that he, the said *Patrick Nicholson*, with a certain large wooden stick, value one penny, which the said *Patrick* then and there had and held in his right hand, in and upon the head, neck, stomach, shoulders, arms, back, belly, sides, loins, legs, and thighs, of the said *Nicholas*, then and there feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did divers times strike and beat, and cast and throw down to and against the ground, giving him then and there, as well by the striking and beating of the wooden stick as afore-

said, as by the casting and throwing down to and against the ground as aforesaid, one mortal fracture on the skull of him the said Nicholas Casson, in and upon the left side of the head, and divers mortal bruises in and upon the head, neck, stomach, shoulders, arms, back, belly, sides, loins, legs, and thighs, of him the said Nicholas, by which said mortal fracture of the skull, and the said mortal bruises as aforesaid, the said Nicholas Casson did languish, and languishing did live, and on the 11th day of May of the said mortal fracture did die; and that the said James Ward, Joseph Shaw, and James Murray, at the time of committing the felony and murder aforesaid, feloniously and wilfully, and of their malice aforethought, were present, aiding, abetting, assisting, and comforting him the said Patrick Nicholas him the said Nicholas Casson to kill and murder; and the Jurors say, that him the said Nicholas Casson, they the said Patrick Nicholson, James Ward, Joseph Shaw, and James Murray did kill and murder.

They were also charged upon the Coroner's Inquisition with the like murder.

J U R Y.

John White,	William Sherman,
Robert Winksworth,	William Roberts,
William Morris,	Andrew Cunningham,
Thomas Neale,	Thomas Alsop,
Joseph Berks	Charles Hayley,
John Hayter,	Robert Sudlow.

Counsel for the Prosecution.

Mr. MORGAN, Mr. SYLVESTER.

Attorney. Mr. JONAS.

Counsel for the Prisoners.

Mr. ERSKINE,	Mr. PIGOTT,
Mr. FIELDING,	Mr. GARROW.

Attornies.

Mr. COCKER, Mr. CROWDER, Mr. LOTON.

The witnesses examined apart at the request of the prisoners Counsel.

Mr. Sylvester opened the indictment.

And Mr. Morgan opened the case as follows:

My Lord, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, you will please to favour me on the part of the present prosecution; this is a very serious and important business, and therefore it is peculiarly necessary that you should pay a particular attention to the evidence that will by and by be produced before you; Gentlemen, a very wise regulation was recommended by one of the Judges yesterday, to one of the Counsel for the prisoners and me; that this cause should be tried by a Jury of Gentlemen who are not inhabitants of Westminster, for the express purpose of trying the prisoners at the bar with the utmost impartiality; I address you therefore, Gentlemen, looking upon you as men, uninfluenced by that unhappy spirit that has raged for a considerable time last past in the city and liberty of Westminster; and as men who, I trust, will on this occasion use their soundest judgment and their coolest deliberations. If any of you have at any time been engaged in the party disputes that have lately subsisted, and if you have heard or read any thing concerning those disputes, I trust you will remove from your minds every impression that you have hitherto received, but more especially any impression you may have received unfavourable to the prisoners at the bar. Gentlemen of the Jury, it is a duty becoming me, standing here as Counsel for the prosecution, to state to you the outlines of

of the transaction, for the mere purpose of guiding your attention to the essential part of the evidence, when that evidence shall be produced to you, and for no other purpose; therefore, I shall not consider it as incumbent on me, when I have stated the facts to you, to press you with observations on that evidence; the learned Judge will sum up the whole with that precision and impartiality which becomes high authority, sitting in a seat of judgment, and I trust in this matter, no party spirit whatever will interfere in the administration of public justice. Gentlemen, I need not state to you, that the late Election for Westminster was carried on, contested, and prolonged, in a manner that scarce ever was known in that city; nor need I inform you, that the Candidates were the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, Lord Hood, and Sir Cecil Wray; the Hustings were held in the portico of the church of St. Paul's Covent Garden, there was a booth run up in front, and extended to the end of the church, that part next Henrietta-street was in general occupied by Mr. Fox and his friends, the other part next King-street, by the other party; during the time of the Election, which lasted many days, an immense croud of people assembled on the Hustings, I need not tell you that there was a great deal of clamour, and of noise, as there is at all Elections; at one end of the Hustings, crying out Fox for ever, no Wray, at the other end of the Hustings, crying out Hood and Wray for ever, no Fox; some of the Gentlemen, friends to Mr. Fox, used the house known by the sign of the Unicorn, between Henrietta-street, and the end of the Hustings; at that House likewise from time to time assembled a great body of Irish chairmen, Welch porters and others, armed with sticks and bludgeons, but especially towards the close of the Poll, they several times forced their way in among the croud, and endeavoured to press through that part of the croud, which faced the part where Mr. Fox stood, up towards King-street; on one day towards the close of the Poll, a body of them were incensed, because some persons would not call out Fox for ever, and all at once as if in consequence of a signal given, they drew their bludgeons, and flew instantly on the people; proceedings of this kind induced the Duke of Northumberland to write to Mr. Manwaring, to take into consideration what should be done, for the purpose of preserving the peace, particularly at the close of the Poll; the magistrates met, and I understand, one of them, Sir Sampson Wright, in consequence of this wrote to Mr. Elliot, the High Constable of the Tower Hamlets, and requested him to attend with the constables of the division, on Monday morning the 10th of May, to go down to Guildhall, Westminster, and there receive his instructions; he attended accordingly with his constables, and among these constables was the unfortunate Nicholas Casson, who was killed on that day; Mr Elliot went to Guildhall, he did not receive any particular instructions, and repaired to his men; the Poll did not finally close that day, nor did it within a week afterwards; about the close of the Poll, within the compass of a few minutes, an Irish chairman, who is supposed to be one of the banditti, for I cannot help calling him so, was pushing about, and very ill using a black man; one of the peace officers observed him, he interfered, there was a resistance, and they got the black from this man, rescued him and put him into safety; this I suppose laid the foundation for an attack by several of the men, and if I do not mistake, by the prisoners Murray and Shaw, upon the peace officers; the consequence of which was, after some little struggling, Murray and Shaw, if I do not mistake, were taken up and carried to Patterfson's rooms; while this was doing a larger body of men assembled with sticks and bludgeons, and the prisoner Nicholson as I am instructed to say, and will be proved in evidence, with a large stick or bludgeon, knocked Casson down; this was followed by several violent blows, I am not clear whether Ward was there: Murray and Shaw had been upon the spot and active, but whether they were taken from the spot before or after, you must learn from the evidence; there has not been time

to prepare a regular brief, and what I am stating now, is from the depositions of fifteen or sixteen different people. The two men that were taken up had been upon the spot; upon this the men forced their way:—after they had knocked down, Casson, they endeavoured to keep the constables off; several of them pursued their blows, and struck the man several blows over the head, and other parts of the body, and to conclude the business, I believe one, if not more, got upon his body, trampled upon him, and broke three of his ribs; there he lay on the ground speechless, and whilst he so lay, he received several wounds; from that moment the man never spoke; a very violent attempt was made to surround the body, and keep off the constables; their object was to remove the body, which they did with infinite difficulty into Wood's Hotel; the man died in the course of a few hours. The coroner's inquest sat on the body the next day, and brought in their verdict wilful murder by some person or persons unknown. In the attempt to carry off the body, several of them were knocked down, and treated, as I may use the expression, in a very cruel manner:—one of them, a Mr. Nash, was pursued up King-street, and up the steps of Lowe's Hotel; then the men turned round towards King-street, where they continued the riot.—Gentlemen, these are the outlines of the case that I have to lay before you in evidence. Gentlemen, I scarce need tell you, under the direction of the learned Judge, that if a body of men armed, drawn up in battle array, three or four in a rank, and a great number of them in depth; if they assemble to commit indiscriminate insult on his Majesty's subjects, though they may not maim, so as to occasion the death of any man, yet if death ensues, and their design was illegal, the event will be murder, and they must be answerable for that offence. If I clearly prove that Patrick Nicholson struck the first blow, it is of no consequence whether he struck the fatal blow or not; it will appear, Gentlemen, that Shaw was upon the spot when Casson was knocked down, and that he was one of the very active rioters; it will appear likewise, that Murray was there at the time under similar circumstances; but I am inclined to think that Ward was taken into custody either a few minutes before or after; but however that may be, Patrick Nicholson struck the first blow. If Shaw and Murray were active upon the spot, committing acts of violence, though they did not actually strike the man that died, but struck other persons, I shall submit they were equally culpable with Nicholson. If it should appear that Ward was present and active at the time, he is equally guilty; but you will not pay any other attention to this state of the case than what is necessary to induce you to attend particularly to the evidence, and to discriminate between the case of every one of the prisoners; if you find them clearly and decidedly active, committing acts of violence, besides Nicholson who actually struck the stroke, you will say so; but if the Judge and you should be of opinion, that they ought not to be found guilty of constructive murder, then you will give that verdict. I only desire you will carefully attend to the evidence, exercise cool judgment on the subject, banish every idea of the circumstances from your memory, exercise a sound discretion on the occasion, and let a verdict be found on the clearest evidence.

Court. All the witnesses should be out of Court.

THOMAS DAVY *sworn.*

Examined by Mr. Sylvester.

I am a porter; I live at Mr. Adam's, in Grafton-street.

Was you at Covent Garden on Monday the 10th of May?—Yes.

At what hour did you come there?—About nine in the morning.

How long did you stay there?—I did not leave it till three.

Was there any particular disturbance happened about that time?—I saw a great deal of disturbance in regard of rioting.

Tell us what you saw, and who the persons were that began the riot.—The party were chairmen, and butchers with cleavers.

What

What did you see the chairmen and butchers do?—I saw the butchers begin with the marrow-bones, and then the cleavers, and they went marching on; and the chairmen followed the butchers, and were marching from Henrietta-street to King-street; they crossed the Hustings.

That is, from Mr. Fox's side to Lord Hood's and Sir Cecil Wray's side?—Yes.

What did you see these men do particularly?—The constables came, part of them were in Henrietta-street and part in King-street; the butchers I thought were going right through, to go homewards; but in the room of that, they let the Irish chairmen in till such time they got right facing the constables: Mr. Loton, the high constable, I saw him go down from Wood's Hotel, but I did not hear what he said; he walked as if he was going to Henrietta-street: The Irish chairmen began to play with their staves, many of them I know well, and they faced the constables. One of the chairmen called out to his companions, *Go it, my boys, go it*; then the chairmen began playing with their bludgeons. I did not see the butchers strike any person; the chairmen began cutting and knocking down every person they met.

About what hour of the day was this?—As near as possible I can guess, it was just about three, or it might be ten minutes past, but it was after the poll-books were shut, which shut in general at three; to say that I observed particularly the time I did not; it might be half an hour, it might be three quarters.

What else did you see them do?—I saw several people that were very much injured by blows brought away.

Did you see any one in particular?—I cannot say I saw any one in particular; I saw the deceased man lay, but I did not see him till *after* he was brought into Mr. Wood's Hotel; I never saw any person strike him.

Look at these men.—I do not know any of them.

Cross-examined by Mr. Erskine.

You was a pretty regular attendant upon the poll I believe, Mr. Davy; you are out of place I believe now the Election is over?—I have been out of place ever since Christmas.

You was not employed there then?—No, Sir, I was not.

You gave a great deal of your time there?—I did, Sir, it was my pleasure; I was not there every day, I missed one day, and I would have been there if I could.

You are the man that stood before St. Clement's parish?—Always.

And was always very abusive there?—Sir, I do not know I abused any person.

Did you never call to a Gentleman by name to come out of the Hustings?—No, Sir, I called to a great many Gentlemen.

Do you know Counsellor Baldwin?—Yes, I never insulted him.

Have not you called to Mr. Loton, *You Loton, come out*?—No, never.

Do you mean to swear that you never called out to this Gentleman that sits by me in a most insulting manner?—No, Sir, never in my life; there is the Gentlemen now.

Now, Sir, attend; do you mean to swear, Sir, before the Court and the Jury, that you never in the course of the poll called out to this Gentleman?—No, Sir, I can safely swear that; I do swear it.

Are not you the man without the tooth?—You need not mind my tooth, you have lost one as well as I.

Did you not call out to Mr. Crowder and Mr. Loton, time after time, to come out to you?—I never called to these Gentlemen to come out to me particularly, no otherwise than when they were examining a vote, I have many times said, if you cannot examine them, let them come down to me, and I will examine them.

Have

Have you not in the whole course of the day?—I have called out Hood and Wray for ever, many times.

You never received any money for this?—No, Sir, never.

You are a very generous man indeed; you was out of place then?—Yes, Sir.

Is that the suit of cloaths you had at first?—I have got another suit of cloaths, I got them by hard labour, I have cloaths to put on at any time; I have lived in the parish of St. Ann's eight or nine years.

When Mr. Fox came on the Hustings, did not you throw dirt?—I never threw dirt; I never threw any one thing in my life, nor was ever seen doing so; if any man can say so, let him.

You have sworn that you never did abuse and insult either this Gentleman, Mr. Loton, or this Gentleman, Mr. Crowder.—No otherwise than in talking just as I may to you.

Did you never call to them to come out to you?—No, Sir, I never did; when I have seen people shaking and trembling as they came up, I have said, it is a false vote, send them down to me, and I will examine them.

You never said, come out to me Loton?—No, never in my life.

You do not know at what time this man was killed?—I do not; I saw him lay before he came to Wood's Hotel, he was brought by people, I do not know the time he was killed, I saw him lay.

Was you in Covent Garden, near the Hustings, about the time he was killed?—I do not know, I did not see the man killed, nor did I see any man killed.

When did you first know that there was any man killed?—That might be about four o'clock or after; it was near four.

Do you know whether he was killed before or after what you have been describing?—I do not know.

Then all this, for any thing you know, might have happened long after this man lost his life?—I cannot say any thing of that.

What was you doing at Wood's Hotel?—No harm, I could go there when I pleased.

Was you not employed by that party?—No Sir, I did not eat nor drink, only what I paid for.

Had you never money given you during the time of the Election, or victuals by some of the Committee, or by some person concerned for Lord Hood or Sir Cecil Wray?—I have eat and drank, but never at any person's cost of the Committee; I never eat or drank at any one's cost but my own, at Wood's Hotel.

Did you ever pay any money at Wood's Hotel?—For whatever I pleased to call for, I have many a time gone into the room as other people did, and never have either eat or drank; I have had a glass of rum at Wood's Hotel, and paid for it to Mr. Wood himself.

What meat had you there?—I cannot say.

Have you not eat repeatedly every day of your life?—No Sir.

How often will you swear to, three times?—It is impossible for me to tell where I have eat and drank.

Will you swear, you did not eat ten times?—Yes, I can.

Will you swear, that you did not eat five times?—Yes, I can.

You paid for all this meat?—I did not, if I went in to get a glass of any thing, there was victuals always ready, and I have taken a relish.

Now what can the Jury think of you: attend Sir, we are not all deaf?—I do not know whose cost it was, if a man goes to get a glass of any thing, and gets a mouthful, I do not call that a thing to be paid for.

You.

You said you paid the money to Wood himself?—Yes, I eat and drank what I pleased, I go and eat frequently when I like, if I call for a glass of wine, I can have a mouthful of any thing.

Let us look at your left hand. (*A finger wanting.*)

Mr. Erskine. That is not the worst part about you, by a great deal; then you do not know but Caffon had been killed before these people had come up?—No, it was before Caffon lost his life.

Then you swear, that the butchers followed the chairmen, before Caffon lost his life?—Yes, Sir, but they went back again.

You told me three or four minutes ago, that you knew nothing about Caffon's having lost his life, till you went to Wood's Hotel at four o'clock?—I tell you now the same.

Then how do you know that he was not killed till after these men went across?—I saw the poor man brought in, I cannot tell exactly the time.

One question more, you told me a moment ago, when I asked you whether all that you had been describing, happened before or after the death of Caffon, you said you did not know, now you take upon yourself positively to swear, that all this happened before?—I mean to stick to the best of my knowledge.

Which will you stick to?—I cannot say, whether the man when he was brought into Wood's Hotel was dead or not.

Where do you live?—In Church-street, at Mr. Gregory's, at the Coach and Horses.

JOHN WILD *sworn.*

Examined by Mr. Morgan.

I am High Constable for Holborn division, I live at No. 21, Chancery-lane.

Was you present on the 10th of May, before the Hustings?—I was.

Give the Court an account of the earliest part of the business that you saw?—I will, Sir, to the best of my knowledge, I think it was about twenty minutes or half an hour past three, there was a dispute between a black servant and another man, the one hallooing out Fox! and the other said, No Fox!

Which called out Fox?—It was the white man.

What sort of a man was the white man?—He appeared to be a working man, he had a frock on, and I remember very well he had a large handkerchief about his neck, upon which I spoke to him, I was within side of the rail, and desired them to be peaceable and quiet, and to separate and not to have words, upon which the black man came up towards King-street, the other rather followed him, and two or three more hustled him against the black man, I spoke to the white man, and the man did not seem to return back; and I spoke to a peace officer, to go between them, and separate them, for the black man to go away, if he was going, and to turn the other man the other way to prevent any disturbance; the man with the handkerchief was rather obstinate (the white man) and I went to him myself, and put my hand against the white man's shoulders, and desired him to go the other way, I walked with him down to the bottom of the Hustings, and when I came there he got up on the flat stones adjoining to the pump, and there he was peaceable and quiet; upon which I turned my head, and there I saw a man laying on his back by the pump, my face was facing Henrietta-street end; I afterwards found that man to be Caffon.

In what condition was the man when you saw him?—He was laying on his back, and appeared to have had a blow from some person, who I cannot tell, under the left ear,

3 D

I stooped.

I stooped down and said "Good God here is a man knocked down." Mr. Loton, the High Constable was near me, and he said we will give him some assistance, and immediately there was a disturbance between many people with sticks in their hands, opposite to the Hustings, near Henrietta-street, upon which I went between them I mean that end next to Henrietta-street, I spoke to them, and they were peaceable and quiet for some little time; at that time I think I was spoke to by Mr. Sheridan, and desired to withdraw the Constables; I believe it was him, my answer was, to the best of my knowledge, "these constables do not belong to me, I have no power over them."

What was doing about Caffon at that time?—I was not near him at that time, Mr. Loton was near him I believe, Mr. Loton or somebody else said, we could not go away and leave the man in that situation.

How far was the pump from the Unicorn?—It may be twenty yards; then some gentlemen said, we will take care of the man; upon which being satisfied upon hearing that reply made to Mr. Loton, I withdrew towards King-street, I believe Mr. Loton went with me; upon which the marrow-bones and cleavers came, I followed them, I spoke to them, and desired them to go on peaceably and quiet, I first said, I wished them to turn back again, they made me some reply, but what I was not able to understand, from the noise of the marrow-bones and cleavers, but I do not believe it was any impertinent answer; and they passed by that end of the Garden that leads to King-street; presently many men came on after them with sticks, and I walked on very unconcerned, I took no notice at all, they did not appear to me for breaking the peace, as I thought; when I had gone a few yards further, I received a most violent blow from some person, I cannot tell who, on the back part of my head.

Mr. *Baron Perryn*. When Caffon was upon his back, did he appear insensible the first time that you saw him?—He did to me, my Lord.

Cross examined by Mr. Pigott.

I shall give you very little trouble, because I believe the testimony you have given, is perfectly consistent with what passed at the time.

Court. He has given a fair evidence.

Mr. *Pigott*. You say every thing was perfectly quiet, till there was a little dispute between a black man and a white man?—Yes.

I would ask you, whether the interference of the Gentlemen, on the side that was called Mr. Fox's side, appeared to you to contribute to keeping the peace at that time, or otherwise?—I should imagine so at that time:—what happened after I cannot tell.

After the little difference between the black and the other man was perfectly quieted, and you saw the subsequent transaction, were any of the constables at the Henrietta side of the Hustings?—Yes.

What constables were they?—I believe they belonged to the Tower Hamlets.

They were not of your division?—Mine were most of them gone home, I had only three or four.

They were not the Westminster constables?—I believe there was some Westminster constables amongst them, but I believe the major part was from that end of the town.

They were not the constables that were originally attending the Hustings for the purpose of preserving the peace and order?—No.

Do you happen to know whether they were constables at all or no?—No further than I was informed by Mr. Elliot.

If

If there had been any appearance of a riot, or disturbance, would your constables have gone away?—I do not believe they would, if they had seen it.

How long had these men been constables?—I understood four or five days.

I ask you from your observation of the general conduct of those constables that came from the Tower Hamlets, whether they contributed to preserve the peace that day?—I should imagine so.

For the purpose I have no doubt; but, I only want to ask you, whether the bringing them did in your opinion contribute to the preservation of the peace that day?—I cannot take upon myself to say that, I was not at that end of the Hustings at that time.

Under what magistrates did they act?—The High Constable will inform you that.

But I should like to have it from you, if you know, because every thing you say will be attended to?—I was informed it was from Sir Sampson Wright.

Mr. Morgan. That will not do.

Mr. Pigott. Did you see Mr. Justice Wilmot that day?—Yes, Sir.

Upon the Hustings?—I will not take upon me to say that.

Where were these people lodged, these Tower constables as they are called?—I do not know.

Do you know the number of them?—I do not.

Had Mr. Justice Wilmot usually attended the Poll every day?—I do not recollect he had.

JAMES LOTON *sworn.*

Examined by Mr. Sylvester.

I am High Constable of Westminster.—On the 10th of May, soon after the close of the Poll, I was standing within a part of the rail, at the front of the Hustings, and the voters were coming up with Mr. Wild and some other peace officers, and there was some little affray. I desired Mr. Wild to tell the officers to stick close to one another. Mr. Wild, first of all, was the man that spoke to the persons that were making a scuffle, and he immediately desired the men to go down to the south part of the Hustings. I followed him very close, and when we had got to the south end near the pump, I heard Mr. Wild say, good God, here is a man knocked down! I stooped forward, and I saw the deceased Caffon laying upon his back very near the pump, with his head towards the pump, and his feet towards the coach-way, and on the foot pavement there was a great number of people standing armed with large sticks, and there was some person from among them said, here is a constable that is knocked down, and none of your constables dare come to his assistance.—Charles Carey, a peace officer, went immediately to endeavour to lift him up, assisted by some others, immediately the people who were with sticks began to make a hallowing, and the sticks were all thrown upright:—Mr. Wild and myself immediately went forward, and desired them to be peaceable and keep good order;—almost immediately, Mr. Sheridan and Mr. O'Brien came forward, and spoke to Mr. Wild; and another Gentleman came and spoke to me, and desired I would withdraw with the officers; I told the Gentleman I could not take away the peace officers, or go away myself, till the person that was knocked down was taken proper care of, and I said the same to Mr. Wild: the same Gentleman who had spoke to me before came again to me, and told me the person should be taken care of; that no further hurt should be done to him;—I told him he behaved so much like a Gentleman that I could not refuse him; I did not know who he was, but I have since been informed that his name was

O'Kelly; and he told me upon his word and honour he would take care of the man.

Did you see the prisoner or any of them do any thing at that time?—No I did not.

It was after this the riot began?—There was a great scuffling, but there was no blows struck; we formed a line for the marrow-bones and cleavers to go along, and a whistle was then given; I saw the right-hand prisoner Ward with a marrow-bone and cleaver in his hand.

Mr. *Erskine*. This was afterwards.

Cross-examined by Mr. Fielding.

How many constables had you that day?—About sixty.

These men were under your eye as well as your direction; you told them to keep close together?—Yes.

The men from the Tower Hamlets were among the other constables?—I knew they were ordered there; I did not know where they came from; I do not know their residence.

Do not you know that they were lodged in Wood's Hotel, and that that was the common rendezvous?—No, Sir, they were not to my knowledge, my constables in general were ordered to Patterson's Room for the purpose of having their names called over.

Patterson's Room was a house of Sir Cecil Wray's?—Yes, I did not see what passed between the black and white man; I only knew that there was some scuffle.

On what part of the Hustings did the scuffle first begin?—About the third part of the north end of the Hustings, rather more to Hood and Wray's, than to Mr. Fox's, that is quite at the lower part of the Hustings, where he lay was nearer to the Unicorn than to Wood's Hotel.

It did no occur to you that it would be more convenient to take the man into the Unicorn, than into Wood's Hotel?—I should not have chose to have taken him into the Unicorn for this reason; I saw a number of people there with large sticks, I had several blows before by these people, and I should not have chose to have carried him through them; I never saw any thing of him after the Gentleman that promised me he should be taken care of, quitted me; I never saw him after I quitted him, till the whole affray was over, I then saw him laying in the yard.

H E N R Y H A R V E Y *sworn.*

Examined by Mr. Morgan.

What are you?—I am one of the constables belonging to the parish of Saint Ann's, Limehouse; it was on the 10th of May; I only know that man in the brown coat, that is James Ward; I never saw him before, nor I have ever seen him since; I never saw any one of the others to the best of my knowledge.

Mr. *Morgan*. Go to the prisoners—look at them.

Mr. *Erskine*. Good God, Mr. Morgan!

Mr. *Morgan*. Sir, because I know what he has sworn before.

Mr. *Garrow*. My Lord, it is now my turn to cross-examine this witness, and I ask your Lordship, whether it is ever permitted in a criminal court of justice, to tell a man, or to hint to a man, what he has sworn elsewhere; and, I trust, my Lord, I shall not be told now, as I was a short time since, that I am too young to do my duty to my client.

Mr. *Morgan*. Do you recollect the persons of either of the others?—To the best of my knowledge I do not.

Did

Did you see any thing done to Casson?—I was there attending my duty, with many other peace officers, I was near to the deceased when the riot first began, I was close to the end of the Hustings, where Lord Hood's division was; there was some squabble, and a man came out with a white wand, who, I suppose, was under the direction of the High Bailiff, and ordered us to go into the Hustings on that side; after the books were shut up, I went into the church, and the riot began at the end of the Hustings where Mr. Fox's party were; I went down to assist Mr. George Elliot, the High Constable on the Henrietta side.

For what purpose was you ordered to go?—I imagined to keep the peace, in case any thing happened.

Did you see any thing done?—When I came there, there was a number of chairmen and Irishmen, with sticks and bludgeons lifted up, amounting to fifty or sixty.

Was Casson then knocked down?—No, that riot was quelled, and I put my staff in my pocket, and I went through the Irish mob, and came round the back of the church; I returned into the front of the Hustings, and I acquainted Mr. Elliot the High Constable, and Justice Wilmot, that there were a number of people with sticks and bludgeons at a house opened for the purpose of Mr. Fox; Mr. Elliot and Justice Wilmot were then at Lord Hood's corner of the Hustings; Mr. Wilmot made answer, *You foolish blockhead, we are able to beat off five thousand of them*; with that I stood close to the High Constable and the Justice, and many more of my brother officers, expecting these butchers with their marrow-bones and cleavers to go along.

Did you see Casson struck?—I saw the blows given by many of the men, but who gave the blows I cannot say; these blows were given to many of the people, and myself.

Did you see any body strike Casson?—I did not.

Was Ward upon the spot?—That man was there.

When did you first see him there?—I never saw him till the second riot began.

Do you know whether Casson had or had not been knocked down?

Court. Long before the marching of the marrow-bones and cleavers Casson was killed.

Jury. Was Casson alive when you saw Ward there?—I saw the tall man, there might be about a dozen or fourteen with sticks upright, and the dead man was as far off as that gentleman.

Jury. I wanted to know if Casson was alive at the time of that second riot?—I saw him alive at the first beginning of the second riot.

Was Casson before that second riot knocked down or not?—Not to my knowledge.

Mr. Morgan. I beg to have that question repeated?—I saw Ward before.

Had Ward a stick in his hand?—I cannot say, there were a great many of them, and they had sticks.

Cross-examined by Mr. Garrow.

What are you besides constable?—I am constable and beadle of the parish of St. Ann's, and a gardener by trade.

Have you been a gardener lately?—Yes, I follow it every day.

You was attending your duty in Covent Garden the day you have described?—Yes..

How did it happen to become your duty, who were a constable at Limehouse, to attend to preserve the peace at the Westminster Election?—Here are my instructions.

The instructions read, directed

“ To the constables and headboroughs of Limehouse, and every of them, requiring them, in his Majesty's name, to meet the High Constable with their long staves the next day, and signed

“ George Elliot, High Constable.

Did

Did you attend to?—Yes.

Does your long staff go into your pocket?—It is a two foot staff, I put it into my coat pocket for my convenience.

You talk of something happening near Mr. Fox's house, that was the Unicorn, was it?—I never saw the sign.

What countryman do you happen to be?—I am what you may call an Old Englishman.

How did you know that was an Irish mob?—The Irish are a set of people that are very frequently in those cases.

So you take every man that is in a riot to be an Irishman?—Sir, I do not say every mob is composed of Irishmen, I believe there were more Irishmen than Englishmen.

So you came round the back of the church you say?—I walked all round the church, I went through a passage that comes into King-street, and I told my brother officers and the Justice, that there was a number of people with sticks at Mr. Fox's house; I had been inside the Hustings, and was ordered out when the High Bailiff went off, and Mr. Fox went out.

How long was you in marching round through Henrietta-street, King-street, and the Hustings, before you told your brother officers what was likely to happen?—About seven or eight minutes.

Your companion, Mr. Wilmot, however told you, you foolish blockhead, we are able to beat five thousand?—Mr. Wilmot was not my companion, I looked upon these gentlemen as appointed by the laws of this country to keep the peace there.

Was these five thousand to be beat by your gang armed with tattoos and bludgeons?—It was not my gang.

I beg your pardon if I have offended you or Mr. Wilmot; but by whom were the five thousand to be beat, was it not by the men from the Tower Hamlets, that Mr. Wilmot was supposed to beat the five thousand?—I do not know what you mean by tattoos.

Was it not by these Tower Hamlet fellows?—I look upon the officers belonging to the Tower Hamlet as capable as any others.

Was it not by the men that came from the Tower Hamlets?—I cannot say any such thing, how do I know any thing of the principles of other people?

Had not the regular Westminster peace officers quitted the garden?—I do not know them, there were a hundred with long staves.

Were they Westminster constables?—I cannot say.

How many came with you from the Tower Hamlets?—Only four out of my parish, I do not know how many.

Where was you mustered when you went to Covent Garden?—At a place they call an Auction Room.

It is not called Patterson's Room? I cannot tell, it was in King-street.

How many of you were assembled at this muster room on the morning of the 10th?—I cannot tell.

Were there so few as sixty?—I cannot tell.

Were there so few as one hundred of you mustered there?—I suppose the room would not hold one hundred.

Were there assembled in that morning so few as two hundred?—I cannot tell.

Were there so few as three hundred upon your oath?—I have been a peace officer seven years last Easter Tuesday; I am conductor of all the offices in the parish.

What office do you hold immediately under Mr. Wilmot?—None at all, I never received a farthing of his money in my life; I was sent for by a Gentleman, who is the High Constable's son, Mr. Elliot.

How

How long ago is it since he found you out?—He saw me there.

You know that is not my question.—I believe it might be in the course of a day or two afterwards.

Was not you sent for before the Coroner's inquisition sat on the body of Caffon?—I do not know when that sat; I saw Ward with his stick up like the other chairmen.

Had he his blue great coat on?—I cannot say, I was not close to him above a minute before I was knocked down.

You had never seen Ward before in your life?—No; I remember the features of the man, I do not remember any thing particular he had in his dress.

Mr. Baron *Perry*. Did you see any body strike the deceased at any time?—No.

JOSEPH GILMORE *sworn*.

Examined by Mr. Sylvester.

What are you?—A carpenter; I live at the Three Tuns in Fleet-street; I was at Covent Garden on the 10th of May.

Did you see the deceased Caffon struck?—I did.

Who struck him?—This man in the blue coat with a red cape, Patrick Nicholson.

What did you see him strike the deceased with?—A large stick with a knob to it.

Where did he strike him?—On the side of the head.

Where did the deceased stand at the time he was struck?—Near to the pump.

Which side of the head did he strike him?—That I cannot say particularly, whether it was the right or left.

Did he fall with the blow he received?—Yes.

Did any thing happen after that?—I did not see any thing more; I saw him taken into Wood's Hotel two minutes after.

Are you sure that man was the man that struck the deceased?—I am sure of it, upon my word, upon my honour, and upon my oath.

Have you seen him since the affair?—Never.

Cross-examined by Mr. Erskine.

Pray, Sir, was you examined before the Coroner?—No, I was not.

When was it that you made this discovery to any body that you are telling us now?—Yesterday in the afternoon, the reasons I will tell you presently.

You saw this man struck by the prisoner at the bar?—I did.

Then you knew at the time, for you say you saw him carried into Wood's Hotel, that that was the man that was killed?—I imagined him to be the man by his dress.

Perhaps then you can favour us with the reason why you did not make the discovery sooner?—My reason was this, I had made application before concerning the striking of Mr. Nash; one Kenny had struck Nash, I gave my address as living over the water, at the General Elliot, in Blackman-street; I had never heard any thing of the matter, and I came up to the Old Bailey yesterday about a little business I had of my own in hand, and I lighted of Mr. Nash; I spoke to him, and asked him if that affair was coming on; he said it was to come on this day, and therefore desired I would attend the Old Bailey; I then gave a second address where I did live, and as such I received notice to attend this morning.

As

As soon as this man was struck, you saw him carried into Wood's Hotel?—I went away from there and went round, and I came round to Wood's Hotel, and the man was brought in.

You saw Nash assaulted?—Yes.

How long after?—I suppose it might be very near an hour after that affair happened.

Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar before?—I had seen him in the Garden before, and I had seen him at some houses; I never saw him do any outrageous act.

Was not you examined before the Justice about Kenny?—Yes, and that is the very reason I assert what I do.

You told nobody of this there?—No, I was never asked.

You knew Casson had been killed at this time?—He had.

You knew that?—I did.

You never mentioned it?—I was asked whether that was the man that hit Casson, I told them, no; I was not asked whether or no I saw Casson hit or no, that question was never asked me.

Will you swear that?—I will, Sir; the question was never asked me to my knowledge; the question asked me was, whether I had seen that man strike Casson; I said, no.

Did you say you had seen him struck?—I did.

Did you say by whom?—I did not, because I did not know his name.

Did you endeavour to describe his person, that he might be apprehended?—No, I never was asked.

You knew that the Justice was sitting to enquire into the death of Casson?—Yes.

For that purpose, and for that purpose only?—Yes.

You came to give evidence about Nash?—Yes.

Was not you then asked?—Never to my knowledge, there was not such a question put to me.

Do you know that Gentleman?—Yes.

Did he not put any such question?—No.

Did you not know that the very purpose for which the magistrate was sitting, was to see whether it could be found out who it was that struck the mortal blow?—The purpose that I went for was, to be a witness whether that man was the man or not; I was asked whether Kenny was the man; I did not say to the Justice that I knew who the man was; I said that I knew several that was in the crowd.

Now you know that Kenny was only charged with assisting somebody that killed him?—Yes.

Not charged with having struck the blow at Casson himself, but with assisting somebody that had; you knew that fact?—I did.

Then you knowing who the person was, that was unknown to the Justice, that had struck him, whom Kenny was supposed to have assisted, did not tell the Justice?—The question never was put.

Who shewed you Nicholson yesterday?—Nobody at all, I did not see him yesterday; I knew the man when he came to the bar, and I had not seen him but five or six times.

What was your other business at the Old Bailey?—I had a little job, a lock, and I was going to get a key to it.

Was it about no trial?—No, Sir.

Nor you never was examined about any trial?—I have had no notice.

Did

Did not you come with Nash with a brief to that gentleman?—No, never in my life, nor never knew him.

Nor you know nothing of the matter?—No, Sir.

You say nobody asked you if you saw who was the person?—I say so.

Court. How did you know that this was the man that was taken into custody when you did not know his name?—I heard that the man was in custody, and as I was coming, I saw Nash, and asked him when his affair came on concerning Kenny; he said he did not know; says I, I have had no notice of it, it has amazed me much; says he, I believe it will come on to-morrow, as the men are in custody; you must attend to-morrow morning at nine o'clock; accordingly this morning a person came to me to desire me to come down to the Old Bailey, and I was then informed that the men were in custody.

Did you know his name before?—I did not, nor do I know that that is his name now.

You came quite accidentally to the Old Bailey yesterday?—Yes, I did not know till yesterday that I came up, that these men were to be tried, I did not know a word of it, I was going to search the brokers for a key, I went to several, their names I do not know.

In what street did you go to any shop?—In Turnmill-street, and Peter-street, and Cow-cross, and now the lock lays at Mr. Ive's, ironmonger, in Fleet-street; I could not get a key to it.

Do you remember the marrow-bones and cleavers?—I do.

Was it before or after this man received his death wound that they marched?—The marrow-bones and cleavers came first.

Did not you say it was in King-street you saw the affray?—I saw Nash knocked down in King-street.

Mr. Sylvester. When you was before the magistrate, were either of the prisoners in custody then?—Not that I saw.

EDWARD ARNOLD *sworn.*

Examined by Mr. Morgan.

What are you?—A carpenter and joiner.

Court. He is not upon the indictment neither.

Mr. Fielding. No, these are all new discoveries.

Mr. Morgan. Where do you live?—At No. 2, in Mount Pleasant; I was at Covent Garden on the 10th of May; I saw Casson struck.

How was he dressed?—In a snuff-coloured coat and a green waistcoat.

What sort of stuff was his waistcoat made of?—Shag.

Do you know either of the prisoners at the bar? look at them.

Mr. Fielding. And loook round the Court, look here.—That is the man in the blue coat and a red cape, Nicholson, that is the man I saw strike Casson twice.

Did you see him do any thing else?—I think he jumped upon him.

Did you see any of the other men?—I did.

(Mr. Erskine sent word to have the prisoner Nicholson removed from the corner of the bar to the middle.)

Cross-examined by Mr. Pigot.

How happened you to be at Covent Garden?—I happened to be ill, and curiosity led me there; I had no hand in the riot; I was there between one and two, and staid there till the Election was over.

You only took a solitary walk?—Yes.

Do you know Gilmore?—Yes.

Where does he live, in your neighbourhood?—He is an old acquaintance of mine; we were not together,

He was there by accident, as you was?—Very likely.

You say Nicholson is the man?—I think he was the same man, the person in the blue coat and red cape, that gave the blow.

Did you ever see him before?—Never in my life.

Did you ever see him since?—Never.

What did he strike him with?—A stick.

What sort of a stick?—I believe it was an ash stick, with a club at the end of it.

How was he dressed?—I remember only his features, he had lost his nose and one eye.

So the features of a man whom you have never seen before, and never saw since, you know perfectly well?—I think he is the very man.

Now, Mr. Arnold, you do not know how he was dressed?—No, it is the features of the man; I saw the man carried to Wood's Hotel, I never moved from the place where I stood.

How near was it from the place where Casson received the blow?—I stood a little distance from the back of the Gentlemen, by the steps going up to the Hustings; when the man was carried away I went up to the other end of the Hustings, I went with him, I never quitted the place where I stood till he was carried to Wood's Hotel.

Was he carried immediately from the place where he fell to Wood's Hotel?—In the course of two minutes.

And you followed him?—Yes.

There was some examination into the matter by the Coroner's Inquest?—I did not stop any longer.

Do you know, or do you not know, that whenever a man is killed there is always an examination before a Coroner?—Yes.

Did you go before that Coroner's Inquest, and tell that you knew the man that had given Casson a mortal blow?—No.

Did you ever offer to talk with Gilmore?—I told him, we were speaking together, and I said it was a cruel thing to see a man murdered in that way.

When might you happen to have this conversation with Gilmore, last Friday se'n-night?—No, Sir, it was last Wednesday.

What did Gilmore say upon that?—He said he could give his oath that he saw the man, and I told him the same when we were in discourse together last Wednesday.

Court. Gilmore said he never spoke to any person about it, let him be asked.

Mr. Fielding. My Lord, he has been in Court all the time.

You never conversed with Gilmore about it till last Wednesday?—No.

You met him accidentally?—I did, and he said he thought he could swear to the man; I said I thought I should know the man too.

Did you tell any body else of it?—The person I work for, Mr. Stokes, he advised me to come and tell what I did know; I have not mentioned a word about it till this day.

Then from Saturday till to-day you never spoke to any body?—No.

Not to any of the people that conduct this prosecution?—No.

You come here perfectly voluntary, never been subpoenaed, never desired?—No.

Court. I cannot see how he was upon the Gentlemen's briefs.

Mr. Pigot. No, my Lord, it is not to be accounted for.

Mr.

Mr. *Morgan*. In a cross examination of such witnesses in such a cause, it is perfectly extraordinary, but perfectly consistent with the whole conduct of the parties, to intrude observations.

Mr. *Pigot*. And with such a witness, in such a cause, it deserves a reprehension, and I wish it was in my power to give it such a reprehension as it deserves.

Mr. *Pigot*. You came here to-day without any subpoena?—Yes, in company with a Gentleman I work for.

Is he a witness too?—No, I believe not.

Have you seen Gilmore to-day at all?—Yes, I have, but had no conversation concerning this.

No, that I dare say.—He was in the room, there was no conversation about this business.

You never heard by any accident that any reward was to be given?—I do not wish for any reward.

I know you do not wish for it, because I know you are quite above it; but I want to know whether you ever heard of it by any accident?—No, never.

You never read the newspapers?—I never saw it in the newspapers.

I know you never did.—I sometimes read the newspapers.

You never walk abroad?—My business lays abroad.

You never read any hand bills that are stuck up at the corners of streets?—I never saw it.

Did you never cast your eyes to the corners or ends of streets, or those places where they stick up hand bills?—I have seen different things, but I never saw that.

You read such things sometimes, they interest you a little?—Unless I am going by, I do not take any notice; they are things that do not concern me, but this I never saw nor never heard of.

There were some marrow-bones and cleavers at the front of the Hustings?—Yes.

That was before Caston was killed, was it not?—Yes, and I don't know how long after; they were there before and after the time I staid.

The marrow-bones and cleavers were there before?—They were there before at the bottom part.

Court. Was not this bill of indictment found on Friday?—Yes.

J O H N J O S E P H *sworn.*

Examined by Mr. Sylvester.

Was you at Covent Garden on the 10th of May?—Yes, I am a coal-porter in Duck-lane, Westminster.

Did you see the poor man that was killed struck?—I do not know Gentlemen whether that was the man or not.

Where did the man stand that you saw struck?—He stood within six or eight yards of the pump.

How was he dressed?—In a snuff coloured brown coat, and green shag waistcoat; to the best of my knowledge, he had a round hat on, and his own hair.

Where was he struck?—On the left side of his head.

What was he struck with?—With a flat bludgeon, the nob of the bludgeon was flat.

Describe the end of it?—The head of the bludgeon was flat.

Who struck him that blow on the head?—Gentlemen, I cannot swear that; I cannot swear that the man that Patrick Nicholson struck was the man that was murdered;

I saw the beginning of it; but the end of it I did not stop to see? I saw the prisoner Nicholson strike a man, dressed in a brown snuff coloured coat and green shag waistcoat, and a round hat.

What became of that man who received the blow from Nicholson? I do not know, —I did not stop—I went away immediately; at the blow that came from the prisoner Nicholson, the man fell down like a block.

Did you see the prisoner Nicholson after?—Yes, I saw him and took him; I lived by him for years.

Are you sure he was the man?—I am sure he was the man that struck the blow; but whether that was the man that had his death from the blow, I cannot say.

Did any thing pass the next day?—The next morning I came to my own door, it rained very hard, and Nicholson, and a girl that he kept, stood together; he said, I believe I shall not be at the Hustings to day, for I expect a warrant against me.

Look at those other men?—I do not know one of them,

Court. How long have you known Patrick Nicholson?—About four or five years.

Cross-examined by Mr. Erskine.

How long was this after the marrow-bones and cleavers went across?—The marrow-bones and cleavers went twice, and at the second time of their coming this happened; they first went from Henrietta-street, towards King-street.

You say at the second time?—I have given my evidence as plain as I can: have I given my evidence, or have I not?

But you must answer a little more?—I say, as they came back again the second time with the marrow-bones and cleavers.

Court. Was this before such time as the blows were given?—Yes, it was at the time the blows were given.

Mr. Erskine. You call yourself a coal-porter?—Yes.

You was a soldier once?—Yes.

You are not a soldier now?—I am a soldier now.

That discipline was a little too severe?—What do you mean by discipline?

Many a better man than I or you either have had discipline; but never a worse man than you I believe?—I always did my duty as a soldier.

You have been in America, have you not?—Yes.

You have had a pretty severe flogging there?—So has many more.

Can you remember what it was for?—It was for robbing.

Did not you charge a man with an attempt to commit an unnatural crime upon you?—No, Sir, I did not.

You will swear that?—I will swear it and prove it; I dare any man to say that.

I say it, Sir, and will prove it.—I insist upon it that you would.

You did not?—Never, I will front the man that says so.

Perhaps you do not know Mr. Hubbard?—I know him, send for him if you please; I insist upon his being sent for.

He went over to America with you?—Yes, I know him well.

You were in the same regiment with him?—Yes, and in the same company.

And was not you flogged?—I am not come here to be flogged.

But I will flog an answer out of you:—Was you, or was you not with Hubbard in America; and did not you receive five hundred lashes?—That does not concern this business, I am not come on that business now; this is not what I came about.

Court. You have no right to ask him for what crime he was flogged, I do not think a man is obliged to answer any question to his own turpitude.

Mr.

Mr. Erskine. My Lord, with great submission, I have always understood, that no man is in a Court of Justice to be asked as to any thing that may bring a prosecution upon him; but in order to get at the veracity of a witness, and to see whether this man is really speaking truth or not, I have a right to ask him to an offence which is past and gone, and for which he cannot receive punishment again.

Court. I have always understood that no man or woman is to be asked a question that tends to disgrace themselves, I have known a woman asked whether she ever had a bastard child, and it has always been stopped.

Mr. Erskine. It is quite sufficient for me upon this occasion that the man has positively sworn that he never was flogged.—I defy you or any man in this kingdom to say that I have ever robbed any man.

Then you have been very unfortunate in having been taken for other people.

Do you know Mr. Rothen?—Yes, as honest a man as ever touched the gallows.

How often have you been in the watch-house?—I have been in the watch-house a dozen or fourteen times, always for fighting.

And nothing else?—No, Sir, nothing else, I defy you.

Perhaps you do not know Mr. Groves?—Who is he?

He knows you.—He knows me, what can he say;—that I have been whipped again?

Do you recollect resisting him with knives along with Champneys?—No, Sir, I never did.

When he had a warrant against you?—You mean I assisted him.

I mean you would not suffer yourself to be taken, but resisted him with knives.—If you will shew me the Gentleman I will tell you, but I cannot without you do.

GEORGE ELLIOTT *sworn*

I am a broker by trade—I am High Constable of the Tower Hamlets.

Did you attend the Hustings on the 10th of May?—Yes, with my constables, in consequence of an order from Sir Sampson Wright.

Was Casson one of your constables?—Yes.

Did you see the deceased whilst he was on the ground?—Yes.

What was his dress at the time?—I am not clear as to the colour of his coat, but I believe he had a sort of green shag waistcoat.

Did, or did not that man die?—He died at Wood's Hotel, as I heard.

How many constables did you take up?—I am not positive to the number; that man had only three with him; I suppose I had between fifty and sixty.

Cross-examined by Mr Pigott.

You have given a very proper evidence;—were there not a good many constables made and brought to the Hustings?—I did not see a man there that was not a parish officer, unless it was four; there were four came to me to receive orders; I told them I did not know them.

Court. Was you present at this muster in Patterson's auction room, in Covent Garden?—I could not get them together there, Casson was the first man that was there, I was several times in the auction room; on Monday fortnight I mustered them in that room.

Had you the Tower Hamlet constables there a fortnight before?—I had as many as I could get.

JONATHAN.

JONATHAN REDGRAVE *sworn.**Examined by Mr. Sylvester.*

I am a constable of St. James's, Clerkenwell, I was at Covent Garden on the 10th of May, when this unfortunate man met with his death.

Did you see who it was that struck him?—No.

Did you see any persons particularly active at that time?—I did, I saw James Murray very active in knocking people down, and likewise he struck me down.

Was that before or after this poor man met with his death?—I believe it was after; it must be after.

How long after?—Ten minutes.

Was you there at the time Mr. Caffon received his death?—I was towards Wood's Hotel, and this was done towards the pump.

WILLIAM SEASONS *sworn.*

I am a constable at Clerkenwell, on the 10th of May I saw Ward, and the man with the one eye, that is Shaw, I did not see the man knocked down.

Was you engaged in taking these men into custody?—I was not.

Did you see them taken, either of them?—I did not, but I was there after they were taken.

CHRISTOPHER YOUNG *sworn.*

I am a taylor in White-crofs-street.

Was you at Covent Garden on the 10th of May?—I was twenty-three days there, but I cannot say the day I first went, I was there at the very time and place, where the poor man was killed, I did not see him, but I was knocked down at the same time by James Ward.

Was that before or after Caffon had received his death blow?—I do not know, my breath was out of me, I was taken up for dead.

Crofs examined by Mr. Garrow.

Ward was among the marrow-bones and cleavers?—Yes, he had a marrow-bone in one hand, and a cleaver in the other, dressed as a butcher in a white jacket.

Had he a stick in his hand?—No.

Did the butchers wear white jackets?—It was white jackets, or flannel, I cannot say which.

ROBERT LINNEL *sworn.*

Was you at the Hustings when Caffon was knocked down?—No, Sir.

Was you at the Hustings on the 10th of May?—Yes.

Did you see any thing done?—Not in regard of the murder.

You do not know when Caffon was knocked down?—No, Sir.

Mr. Morgan. I wish to call Mrs. Caffon, to prove the drefs.

Mr. Garrow. She has been in the gallery all the time, therefore I object to it.

Mr. Erskine. It is a very uncommon thing.

[The widow wished to speak from the gallery, but was not permitted by the Court.]

JOHN HUNTER *sworn.*

I am a Surgeon, I attended the wounded man, I was called on by two gentlemen of my acquaintance to go to Wood's Hotel, to see a man who had received some injury at the Hustings, at Covent Garden; between eight and nine in the evening I went there and found a man in bed, perfectly in his senses, having all the marks attending either a violent blow on the head, or some injury done to the vital pars of the stomach or the heart;

heart; I was informed that he had been bled, and some physic was ordered, I saw nothing more could be done, I examined the man every where as narrowly as I could, but I saw no violence; there was a surgeon said, that there was a mark of violence on the left side of the head or neck, but I did not observe it; as there was nothing to lead me to a further examination I left him, desiring that he should be kept quiet, and I would call in the morning; but I believe I signified that I did not suppose that I should find the man alive in the morning; I happened to be out that evening, several people called on me, and I was told that Mr. Sheldon, the surgeon, had been sent for to meet me; it was past twelve when I returned, and I wrote an answer that I would meet Mr. Sheldon on the morrow morning at ten o'clock; the servant came back and told me the man was dead, and Mr. Sheldon was there then, I then thought there was no necessity to meet Mr. Sheldon; I received an order the next day, to attend the Coroner at five the next evening to open the body, Mr. Sheldon and I opened the body; on opening the body we found in his chest three ribs broke on the left side, and some other small marks of violence not of much signification, there was some extravasated blood in the chest; I next examined the head, upon making an incision into his cap on the left temple, I observed extravasated blood where a blow most probably had been received, when the skull was removed we observed more blood to issue than common; at the first membrane of the skull, we found opposite to the extravasated blood, a considerable quantity of coagulated blood laying between the two membranes of the brain; we examined the skull on the inside, and opposite to that from where the first extravasated blood had appeared, there were found several fractures.

Court. Were those the occasions of his death?—No, those were the appearances of it: the extravasated blood found on the right side, opposite to where the blow was given, occasioned by the blow, was the cause of his death.

What do you suppose the blow was given with?—I should suppose it was given by a blunt instrument; a sharp heavy instrument, such as a rod of iron, will make a very considerable external appearance, perhaps greater than an internal one; but an instrument of a considerable size, and with considerable velocity, may make no external appearance, because it covers so large a surface, but it may give the head such a shock, such a quick velocity, as to produce extravasation.

Court to Jury. What do you say with respect to the prisoners Ward, Shaw, and Murray; do you think it necessary to put them on their defence?

Jury. We think not.

Court to prisoner Nicholson. Now is the time to make your defence, your Counsel cannot speak for you?

Prisoner. I leave it to my Counsel and Almighty God!

Captain G A R S T O N *sworn.*

Examined by Mr. Erskine.

Was you at Covent Garden on the 10th of May?—I was.

Was you there at the close of the poll?—I was.

In what part of Covent Garden?—Abreast of the pump.

At what distance?—I suppose about four yards, I was sitting on a coach box.

Did you see a person at the pump that had been struck by some body?—I did.

Which you know now to be the person we have been talking about to-day?—I imagine so.

Was he laying under the pump?—He was leaning back in a man's arms, there were several people about him, they were giving him air; I did not see the blow given.

How long had you been there before you saw this man in that condition?—About a quarter of an hour, previous to the close of the poll.

In.

In what state was the Hustings at that time in respect to the tumult?—It appeared to me to be perfectly quiet; previous to the time the person lay under the pump, there had been a small affray, in which the constables beat the people on the right and on the left.

Did you see what was the cause of that little affray?—A man appeared to me to be holding up something like a halfpenny, and there was a scuffle about a black man; it appeared to me that the constables jumped over the outward rail, and endeavoured to take these people that had been in that little scuffle into custody; and that it was a trifling affray, comparatively speaking, to the bustle I saw one day before, near the Hustings.

How long was it before the confusion became considerable?—It was a considerable time afterwards; in about four or five minutes after the constables jumped over the rails, I saw this man down; the constables came out in very great force, I speak as to number: about four or five minutes before I saw Caffon down, they were driving people to the right-hand and left, the constables beat them excessively, and struck them with their short staves, they had some short ones; the people that were in the front went away of course; Caffon was killed in that little affray, I saw him laying under the pump ten or twelve minutes.

Did the proceedings that you observed in the constables appear to be necessary to quiet the disturbance?—It is a matter of opinion, I did not observe it.

Did you see any resistance?—No, none, nor a stick held up at that time, except the common little bustle; I thought there was a vast number of constables to take away two or three people that committed a paltry riot.

A considerable time after, I believe there was a scuffle?—There was.

How long after was it when it began, and how did it begin?—About ten or twelve minutes, or a little more; the man was laying under the pump at this time: there were marrow-bones and cleavers came round to the Unicorn from the end of Henrietta-street to the rails the other side of the pump, a little way where the man laid on the pavement, and they kept beating their marrow-bones and cleavers for some time, and the mob at that time appeared to be in spirits: this was the first time I saw the marrow-bones and cleavers go off. The constables appeared to me rather too open; it appeared to be a manœuvre of the constables; as soon as they got them within their reach, they attempted to close upon them.

If any of the persons who were on the outside at the time the constables jumped over the rails had assaulted the constables, do you think you must have seen them?—I think I must; it appeared that there was no assault on the constables till after the man had been killed ten or twelve minutes.

Cross-examined by Mr. Morgan.

How long had the company of butchers with the marrow-bones and cleavers been there before?—I did not see the marrow-bones and cleavers; he could not have been knocked down but a very few minutes by this mob.

Did not you when you first came see the mob?—The marrow-bones and cleavers, I saw the men in whitish coats; I sat on the coach-box about four or five yards from the breast of the pump.

Were there not marrow-bones and cleavers there?—They might be, but I did not see them, not until after Caffon had been killed; I first saw them on the other side of the pump, I never saw them on that day.

Where were they when you first saw them?—They were there when I first saw them.

Were

Were they Irishmen?—It is impossible to distinguish a man's country by his face, I saw nothing particularly extraordinary; I very honestly confess myself, that I thought the man was killed in the indiscriminate hurly burly; I saw no staff by him.

How many men did you see, chairmen?—About twenty-five or thirty, not more.

Do me the favour to look at the prisoners, and tell me if you remember them?—I took notice of Ward, the butcher, with one eye, and I recollect him particularly that day being on the other side of the pump, coming up long after Caffon was killed: they came down in a very large body, they intirely filled up the Hustings and booth; they appeared to me to be a hundred and thirty.

Do you really limit the number of chairmen to twenty-five?—No, I think there might be thirty.

How many of them might be about Caffon when he was under the pump?—I do not recollect seeing above two or three people about him, and they had sticks beating the hands of the people.

Were they chairmen?—I cannot charge my memory with seeing any chairmen about him.

Does not the pump stand at some distance from the Hustings?—Yes; they went off, but they returned again, but they did not advance at the time; when Caffon was killed the constables retreated; there were a few stragglers about the body, who got about him, and gave him water.

Court. They could not all be gone?—The people on both sides could not get away? it was the people in front that ran away, those that were on the left side were beat most unmercifully.

A A R O N A B B O T *sworn.*

Examined by Mr. Pigot.

I am beadle and constable of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; I have been four years beadle, and two years constable; I was in Covent Garden on the 10th of May, I was on the leads at the Unicorn, I could see the pump and a long way beyond it, and a part of the front of the Hustings; I was there when the poll closed at three o'clock, and I was there before that time.

Was there any rioting in the front of the Hustings?—I cannot say there was much, only a parcel of constables came pushing people about.

Was there any disturbance then?—Only that they would not let people stand quietly.

After the close of the poll was there any disturbance?—There was some scuffle in the front, a man held something, it might be a halfpenny, and called out Fox for ever, and one man whom they call Lucas, that generally wears spectacles, he jumped over the rails to strike him, and the affray began on that; that is my opinion of it: from that there came a great body of them together, parading backwards and forwards to the amount of two hundred, down by the Hustings with their sticks, knocking people about.

Did they follow Lucas?—I believe they followed him.

Did those constables strike?—They struck a great number of people.

Were those people resisting them?—Not that I saw, they came down as low as the pump and came back a second time, some of them struck at the whole of them.

They struck indiscriminately?—Yes, Sir.

Was there any cry about any body's being knocked down?—Then there was a cry as I really believe, of a High Constable that had knocked a man down.

Did you see the man knocked down?—I did not see him struck, I saw him when he was down.

Did you at that time observe any of the chairmen or butchers there?—There were none nigh to my knowledge.

Did the constables go away after that?—After that they began striking violently.

Did the marrow-bones and cleavers come across after that?—At that time they stood by a row of coaches all quiet, with their cleavers over their arms, but they went towards the pump and returned again, and went and stood very quiet by Mr. Jennings's door, then they were taken one by one, to the Committee Room.

Cross-examined by Mr. Sylvester.

If I understand you right, you were upon the leads of the Unicorn?—Yes, it projects a good way out.

The Hustings were inclosed in the boards?—Yes.

Lucas was within the Hustings?—No, Sir, there is a way intirely through in the front of the Hustings, and there is a rail, and he was there; there was a scuffle.

Between whom?—By the constables in general, as I saw, I do not know but they might scuffle with one another, they hardly knew one another, and the constables went to knock down every man that called out Fox for ever, they did not knock down any other person whatever, I did not see who struck the deceased, there was one Mr. Elliott, he was very busy and struck away very violently, and there was Mr. Wild equally the same, very busy.

Did he strike any body?—I saw him strike people, Lucas, who wears spectacles, he was very busy all the whole time, and indeed the whole of the Election.

Was there no chairmen nor butchers about Mr. Fox's side?—There were not, but there were plenty of spectators, they might have sticks, I did not take particular notice.

Then how can you take upon yourself to swear, you do not mean to say, that round this pump there were none but constables?—There were the most constables, but I cannot say that there were none but constables.

Did you know the prisoner?—I cannot say.

—CHRISTOPHER JACOB *sworn.*

Examined by Mr. Fielding.

What are you?—I am an Umbrella-maker, I live in Round Court, I was at Covent Garden on the 10th of May.

In what situation was you when the poll closed?—In the front of the Hustings about the middle part.

And at that time all was quiet?—There was a scuffle ensued between a black man and a white man, and there were some constables before the rails, and they jumped over the rails, they pressed forward, and they were immediately joined by another body of constables, the name of one is, as they said, Lucas.

From what side of the Hustings did this body of constables come?—From Wood's Hotel, every one of them.

How many constables might there be collected there?—There might be forty, I cannot say exactly, they came bearing down their staves, and this man in black, with a pair of spectacles and a light coloured two curled wig, I am told his name is Lucas, he struck at several people, they bore me down as well as several other people,

people, and they pressed onwards towards Henrietta-street, the people gave way towards the pump.

What happened by the pump at that time?—When they came down nearer the pump there was a man dressed with white stockings and black breeches; his waistcoat I cannot be sure to, but his coat was of the olive kind; I believe his waistcoat was green; I saw this man fight with Lucas in spectacles, with a constable's staff in his hand, and they said the man in black struck a blow, which blow that man received.

Court. Where did that blow light?—Whether he struck at him with a design I cannot say, but a blow that man received somewhere on the side of his head, it made him stagger very much; the man that made the blow at me, lifted up his staff at the same time, and that took my attention from the man, I did not see him drop, but I saw him reel, I was pressed considerably, and soon after I came upon the flag stones facing the watch-house, then I looked and saw the same man under the pump, they were rubbing water down his temples, I was not two yards from him, I am sure it was the same man, I saw no others than constables that were about him at that time when I saw the blow given; when I came on the flag stones, Mr. Sheridan asked me who the man was that lay under the pump, I said I did not know who he was, but I heard he was a constable, I saw no other but constables.

Did you see any chairmen or any persons resembling chairmen at the pump at that time?—No, Sir, I do not know that that was the man, I never saw him after, the man that was under the pump I saw the blow given to.

Did you see the prisoners there?—No, I did not.

Mr. Morgan. What are you?—An Umbrella-maker.

Are you a Jew or a Christian?—I am a Christian, Sir, my name is Jacob, I was there most days, I was there that day from one, I was not paid.

You did not see this unhappy man trampled on, did you?—No, I did not.

Had you seen Casson any time before to fix your attention upon him, so as to observe whether he was an officer or not?—I do not know that he was an officer, only as the people said, I did not see him with a staff in his hand, I did not describe him so.

W I L L I A M J E N N E R *sworn.*

Examined by Mr. Garrow.

I am a Breeches-maker, I live in St. Martin's-lane.

Was you in Covent Garden the 10th of May?—I was near the church, but I was drove down by the mob to the pump, that might be between three or four, I went there about half past twelve, and was there till six.

Who drove you down to the pump?—I was drove entirely by the constables.

Did you see any thing remarkable near the pump?—Yes.

What was it?—I saw the constables all bear down in a full body from Wood's Hotel, which is King-street end of the Hustings down to the pump; when they came to the pump, I was standing facing the spot, and there came a head constable with the whole kit of the constables, each had a black staff with silver tipped at each end, and a crown at top; it was about two feet long, I was standing there, and if I had not moved I should have been knocked down by it, he held it up in his hand, and he was knocking down all before him, I was obliged to move out of his way, or else I should have got a blow, he was followed by a large number of other persons, the multitude ran away.

Did you see any body struck?—Yes, there was a man on the right hand side of me near the pump; he was a tallish man between forty and fifty, dressed in a darkish coloured

loured coat and a green feathered waistcoat; he was struck with this High Constable's staff on the left side on the temple.

Did the blow appear to be severe?—No, it did not, but he fell with the blow; after he was knocked down, he was trampled over by the other constables; he was taken to the corner of Mr. Fox's house, the Unicorn, and taken up one pair of stairs, and there continued an hour.

Where was he carried to afterwards?—I do not know, I never saw him afterwards; I was up there half an hour in the room.

Cross-examined by Mr. Sylvester.

You know the High Constable of Westminster?—Yes.

It was not he that knocked the man down?—I do not know that I should know him again.

Look at each of these High Constables, was it either of them?—No, I do not say it was, but I am sure it was a High Constable; the man I saw had no staff; there was a serious scuffle between the two parties, Mr. Wray's party drove off Mr. Fox's.

They were all pretty peaceable when this blow was given?—He had no staff in his hand, the man that was knocked down, not as I saw; I cannot rightly swear to the constable's hat, but I could to his wig; I am sure he was an High Constable.

Mr. *Erskine*. The other witnesses, that have sworn against the prisoners, have sworn to the direct contrary.

WILLIAM FOSSET *sworn.*

Examined by Mr. Erskine.

I was near the Hustings on the 10th of May—I remember the constables coming round from King-street way out of the Hustings, and driving the populace before them; there were a vast number of them indeed,—but one I particularly observed was one Lucas, as I was in the populace; I was obliged to make way, and observed Lucas striking a man who happened to cry out Fox for ever.

Did he strike him in a violent manner?—He struck him in a violent manner.

That was his only fault was it?—That was the only fault I saw in him.

What were the populace in general doing when the constables were driving them with their sticks?—Nothing but crying out Fox for ever, they were doing no mischief, nor offering to do any; I particularly saw this Lucas almost knock a man down.

After this did you happen to be near the pump?—I will tell you,—first and foremost in coming along, I called out Gentlemen constables, the Election is over, and the books are closed, why do not you disperse, and the mob will disperse afterwards; and just as I spoke those words, a constable, with a short staff, made a blow at me; he tried to make a second at me, but I flew into the mob to get out of his way.

What had you been doing to deserve this blow?—No other than what I have said, I was then coming nearer the pump, and I saw a man fall.

At this time was the populace resisting the constables?—There was no resistance at that time; the constables came up to the pump, and were knocking and clearing with their sticks, I cannot tell how the man fell; I heard a great cry immediately that the constables had knocked down a man and killed him;—these were the constables that came from King-street.

Cross-

Cross-examined by Mr. Morgan.

Had you paid any particular attention to this man that was knocked down at the pump, before he was knocked down?—No, Sir, I did not; there was a great affray ensued some time after—I was among the populace, and saw a number of constables with sticks; I never saw any with bludgeons that I could particularize.

You never saw them draw them out of their coats all at once?—I never did; I saw none to my recollection but the constables about the man when he was knocked down, I did not go to the place.

Did you go after?—No.

CHARLES GIBSON *sworn*

Examined by Mr. Pigott.

I am a Breecher-maker—I was at Covent Garden the 10th of May, about ten minutes before three, upon the leads belonging to the Unicorn; and about a quarter after three, Mr. Fox came out from the Hustings and went to one Mr. Jennings's, and in about five or six minutes, a parcel of constables came down with long staves in ranks like foldiers.

Did they strike any of the people?—First of all, there was some before them crying out Fox, and they collared some numbers of them, and other rescued them, but there were no weapons used on Mr. Fox's side.

When the constables came on, did the people make any resistance?—Not the least for twenty minutes; there was a man knocked down by the pump, within about a yard.

Was he taken into the Unicorn afterwards?—He was under the pump ten minutes before he was taken into the Unicorn, and bathed with water.

Who was about there?—There were constables round about him, but there was nobody with bludgeons about him.

Was there any person there making any resistance?—Not the least in the world, he was led through the ranks of chairmen which had sticks in their hands, and was taken to the Unicorn,—he remained there very near half an hour.

Then it was three quarters of an hour, before he was carried to Wood's?—Yes, the guards were there some time before he was taken to Wood's.

Cross-examined by Mr. Sylvester.

You are a journeyman Breeches-maker?—A master—I was next to Covent Garden in the front of the leads; they came eleven or twelve in a rank, and the High Constable before them; Casson was in the first rank; I saw a man give him a blow; they had all staves; but as for him, I did not see his staff; I did not see him till the man knocked him down; there was no scuffle for twenty minutes after; only just then people cried out Fox, and they took them into custody, and the people went to rescue them again; but they had no arms—so there was a scuffle; there were staves on one side, and no sticks on the other; I saw the deceased receive a blow somewhere about his temple; I think I should know the man that gave the blow; I do not see him there; I do not know his name; I saw the staff go twice; and I saw him give the first blow; and there was another blow given at him—but whether it was by him or no, I cannot tell.

Mr. *Fielding*. It will not be necessary to trouble your Lordships with any more evidence, we have an infinite number of witnesses as to the second riot, and how it began.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq. *sworn*.

Mr. *Fielding*. I need not trouble you, Sir, with any question:—I will state as short as possible all I know of the matter; about a quarter before three, Colonel Fitzpatrick

patrick and myself came to the Poll; we found we were late; and we came down through the alley, which was made for the voters of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, at the King-street end; there was the common cry made that was usually made to Mr. Fox's voters, but no insult till we came to the Hustings; when we came there, we found that part that is railed for the voters, partly filled with a large company of people that had constable's staves in their hands, and several men with staves in their hands; but, otherwise, not at all appearing like peace officers called out, No Fox, and seemed as if unwilling to let us pass; but several of the other constables that knew us, and who appeared to be the Westminster constables, called to them, and told them our names; I observed they seem to be a very extraordinary sort of people, not in the least resembling peace officers, otherwise than having a great many painted staves, which some of them had not; I went to the Hustings—two men waited to speak to me—I brought them round to the desk—I tried to get them to the desk—but these men, upon hearing they were to poll for Mr. Fox, drove them down again, and prevented their polling for Mr. Fox; the Poll was then suddenly closed, five minutes before the right time, and several of our friends complained that Mr. Atkinson had closed the Poll five minutes before the time, by which means Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray had the majority; upon seeing the conduct of those people who were present, that had been sworn in, in a very irregular manner, by Mr. Wilmot; I thought it right to go round into the vestry to the High Bailiff; I never had been there before, Mr. Fox and the other Candidates were calling up the Poll; I complained of the conduct of these men; Mr. Atkinson and me had some altercation upon the subject, and after some conversation we went to the door into Bedford-street, out of the Church-yard; when we got through the door, I was to turn to the left, and go towards Jennings's, where some ladies were waiting; as soon as I came into Henrietta-street, I saw a vast number of people running away—it surprised me very much: I asked what was the matter, and several people answered me, that Wilmot's constables had fallen on Mr. Fox's people, and driven them before them; I turned the corner as quickly as I could, and I conceive that it must have been pretty nearly at that time that Casson was struck. I did not see the blow given; there had been a small affray or tumult that had ceased for a moment, but there was a threatening of another affray by the constables shouting and brandishing their staves; I could only judge by the sort of tumult, and the general appearance, I had a perfect conviction in my own mind, as well as from intelligence, that there was a determination to make an affray, and that some mischief should be done; to prevent which I ran up between the constables, and that part of the men that seemed to oppose them, and called out to Mr. Fox's people, if you wish well to Mr. Fox, stand back and keep the peace; many of them called out, that those scoundrels of Wilmot's had behaved so ill, that they were sure they came there on purpose to make a riot, I told the mob several times the only means to disappoint them was to be peaceable; I then went up towards the constables, they were then drawn up in a body, they were brandishing their staves, and seemed threatening the people in a manner to provoke a riot, and seeing one constable who appeared at their head with a staff with a silver tip, whose name I afterwards understood was Wild, the person examined to-day; I went and told him my name, and two or three people behind me hooted out, No Fox! I put my hand on Wild's shoulder, and begged him to come two or three paces from these constables, which he did; I then said you seem to have the command of these people, why don't you remove them and take them away; Wild replied he had no command over them, they were Wilmot's people; I said their intention was certainly to breed a riot, and Wild answered me that he was afraid it was, but he would go back and see what he could do; Wild said something to me about a person being knocked down; I did not
make

make the answer, that the man should be taken care of, but I should if I had known it; I must in justice say, that while I saw Wild, he endeavoured to do his utmost to prevail on these people to go back; if they had there would have been nothing further: just after I had finished speaking to Mr. Wild, a person said to me, pray, Mr. Sheridan, let this poor man have room, and I looked round and saw a circle made round a man who was raised up, with two men by him, one of which was fanning him; I asked them why they did not get water and throw it in his face; there was some Westminster constable assisting the man, and a great body of people that were supposed to be in Mr. Fox's interest were there, the general cry was, that he was knocked down by the constables; others said no, that he was a constable, and knocked down by one of his own constables; I remember two or three people saying, these Wapping constables were pretty fellows to fight, for they have knocked down one of their own men, the general cry was very strong, that he was knocked down by a constable.

The difference of opinion was, whether he was a constable or one of Fox's party, but there was no difference of opinion who knocked him down?—There was none; I was in hopes that there would have been perfect peace and quiet; I turned round and saw the other constables had not moved a single step; I spoke to Wild, he said he could do nothing with them; I am positive there was not one marrow-bone and cleaver came up while I was there.

Mr. *Morgan*. I believe, Sir, you was frequently there?—Yes, Sir, often enough to have observed any thing.

Was you there on the Monday that this accident happened for any considerable space of time?—I had not been there before that day, I came in at King-street end of the Hustings, consequently I could not see the marrow-bones and cleavers, we came down James-street, we did not chuse to come round the Garden, Colonel Fitzpatrick was with me.

I believe it was a settled rule with you to come in at the other end?—I very often came in at King-street end, it being more convenient to me, I did not chuse to put myself out of the way, the general ill conduct of the persons at the end of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's, had made it necessary to come in at the other end.

You do not mean to say that all the noise was made at Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's end?—Most certainly not.

How many days had the chairmen and other people, armed as we say with sticks and bludgeons, attended?

Mr. *Pigot*. You do not mean to ask that question.

Mr. *Morgan*. How many men were there that day?—I will save Mr. Morgan the trouble of keeping the Jury with unnecessary questions; the Hustings were constantly surrounded, as stated by the learned Counsel in opening this curious prosecution; for he stated, that the Hustings were constantly surrounded with immense numbers, and that is a fact, though stated by him; and there were complaints for people to come up and poll; the consequence was, that there were daily advertisements from both Committees, in all the public papers, each side boasting, that great care was taken to keep a line for the voters; there were many constables employed on both sides; any man that would lend his assistance, if he had a cane, or rattan, or any thing, was much better qualified to do it; I observed the line on the King-street end was better kept than the line on the other; but it was by both parties admitted, and found absolutely necessary, that whoever would lend his assistance, it was doing a sort of service, as these people always conducted themselves: no person can deny that there were people with sticks at both ends of the line, but their numbers I do not know.

Mr. *Erskine*. I shall now proceed to shew your Lordship and the Jury, that this man of the name of John Joseph, is unworthy of all credit in a Court of Justice.

Serjeant

Serjeant HUBBARD, of the Coldstream Regiment of Guards, *sworn*.

Examined by Mr. Erskine.

Do you know John Joseph, who has been examined here as a witness to day?—Yes, ten years and upwards, I am of the same regiment; I recollect his receiving punishment by the sentence of a Court Martial, for extorting money from an American, and he could not pay him the money, and after that he had an unnatural charge against him.

He denied that here to day, he says there is no truth in it?—It is truth, he was tried for that crime, and convicted, and received punishment as far as I have heard in the Court Martial; I saw part of the punishment inflicted on him.

You have known this man a great while, and of course know his general character; would you believe him upon his oath?—I would not.

How many lashes had he?—The sentence was a thousand.

Mr. Sylvester. You are a serjeant in the Guards, and he is a soldier in the Guards?—No.

Was you present?—I heard part of the sentence of the Court Martial read.

You was not present when he was tried?—I did not hear the whole of the charges; none of the officers are here that were present there.

Court. This is quite irregular, you should produce the sentences, all that the Jury will attend to is, that the man has known him ten years, and would not believe him upon his oath.

HENRY WRIGHT *sworn*.

I am keeper of Tothill-fields Bridewell, and have been so eighteen years, I have known Joseph ten or twelve years; he was committed to our prison at the last Westminster Election for stealing a poker.

Court. Ask Wright his general character.

Would you believe him upon his oath?—I do not think that any body would in such a matter as this; upon my oath I would not believe him.

How long has he been out of your custody?—I he last Westminster sessions.

Serjeant PHILLIPSON *sworn*.

I was formerly serjeant in the Guards in America; I knew Joseph perfectly well, I knew him three years in America.

He is a man of very good character, is not he?—A very bad one.

Would you believe him on his oath?—Really I would not.

You do not think him, from your knowledge of him, deserving of any credit?—I do not.

JOSEPHUS ROFFEY *sworn*.

Do you know Joseph?—Yes.

What are you?—I am a shoe-maker by trade, and a patrol; I know him exceedingly well.

What sort of a man is he as to his character?—He has an exceeding bad character.

Would you believe him on his oath?—Not for a farthing.

Mr. Morgan. I can let you into a secret; he has just as good an opinion of you.—That may be so, but I have a better opinion of myself than he has of himself.

Court to Jury. Gentlemen, the prisoner, Patrick Nicholson, stands indicted for the wilful murder of Nicholas Casson; and with respect to the three last prisoners, after having gone through the evidence on the part of the prosecution, I stated to you whether you wished that they should be put on their defence, and you thought as I did, that

that there was not sufficient evidence to put them on their defence, as to being present at the time; therefore, in the long evidence which I am going to state to you, you will consider the prisoner, Patrick Nicholson, only. The first witness was Thomas Davey; he is contradicted by almost every other witness, and his evidence is very little material as to the charge against this prisoner. You will observe, that neither Gilmore nor the other witnesses were examined before the Coroner, before Justice Wilmot, or before the Grand Jury who found the Bill last Friday; and the case rests upon the credit you give to these three witnesses on the part of the prosecution, to which you must subjoin the evidence respecting the character of John Joseph, who is the only person that was examined before with respect to this transaction. The other witnesses were never known to be witnesses till this morning, and the Counsel say they have not their names in their briefs; if you believe these three witnesses, to be sure the charge is proved against the prisoner; but supposing you should give credit to these three witnesses, supposing you can possibly give credit to the three witnesses examined for the prosecution, with all their variations and contradictions, and the character of Joseph, there is another matter for your consideration, which is, what is the offence? Now every one of the witnesses that have been examined on the part of the prisoner, and not contradicted at all, own, that the first attack was given by the constables; if so, what the people did may be said to be in their own defence, and one of them giving an accidental blow, you cannot make it any thing but manslaughter; but for my own part, I think, on the variations and contradictions that appear on the part of the witnesses for the prosecution, it is for you to determine whether you will not acquit the prisoners.

PATRICK NICHOLSON,	} NOT GUILTY.
JAMES WARD,	
JOSEPH SHAW,	
JAMES MURRAY,	

Mr. *Erskine*. My Lord, Mr. O'Brien, who was included in this indictment, came here for the purpose of surrendering himself; if you can spare a few minutes to have him arraigned, I believe I may trust to the candour of the learned Gentlemen on the part of the prosecution, that they have no further evidence.

Mr. *Morgan*. I cannot say I can give stronger evidence against him than I have already given.

DENNIS O'BRIEN, Esq. was then indicted for the wilful murder of Nicholas Caffon, and aiding, abetting, and assisting in the said murder.

There being no other evidence, he was

ACQUITTED.

PATRICK KENNY and THOMAS NICHOLSON were indicted (the next morning) for the wilful murder of the said Nicholas Caffon.

Mr. *Garrow*. My Lord, the Counsel for the Crown decline to give any evidence against these prisoners.

BOTH ACQUITTED.

A
COMPLETE STATE OF THE POLL
 FOR THE
CITY AND LIBERTIES OF WESTMINSTER.

Days of the Month.	Days of polling.	The Number of each Day's Poll.			Total Number			Majority on the Poll.	
		Hood.	Fox.	Wray.	Hood.	Fox.	Wray.	Fox.	Wray
April 1	First Day	264	302	238	264	302	238	64	—
2	Second	970	941	866	1234	1243	1104	139	—
3	Third	951	680	871	2185	1923	1975	—	52
5	Fourth	1077	945	1010	3262	2868	2985	—	117
6	Fifth	674	545	637	3936	3413	3022	—	209
7	Sixth	522	414	495	4458	3827	4117	—	290
8	Seventh	339	299	303	4797	4126	4422	—	296
9	Eighth	80	75	69	4877	4201	4489	—	288
10	Ninth	341	271	299	5218	4472	4788	—	316
12	Tenth	246	205	207	5464	4677	4995	—	318
13	Eleventh	117	132	97	5581	4819	5092	—	273
14	Twelfth	151	186	116	5732	5005	5208	—	203
15	Thirteenth	143	143	113	5875	5148	5321	—	173
16	Fourteenth	96	82	79	5971	5230	5400	—	170
17	Fifteenth	81	75	65	6052	5305	5465	—	160
19	Sixteenth	68	65	68	6120	5370	5533	—	163
20	Seventeenth	54	73	41	6174	5443	5574	—	131
21	Eighteenth	65	70	49	6239	5519	5623	—	104
22	Nineteenth	35	51	27	6274	5570	5650	—	80
23	Twentieth	52	45	49	6327	5615	5699	—	84
24	Twenty-first	51	56	33	6377	5671	5737	—	66
26	Twenty-second	52	79	40	6420	5750	5777	—	27
27	Twenty-third	39	77	29	6468	5827	5806	21	—
28	Twenty-fourth	39	56	30	6507	5883	5842	41	—
29	Twenty-fifth	25	38	23	6532	5921	5865	56	—
30	Twenty-sixth	16	42	12	6548	5963	5877	86	—
May 1	Twenty-seventh	14	29	13	6562	5992	5890	102	—
3	Twenty-eighth	12	24	12	6574	6016	5902	114	—
4	Twenty-ninth	14	33	11	6588	6049	5913	136	—
5	Thirtieth	12	35	5	6600	6084	5918	166	—
6	Thirty-first	14	20	11	6614	6104	5929	175	—
7	Thirty-second	10	9	8	6624	6113	5937	176	—
8	Thirty-third	11	21	9	6635	6134	5946	188	—
10	Thirty-fourth	23	15	19	6658	6149	5965	184	—
11	Thirty-fifth	5	16	6	6663	6165	5971	194	—
12	Thirty-sixth	5	17	6	6668	6182	5977	205	—
13	Thirty-seventh	4	12	3	6672	6194	5980	214	—
14	Thirty-eighth	3	7	2	6675	6201	5982	219	—
15	Thirty-ninth	6	17	5	6681	6218	5987	231	—
17	Fortieth	13	16	11	6694	6234	5998	236	—
Total		6694	6234	5998					

P O E T R Y.

In the following Collection of Miscellaneous Poetry, we will not pretend (no more than in the Paragraph) to prescribe to the Reader's Taste and Judgment: he may chuse his own side of the Question, and determine for himself on the Poetical Merit of each anonymous Author. On Mr. Fox's Part, there will appear several Originals, never till now made Public—We owe the acquisition to arduous Industry. Equal Pains was taken to come at Manuscript Composition in Favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray; but we were not fortunate enough to procure any Thing which had not before appeared in a Newspaper, or some other periodical Miscellany. All the Merit therefore that we claim in commencing this Part of our Work, is in Selection, only, as far as Hood and Wray continues, the running Title. We hope the Friends of Mr. Fox will not be offended at our giving, as it were, Precedence to such Productions of the Muses which compliment the Cause of his Opponents. It is a mere mechanical Distinction, and so regulated, because the like Order has been already observed in the Prosaical Matter, which, in Fact, could not be otherwise, for, beginning with Advertisements, the first of Hood and Wray's is of prior Date to the first of Mr. Fox's.

An HEROIC EPISTLE to the MAN of the PEOPLE, or a CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS to the NABOB of BENGAL, on his most excellent Speech in PARLIAMENT; with NOTES Critical and Explanatory.

HAIL! Charly, Saviour of a desperate land,
 Flourish the feather'd sceptre in thy hand!
 If not where Congress lately rous'd our spleen,
 And thirteen stripes are now triumphant seen;
 Yet where the sun on idol pagods shines,
 And flaming rubies ripens and refines;
 Where Clive o'er virtue press'd to glory's goal,
 "And the bright flame was shot thro' Hastings's Soul;"
 Where Cheyt*, fleec'd by Christian worse than Jew,
 A shirtless bankrupt! seeks redress from you;
 From you conspicuous in these dregs of times,
 With patriot eloquence unmasking crimes.
 Perish the thought! that e'er the lust of sway
 Should fire the Hero dup'd by lust of play.

Cheynt Sin g. For an account of this unhappy Prince, see the Reports of the Select Committee.
 Ver. 26. Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferunt.

Ovid.

Perish

Perish the thought ! tho' you've been steep'd in stews,
 That grov'ling interest should point your views,
 By breaking laws, in justice others fail,
 You step o'er law, to balance justice' scale.
 By treating freedom as you'll serve the King,
 (As eunuchs by castration learn to sing)
 Curtailing rights which troublesome were grown,
 You seat fair freedom firmler on her throne.
 For what are *Charters* to thy spacious mind,
 Which grasps at once the good of human kind,
 And paltry individuals leaves to rave,
 Who faith and fees to legislature gave.
 In vain may P— and W— in ruth *,
 (With as much modesty at least as youth)
 To prop our beauteous constitution call,
 And fear for English honour in its fall.
 In vain may ** nice distinctions draw ;
 W— curse all swindling : Th— grumble law.
 You tread a downward passage to the skies.
 As skilful divers by their sinking rise ;
 And plunging boldly from old Thames's side,
 Emerge triumphant on the Ganges' tide,
 From flaming *Chartres* a fair Phoenix springs,
 Bearing a labell'd title, *King of Kings* !
 Ground in the magic mill contriv'd by you,
 Britannia wonders at her rosy hue.
 Hail to the new-pois'd sphere ! hail golden times !
 When Leadenhall is purg'd of all its crimes.
 To thee ! to thee ! Directors shall give place,
 And cousin George † the Bua ‡ of thy grace.
 “ *Empire in Empires*,” as ye sail around,
 Ye sages in balloons, repeat the sound.
 As some old scraper, grudg'd his maffy stores,
 Dreads to the world to open his dark doors,
 Should a fly spendthrift wriggle to his side,
 Tho' tough the miser, many a winter try'd,
 The parasite each hiccup hears with dread,
 And wonders, long before he was not dead ;
 Laments how wan ! his pulse's languid beat !
 Holds out a truce with Death, that specious cheat !
 Doctors and 'Pothecaries do the feat !
 In vain Gripe grasps his bags with swimming eyes,
 The false friend seizes them, he dies ! he dies !

* If the reader cannot find an interpretation of this truly classical word in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, he is desired to consult *Archæological Epistle*.

Ver. 31. The Company is not bankrupt, but insolvent.—See *Debates*.

† Lest this should be mistaken for the name of some old companion at the E O table, from the familiar epithet of propinquity to Charles, be it known that the personage here intended was once styled King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, &c. &c.

‡ The Bua is the nominal King of Tonquin, where the Chouah, or Foxite, claims all the executive powers of government.

Ver. 65. Te duce si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
 Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras,

Vixit.

So you, with remedies unknown before,
 Directors quack, their cholic is no more.
 Let others glimm'ring politics pursue,
 The Northern star is ever in thy view;
 Safe shalt thou brave the tempests of the deep,
 While liberty and honour, sinking, weep.
 No more shall Gallia, Spain, or Holland fret,
 Presto! the Indian sponge shall wipe away our debt.
 The lucubrations soon of Dr. Price,
 Shall cover cheefecakes, or envelope spice.

Flow, rhet'ric, flow, from thy delightful source,
 Untir'd, unstopp'd, unrivall'd in thy course,
 On whose smooth waves e'en children safely play,
 Tho' the smooth waves to kingdoms fate convey;
 While Wit her posies scatters as they glide,
 And pearls and diamonds lurk beneath the tide;
 While journals, that would disembody the store,
 With Ganges' num'rous mouths, have need of more.
 Dreaming their wealth, how swells Joe Miller's page!
 What new Lyceums glad a future age!

A many-headed monster some may trace,
 Like Janus, thou hast got a *double face*;
 One mark'd by age with characters of truth,
 The other smiling with perpetual youth.
 Blest *Coalition!* where we see combin'd,
 All that can raise the laughter of mankind;
 Where, spite of fretful virtue's prudish frown,
 The bawd and strumpet play upon the town.
 Though Scott may basely black quotations * frame,
 Lo! Sheridan defends thy righteous aim,
 And seven bright Angels issue from thy throne,
 All dress'd in linen whiter than thy own.
 Let fordid souls (for such there are at Court)
 With thy respectful name un pitying sport.
 As water from an eminence descends,
 As cork floats in it, as flame upward sends.
 As odour springs from incense, smoke from coals,
 As owls love solitude, as herrings shoals,
 As birds their airy houses built in trees,
 As wasps suck honey, and as flowerets bees,
 As toasts delight in public to be seen,
 As the bowl rolls along the level green,
 As children's little minds are fix'd on fruit,
 Bishops on ease, and bigots on dispute,
 As critics true on Aristotle dote,
 As yea and nay the Quaker meek denote,
 As the smooth mirrors to the face is true,
 Punning and pleasantry they have in view,

* See Revelations, Chapter xiii. and blest Providence, who hath given our Senators piety in this infidel age!
 Ver. 123. This alluding to an anecdote of scandalous History, the world (for all the world will undoubtedly read this poem) is assured, that it will be developed very shortly in a New Atlantis.

Dear

Dear as to maiden seventy beauty's name,
 To Poets dreams of universal fame,
 But thou'rt a Fox that, leaping o'er all mounds,
 Their yell despisest, and will tire those hounds.
 From dirty rostrums, never hoarse tho' loud,
 Thou shalt no more deal nostrums to the croud.
 Camels, or elephants, shall gladly kneel,
 To bear the great restorer of their weal.
 With lovely Perdita to grace thy side,
 E'en Mahomed shall envy such a bride :
 And for a moment stooping from his sphere,
 Ravish'd, on luxury thy lectures hear ;
 Then own, surpris'd, the blissful scenes he drew,
 Prophet of pleasure! are refin'd by you ;
 While Cachemirians, fairer than the Spring,
 With *muffled noses* shall salute thee, King !

To the Worthy and Independent ELECTORS of the City and Liberty of
 WESTMINSTER.

" GENTLEMEN,
 " HIS Majesty's Ministers having thought fit,
 " I say, Sirs, his Ministers—tho' tis young Pitt,
 " To dissolve his good Parliament with little wit ;
 " In flat contradiction to what they declar'd,
 " (Tho' 'tis what I confess I had very much fear'd)
 " Nay, in flat contradiction to me and my friends,
 " In majority voting, *for no private ends* ;—
 " And without any public pretension whatever,
 " To send us a canvassing—in this horrid weather ;
 " I again must solicit your votes and your favour,
 " As I dare say you doubt not my future behaviour.
 " To secure to the people their weight in the scale
 " Of our good constitution, so as never to fail,
 " Has still been my thoughts, both by night and by day,
 " At *Weltje's* in wine, and at *Brookes's* in play.
 " And, Gentlemen, believe me, whether I'm found
 " Standing fast on official, or Newmarket ground,
 " Your liberty's dear, and your true concerns are
 " Most *exactly alike* my peculiar care ;
 " And therefore I hope the same principles now,
 " Which twice have induc'd you your good-will to show,
 " Will again do the same for your friend the most fervent,
 " Your grateful, devoted, and most humble servant,
 " C. J. F."

St. James's-street, March 24, 1784.

" P. S. As the day of Election, Sirs, happens to fall,
 " (And this I would willingly tell my friends all)
 " On the first day of April, I beg leave to say,
 " I peculiarly wish you to meet me THAT day."

The

The PRIVATE REFLECTIONS *of a* PATRIOT.

A CERTAIN great Patriot, whose name you may guess,
By Providence given, this country to blest,

Who conceiving a plan,
Like a very wise man,
To make himself greater, has made himself less;
Thus spoke, as he saunter'd in Brookes's alone,
Let me see what I've done for a People or Throne.

At my first setting out, as my talents were bright,
I got some preferment, but that was so slight,
That my profit by day was dispos'd of by night.

When encumber'd with debts, men of honour must pay,
I applied for more places—Lord Boreas said, nay;
So I voted against him the very next day.

Then, 'midst various changes of hopes and of fears,
'Midst the Muses and Graces, Jews, Jockies, and Peers,
I found out the means to rub on a few years.

During this, my Lord Boreas went on very well;
His friends procur'd places as fast as they fell,
And I wish'd him and all his dependents at hell.

At St. Stephen's I found there was little to do,
The House ill attended, the Speakers were few,
Till the Americans kick'd up a hurliburloo.

Here a new piece of bus'ness was thrown on my hands;
The State call'd 'em rebels, I call'd 'em our friends;
And I did all I could do, to further their ends.

In vain did the Minister drain our resources,
My speeches went over by various courses,
Before we had embark'd, nay, or voted, our forces.

At length France and Spain were engag'd in the broil;
Here was something to fight for, some prospect of spoil;
And the national spirit was ready to boil.

Their navy 'gainst ours I was sure could not stand,
And as that would undo all the schemes I had plann'd,
We voted that Keppel should have the command.

Such cooks as this Keppel must sure spoil the broth,
He was bold at manœuv'ring, at fighting was loath,
"Nor suffer'd the sun to go down on his wrath."

So we lost a good day; but it answer'd my ends,
For he threw all the blame upon Sandwich's friends,
And their quarrel could ne'er make the nation amends.

Distresses by land follow'd losses by sea;
If a conquest we gain'd, 'twas the bite of a flea;
But if we were beaten, 'twas apples to me.

At length, to secure the Congress their powers,
Conway mov'd that Sir Guy should be snug in his tow'rs,
At the moment that victory must have been ours.

That bus'ness thus settled, I then went to work.
My Lord North and his crew to unseat with a jerk;
And, to aid my design, call'd in trumpeter Burke.

And thus we enlisted a number of troops;
Opposition was form'd into various grouper;
And Rockingham stood at the head of our dupes.

So Lord North was dismiss'd, and we gain'd the ascendant,
And the Marquis brought in every needy dependant,
Then stole off to Heaven with virtues transcendent.

Shelburne seiz'd on his seat; I disputed his claim;
He call'd me a liar; I call'd him the same,
And from that time determin'd to play a deep game,

So I quitted my place, and those follow'd that would,
Resolving to do all the mischief we could;
And as for Lord Thurlow, why, G—d d—mn his blood!

Shelburne made up a peace, and, I own what is true,
I abus'd him and all the new Minsters too,
Because 'twas the best thing I thought they could do.

But to cover the better this deep disposition,
I lamented the Loyalists wretched condition,
And form'd with Lord Boreas a grand Coalition:

On principle form'd it; and who but must say,
Self-interest's a principle pow'rful in sway,
And that principle led us to draw the same way.

With this phalanx, 'gainst him and his measures we roar'd;
Lord Boreas was *hear him'd*, and I was encor'd,
And Burke on balloons of sublimity soar'd.

So Shelburne was turned out of very good bread,
And my friend, Duke or no Duke, was plac'd in his stead,
A good honest soul, but no tongue in his head.

Pitt and Townshend were forc'd to walk down the back stair,
And so 'twould have been, had old Chatham been there;
For, like Brentford's usurpers, we each seiz'd a chair.

And "who were so happy, so happy as we!"
Constitutional questions debated might be;
But no question could sever my colleague and me.

Thus our friends carried every new motion before 'em,
Even Majesty's self was not one of the Quorum,
Till I brought in—" *Ah! nunc renovare dolorem!*"—

My Reform Bill; 'twas hard such a project should fail,
So strong in effect, and so mild in detail;
God damme, 'twas dress'd like a whore in a veil!

With the Commons it met with but faint opposition,
But the Peers, through the gauze, saw the vile imposition,
And tripp'd up the heels of my strumpet Ambition.

Then

Then all secret advisers I loudly abus'd,
Through a certain young Gentleman's ear I'd infus'd
With a drug that one Shaftesbury formerly us'd.

The bill was thrown out; we remov'd from our quarters,
And our gang all resign'd with the spirit of martyrs;
So the Company sav'd both their chattels and charters.

Now each day some new bar to my project reveals,
A firm Ministry presently trod on our heels,
And Thurlow, that bane to my hopes, got the Seals.

But, what was still worse, nay, a d—mnable thing,
The voice of the people, that once us'd to sing,
"God ble's Mr. Fox," now cry'd "God ble's the King."

Yet one comfort was left us, the Commons were ours;
So we mov'd that that House must include the three pow'rs,
And we voted Prerogative quite out of doors:

'Twas an obsolete right, and of course must be wrong.
Mov'd, that friends to the King make no use of their tongue,"
That "Peers are old women, and Pitt is too young."

Now, in spite of addresses, I still will go on,
Make terms of my own, if I can, or make none,
Whilst this spirit of Chatham survives in his son.

PADDY QUINLAN'S ADDRESS to CARLO KHAN.

*Intended as a Baffo to Captain Morris's Ballynamona Oro. Sent from Cork its ownself,
dated Patrick's Day in the Morning.*

Tune *Larry Grogan.*

Dear Car,

IS it true
What I've long heard of you,
"The Man of the People" they call you, they call you!
How comes it to pass
They're now grown so rash,
At the critical moment to leave you, to leave you?
Oh! that curs'd India Bill,
Arrah why not be still,
Enjoy a tight place and be civil, be civil;
Had you carried it through,
Ough! that would just do,
Then their *charters* we'd pitch to the Devil, the Devil.
But *Carlo*, my Honey,
If you please, we'll be funny;
Many tricks (don't we know?) you have play'd 'em, have play'd 'em;
With Refolve and Address,
Because not in the mafs,
Poor Billy, 'twas done for to plague 'im, to plague 'im:

3 H 2

"Fair

HOOD AND WRAY.

"Fair and equal," 'tis true,
 With Prerogative too,
 You've bugbear'd the House that you speak in, you speak in;
 Since the people are gone
 With Sam House to a man,
 Never mind! tho' the Devil should take 'em, should take 'em.

Oh! 'tis comical, faith
 How Charley of late,
 You've chang'd the side of the question, the question:

Majorities then
 Were such queer sort of men,
 That *Honesty* made you detest 'em, detest 'em:

"Minorities" now
 Are so venal, I trow,
 Be easy! they've done you much evil, much evil.
 For our *Charters* they stood,
 Troth! it boded no good
 To your cause! which they pitch to the Devil, the Devil.

"*Privileges*" of late
 Have much heated your pate,
 Pray Carlo, what will you next hit on, next hit on,
 "A *Plan of Reform*"
 In Petto's the storm;

Sure, there's nothing in that at the bottom, the bottom:
 "The House" too, I hear
 Is the thing, you declare,
 Whose Majesty now you insist on, insist on!
 Since the people, "bold Hector"
 Have chang'd their Protector,
 Again to the Devil we bob 'em, we bob 'em.

For the People before,
 How you used to roar,
 Whenever you mounted the Rostrum, the Rostrum:
 But Charters and Kings
 Are held "sacred things."
 How suddenly chang'd was your Nostrum, your Nostrum:

Euphorbium, I think,
 Made a damned foolish stink,
 As analiz'd by your Committee, Committee:
 A memento to thee,
 Brave Car, dont' you see,
 To the Devil the people now pitch you, now pitch you.

For the present adieu,
 Sweet Car, 'tis for you,
 No small share of trouble I've taken, I've taken:
 Glad indeed for to find,
 How much to my mind,
 Your cause and yourself have been shaken, been shaken:

Coalition!

HOOD AND WRAY.

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Coalition! oh rare,
How it made the lads stare!
When North you 'gain foisted upon 'em, upon 'em:
'Twas bravo! 'twas nice,
Hye for Brooks and the dice,
So again to the Devil we bob 'em, we bob 'em.

The CONSULTATION.

SAYS F—t—k to F—x, "Oh how can we *ate!*
"By *Jafus* you know we have both pawn'd our plate?"
Black Reynard replies, "We can have one good meal,"
By *filching* from Thurlow his boasted *Great Seal**."

The DEVIL take the Hindmost.

WITH a borough before, and a bailiff behind,
See our Senators run as fast as the wind:
Then scamper, ye bankrupts in fame and in purse,
For the loss of a *seat* is a damnable curse.

The NEW COALITION: Or, The FOX who had lost his TAIL, And the Vermin turn'd out of his Borough.

Set to the Jew's Harp.

To the tune of—*A Cobler there was, &c.*

SAYS Fox to old Ver-min, to avoid repetition
Of a favourite topic, I mean Coalition,
Here's my hand once for all, and I'll fully explain
Why North and I join'd, and why you'll join us twain.
Derry down, down, down, derry, &c.

In public, North tax'd with treason and cheat;
Said, I'd make England poor to make myself great;
Said, I'd nothing to lose, and only to gain
By coggng the dice—when old England's the main.
Derry down, &c.

He said, tho' of honesty much I did lack,
Yet whilst Clubs did count—I was Pam of the Pack;
And as Old Noll of Huntingdon well did of yore,
Would beat King—if not beat'n Knave out o' door.
Derry down, &c.

* The Great Seal is made of silver, and weighs about 6lb.

I replied,

HOOD AND WRAY.

I replied, he did lose half our empire and trade;
 I show'd that his loss by his folly was made;
 I show'd 'twas his scheme too, these realms to enslave;
 So left it in doubt—if most fool, or most knave.
 Derry down, &c.

That himself he'd enrich'd, tho' the nation made poor;
 Had his Cinque Ports, his pension, his ribband, and whore;
 Yet some tenderness show'd for the Venus his wife,
 So Bushy Park gave her—then left it for life.
 Derry down, &c.

Now all must observe, (for all do agree
 In what I said of him, and what he said of me)
 That a rascal has right to call rascal a brother,
 And a g—— had no right to make all this pother.
 Derry down, &c.

A Temple to Charles said (the Second) too rude,
 “Be the Man of your People, and study their good.”
 Such freedom of language I still must condemn,
 For it ne'er can suit us, tho' it may better them.
 Derry down, &c.

My character known, it induc'd the good North,
 After twelve years mistake to honour my worth:
 So in public I'm his—but I'd plead private merit,
 To have you, my friend, of congenial spirit.
 Derry down, &c.

Pharo-dealer, stock-jobber, can never be stranger,
 Tho' mine more the profit, and your's more the danger,
 I have all things to gain, you have nothing to lose,
 So dear, dear Lord Ver-min our bargain let's close.
 Derry down, &c.

For the India Bill vote, you cannot but chuse,
 'Tis a good vote of credit with all our old Jews,
 And vote the Receipt Tax—you cannot say nay,
 For who takes a receipt—who has nothing to pay?
 Derry down, &c.

Says good old Lord Ver-min, your reasoning is strong,
 It hurries conviction and feelings along;
 Take my hand and I'm your's, and the devil's—but tell
 Irish Ned, that I think he's too bad e'en for hell.
 Derry down, &c.

Poor Ver-min his borough ha'n lost, may still find,
 Some earth of the Fox to keep off the wind;
 And the Fox having lost his thick tail—may depend,
 To keep his a—warm, on the fur of his friend.
 Derry down, &c.

So Ver-min and Fox got in the same hole,
 To grabble and spatter, and stink and cajole;

And

HOOD AND WRAY.

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And the first thing they can do to honour their worth
Is to keep them both there—and to stop up the earth.

Derry down, &c.

No Ver-min we'll have in our Buckingham county,
We're for Freedom with law, and for Prudence with bounty,
We're for King and for people, and t'avoid repetition,
We're all to a man 'gainst the damn'd Coalition.

Derry down, &c.

The FOX'S PROGRESS

WHEN first young Reynard came from France,
He try'd to bow, to dress, to dance,
But to succeed had little chance,
The courtly dames among;
'Tis true, indeed, his wit has charms,
But his grim phiz the point disarms,
And all were fill'd with dire alarms,
At such a *beau garçon*.

He left the fair, and took to dice,
At Brooks's they were not so nice,
But clear'd his pockets in a trice,
Nor left a wreck behind;
Nay, some pretend he even lost
That little grace he had to boast,
And then resolv'd to seize some post,
Where he might *raise the wind*.

In politics he could not fail;
So set about it tooth and nail;
But here again his stars prevail,
Nor long the meteor shone.
His friends, if such deserve the name,
Still keep him at a losing game,
Bankrupt in Fortune and in Fame,
His day is almost done.

CARLO KHAN'S *Answer to* PADDY QUINLAN'S *Address*.

Tune—*Larry Grogan*.

Dear Paddy,

'TIS true,

I've reason to rue,

That "The Man of the People," they dub'd me, they dub'd me;

Don't you think it was cruel,

In you, my dear jewel,

To mention the thing that so drub'd me, so drub'd me;

A tight

HOOD AND WRAY.

A tight place I had,
 I confess it, dear Pad,
 To break Charters, I now find an evil, an evil;
 In your ear, by the bye,
 'Twas North, and not I,
 But his council I pitch to the devil, the devil.
 Many tricks I confess,
 With Resolve and Address;
 As you told me, 'tis true, I have play'd 'em, have play'd em;
 Nor ought will content,
 If that Pitt don't prevent,
 Many dances I mean yet to lead 'em, to lead 'em:
 Majorities then,
 And minorities, when
 They answer my purpose, God save 'em, God save 'em.
 If for Charters they stand,
 As the last chosen band,
 With the devil I'm sure for to leave 'em, to leave 'em.
 But Paddy, my dear,
 'Cause now in the rear,
 A place you think ne'er I shall get in, shall get in;
 Were you not such a sot,
 You'd soon see the plot,
 The secret I find, you're not yet in, not yet in:
 Of North I'm the paw,
 And I'll "fight with my jaw,"
 'Till the old house I bring down upon 'em, upon 'em;
 A place when I gain,
 Then I bellow a "main,"
 To the devil the people I bob 'em, I bob 'em.

To Mr. F—

HONEST Charles, O thou pride, thou delight of my soul!
 Take advice from a friend and a brother;
 All advantages lost, by bad tricks, at one *poll*,
 May be gain'd, by good *ficks*, at another.

BELZEBUB.

SAY, Duchefs, loveliest woman, say,
 Where is your prudence flown?
 Admitting Fox should win the day,
 His consequence will hardly pay,
 For having lost your own.

The.

*To the Worthy and Independent ELECTORS of WESTMINSTER, who have the honour
of being employed by a certain great Prince.*

SINCE ———'s great Prince
Condescends to evince
His concern in your future election,
How happy each cobbler,
Butcher, smith, and pot-wobler,
Who shall merit his Royal protection !
For God's sake consider
The rank of the bidder,
Who offers so much for your plumpers :
What's the nation or Pitt,
To the P——e and Tom Tit !
D—— such stuff—and to Fox fill your bumpers.
He swears he'll support,
Spite of people and court,
His friend Charles on the trying occasion ;
So remember to vote
As his H——s has wrote,
Or by George you'll be sent to d——tion.
The storm how it gathers—
No Fox and no feathers,
Cries the P——e in a passion to Weltjie ;
But if you'll be geese,
You may keep *three* a-piece ;
Sure such condescension must melt ye.

*A late EPIGRAM. Epigrammatized by CARLO KHAN's old Friend, PADDY
QUINLAN.*

WHEN Paddy heard, that *Devon's* beauteous fair
An active part in *Reynard's* canvals took,
By Ja——s swore ! that Quinlan would beware
The sweet effects of an enchanting look.
Courage, *Great Carlo* !—since the Paphian Queen
Your cause supports,—nay, toasts you in a bumper :
Success must follow !—not one with whom she's been
Refus'd his vote : all sigh'd to give !—a PLUMPER.

PADDY QUINLAN to the ELECTORS of WESTMINSTER.

YOUR great “ Indian Chief,” *Khan Charles* is come,
Your voices to get ! poh ! 'tis all a mere hum,
A feat, if you'll give him, he'll promise and twear,
He'll break all your Charters as soon as he dare.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

HOOD AND WRAY.

On such terms as these, sure ! he'll meet with success ;
 And fair his pretensions are, all must confess ?
 For breaking of Charters, and humbling of Kings,
 Elect him ! oh, hone ! and he'll do greater things.

Derry down, &c.

Here was poor "little Guy," whom you well yet remember,
 Not of Warwick the fam'd ! no, 'twas Guy of November,
 Who made such a noise ! with his "gunpowder" plan,
 He was nothing at all ! if compared with our *Kean*.

Derry down, &c.

A NEW SONG.

Tune—*As you mean to set sail, &c.*

YE freemen who sail for dear liberty's isle,
 As the sea shall run smooth, and the skies on you smile ;
 As you hope that your voyage propitious may prove,
 Let the child of your choice be the man of your love.

As you hope, &c.

As you held up your hands and declar'd for a name,
 Let your suffrages crown whom you flatter'd with fame ;
 Of the magic of calumny keep yourselves clear,
 And the quicksands of bribery never come near.

Of the magic, &c.

As electors who study your rights to secure,
 That the man whom you trust be no pirate be sure ;
 At his own or his mutinous myrmidons call,
 Who will sacrifice cargo, and owners and all.

At his own, &c.

Then, freemen, in time to your pilot attend,
 If you laugh at him now you shall weep in the end ;
 If you blindly determine the rudder to Fox,
 'Tis a hundred to one that you split among rocks.

If you blindly determine, &c.

THE COALITION BALLAD.

As sung at the SHAKESPEARE.

COME listen awhile, and I'll give you a song,
 With a great deal of truth, and not very long ;
 'Tis of *North*, *Burke*, and *Fox*, to give you the *worst*,
 Either *one* or the *other* faith may be *first*.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Lord

Lord North, for twelve years, with his war and contracts,
The people he nearly had laid on their *backs*;
Yet stoutly he swore, he sure was a *villain*,
If e'er he had better'd his fortune a *shilling*.

Derry down, &c.

Against him *Charles Fox* was a sure bitter foe,
And cried, that the empire he'd soon *overthrow*;
Before him all *honour* and *conscience* had fled,
And vow'd, that the *AXE* it should cut off his *head*.

Derry down, &c.

Edmund Burke, too, was in a mighty great rage,
And declared *Lord North* the disgrace of the age;
His plans and his conduct he treated with scorn,
And thought it a curse that he'd ever been *born*.

Derry down, &c.

So hated he was, *Fox* and *Burke* they both swore,
They infamous were if they enter'd his *door*;
But prithee, good neighbour, now think on the end,
Burke and *Fox*, they call him their very good *friend*!

Derry down, &c.

Now *Fox*, *North*, and *Burke*, each one is a *brother*,
So honest, they swear, there's not such another;
No longer: they tell us, we're going to *ruin*,
The people they-serve, in whatever they're doing,

Derry down, &c.

If receipts they e'en tax, or charters they *break*,
They tell us, that all they can lawfully take;
They bring us forth to the vilest condition,
And bid us admire their damn'd *coalition*.

Derry down, &c.

No longer the nation they plague with their strife,
Resolv'd for to serve one another through life,
They now to each other are wond'rous civil,
And the people—they may go to the *devil*!

Derry down, &c.

But *Chatbam*, thank Heaven! has left us a *son*;
When he takes the helm, we are are sure not undone;
The glory his father reviv'd of the land,
And *Britannia* has taken *Pitt* by the hand.

Derry down, &c.

Since *Fox* he is now to all understood,
Your votes give *Sir Cecil* and *Admiral Hood*;
No disgrace on the cause they ever will bring,
Both steady they are to their COUNTRY and KING.

Derry down, &c.

HOOD AND WRAY.

On a certain D——S.

Her mien like Cytherea's dove,
 Her lips like Hybla's honey;
 Who would not give a vote for love,
 Unless he wanted money?
 Alas! to reputation blind!
 I wonder some folks bore it;
 You've lost your fame, and those that find
 Can ne'er again restore it.

E P I G R A M.

SAYS Fox to House, 'tis ten to one;
 At Westminster I am undone;
 But still I have one county clear—
I can come in for Devonshire.

“KISS MY —— IS NO TREASON.”

A NEW SONG.

AT half hour past three,
 Fox rose—who but he,
 The Company's charter to seize on?
 Good Lord, how he lied!
 What a pity none cried,
 F——, kifs my —— 'tis no treason.
 Hear! hear his loud gibes,
 On war, rapine, and bribes!
 —A subject to say what you please on:
 While he laughs in his sleeve,
 That the House should believe,
 —Oh, kifs my —— is no treason.
 “Ye place-men so keen,
 “And ye patriots so clean,
 “Come all hands to out-vote sober reason.
 “I'll provide you snug jobs,
 “With those bloody Nabobs,
 “And sing, kifs my —— is no treason.”
 Not a son of a ——
 But must quickly grow rich,
 With all India to draw for rupees on;
 O! such wonderful things,
 —Seven Emperors—Eight Kings!
 —Thank God, kifs my —— is no treason.

His

His dogs one and all,
 How they yelp at the call,
 Poor Indians to worry and seize on.
 When they've gorg'd well their chops
 With your Leadenhall fops,
 They'll sing, kifs my —— is no treason.
 North just in the nick
 Fell conveniently sick,
 And slunk from disgrace in due season;
 Howe'er 'twas all one,
 For he sent 'em his son—
 He may kifs my —— 'tis no treason—
 O may George soon determine
 To drive out such vermin,
 Or tie 'em all up by the weazon!
 While joyful we'll sing,
 God blefs our good King—
 And Fox kifs my —— 'tis no treason.

The FOX in a STRING.

Tune,—Belleisle March.

ALL hail to the string
 That lets F—x have a swing,
 For setting the land in a blaze;
 May the rope be made tight,
 It will give all delight,
 And Jack Ketch will deserve all our praise.
 May N——h too with B——ke,
 Go off with a jerk,
 While laughing old Nick may attend.
 Then for Lord Hood and Wray
 We will loudly huzza,
 Each the nation's preserver and friend.
 This great Carlo Khan
 Some say had a plan,
 To take all our charters away
 But his scheme was found out,
 And you need not to doubt,
 Was oppos'd by the staunch Cecil Wray.
 The East India Bill
 Was too bitter a pill,
 For the people at large to digest,
 And the d——d stinking Fox,
 Tho' he'd got the State p——,
 Was soon made their scoff I protest.

For

HOOD AND WRAY.

For the curst Receipt Tax,
 He deserves sure an axe,
 But a halter will do in its stead,
 May old Scratch take his foul,
 And when the bells toll,
 We will sing that fly Reynard is dead.
 Each Westminster boy
 Shall exult, full of joy,
 That the artful impostor's no more.
 But Lord Hood and Wray
 They will loudly huzza,
 And each honest voter *encore*.

To the Worthy and Independent ELECTORS of the City and Liberty of
 WESTMINSTER.

THE advantage, dear friends, now obtain'd on the poll,
 (Though by no means decisive, as to the whole,)
 Is such as, I own it, must render your cause
 And utmost exertions indeed *neccessaire*.
 In this contest your interests are much more engag'd

* * * * *
 Than mine, my dear friends—and I own I should mourn,
 If the cause of th' Electors should be overborne;
 Those Electors so true, independent, and free;
 For then next to impossible even 'twill be
 That any man should, no not even in sport,
 Stand against nominations that come from the Court.

The question's not now who elected shall be,
 But who shall *elect* faith, we most plainly see,
 And the struggle's not 'twixt Sir Cecil and me;
 No, 'tis 'twixt the Court influence, much to their shame,
 And the rights independent Electors may claim;
 But the number of votes still not poll'd is so great,
 That we little can doubt but success we shall meet,
 If exertions most proper, most steady and true,
 As shall be by me, are the same made by you.
 For nought on my part shall be wanting I vow,
 No, I love you as well, as I e'er did, just now:
 And depend, my dear friends, that no trouble nor pains,
 No sad inconvenience, no turn of my brains,
 Shall be wanting to serve and to save you all free
 From subjection and thralldom, (Oh, never mind me!)
 Which yourselves last Election so nobly disdain'd,
 When your virtuous choice thus of me you obtained.

I have the honour to be, with respect most profound,
 Your obedient, faithful, and—down to the ground,
 C. J. F.

A CER-

*A CERTAIN CANDIDATE'S ADDRESS in Verse.**To the Worthy ELECTORS of the City and Liberties of WESTMINSTER.*

THOUGH Sir Cecil and Hood
 (Let me do what I would)
 Have left me, alas ! at a distance ;
 Yet I beg and entreat
 You won't think they can beat,
 But come give me some better assistance.

For myself I don't care
 (Since I've boroughs to spare)
 Whether I be thrown out or elected :
 Yet my spirits quite sink,
 For it grieves me to think,
 How all Westminster will be dejected.

For if you are so stout
 As to turn a man out,
 Because he's a rogue, in your flurry,
 You'll find by and bye,
 No such R—sc—I as I,
 Will dare offer again in a hurry.

There's no quarrel, d'ye see,
 'Twixt Sir Cecil and me ;
 The whole question is this that has rent you,
 Whether F—es again,
 Or plain honest men,
 Shall in all time to come represent you.

The numbers unpol'd
 Have been carefully told,
 And I now have the pleasure to greet 'em,
 That if all who remain,
 Being charm'd by my strain,
 Will give plumpers for me, we shall beat 'em.

Now I vow and I swear
 No pains will I spare ;
 Night or day, boys, I'll never be quiet ;
 I'll fight 'em, I'll cheat 'em,
 I'll bully 'em, beat 'em ;
 Fire and fury, F—, freedom, and riot ;

C. J. F.

The

HOOD AND WRAY.

THE CANVASSING DUCHESS.

A B A L L A D.

Air.—*De Malbroug.*

THE Piccadilly beauty,
 Merlonton merlontaine,
 Is gone upon canvassing duty,
 Huzza! for Carlo Khan.
 The Duchess has taken the breeches,
 Merlonton merlontaine,
 So sweetly her senses bewitches
 The charms of Carlo Khan.
 The mob in the street she addresses,
 Merlonton merlontaine,
 And all for to help the distresses
 Of poor little Carlo Khan.
 Thro' the Covent Garden rabbles,
 Merlonton merlontaine;
 She tucks up her gown and she dabbles,
 To poll for Carlo Khan.
 The *vis-a-vis* waits at the alleys,
 Merlonton merlontaine,
 While her Grace with the oyster-wench talleys.
 To vote for her Carlo Khan,
 I'll bett you a bottle of claret,
 Merlonton merlontaine,
 For a kiss the Lord Mayor of Garratt
 Will vote for my Carlo Khan.

A NEW BALLAD,

To the Tune of,—*There was an Old Woman, and what do you think.*

THERE was an old F—x, and what do you think?
 Why he liv'd pretty much upon victuals and drink:
 'Twas his victuals and drink, to be breeding a riot,
 And so, Sir, of course, he could never be quite.
 Derry down, down, heigh derry down.
 This F—x he could double, and wind in and out,
 With the change of the wind he could tack right about:
 Still by interest led, Sir, he follow'd it close,
 While his friends follow'd him, but were led by the nose,
 Derry down, down heigh derry down.
 One uniform drefs had this whimsical fellow,
 'Twas a coat of plain blue, and a waistcoat of yellow:

OF

For he'd g—b—d among such an infamous pack,
They left him no more than this coat on his back.

Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

Of principles, tho' (which don't cost quite so dear)
He had changes and suits for each day in the year.
Thus he shifted his principles, shifted his speeches,
But ne'er shifted his coat, nor his waistcoat and breeches.

Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

T'other day, Sir, he prov'd our condition so bad,
That a peace, bad or good, must be instantly had ;
So he got a good place, Sir, as North was a blockhead,
Having sworn that himself had a peace in his pocket.

Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

Now to prove how poor Geese, by a Fox may be trickt,
When he felt for the peace, Sir, his pocket was pickt.
But when Pitt gave us peace, Sir, he tun'd a new string,
And he prov'd a good peace was a very bad thing.

Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

Lord North, he could prove, by the same sort of rule,
Was once on a time, Sir, a knave and a fool :
But soon as he wedded the great Carlo Khan,
He could prove he was always a good sort of man.

Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

He could prove it would break all our liberties down,
If a tenth part of India was giv'n to the Crown :
He could prove vice versa that India was small ;
Nay, in hands of his friends, that 'twas nothing at all.

Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

When Duns call for payment, and Creditors greet,
Fox knew what a luxury was a receipt ;
So he prov'd that, as luxuries ruin a nation,
Receipts were an object most fit for taxation.

Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

For in short he could prove plain wrong to be right,
He could prove white was black, or plain black to be white.
Aye, and then he would prove it was clear without strife,
That he never chang'd sides, nor told fibs in his life.

Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

Since no place is too high for this choicest of spirits,
Now methinks Temple Bar is the station he merits :
May his head fixt on high be a weathercock still,
And there shift with the wind, Sir, as oft as it will.

Derry, down, down, heigh derry down.

A concise Description of COVENT GARDEN at the present WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

A PARADISE for fools and knaves;
 A hell for constables and slaves;
 A booth for mountebanks and beavers;
 A shop for marrow-bones and cleavers;
 A stage for bulls and Irish Chairmen;
 A Pit for Foxes, for to rear 'em:
 In short, such are most glorious places?
 For Duchesses to show their faces!

O D E

To the D——SS of D——E.

HAIL, Duchefs! first of woman kind,
 Far, far you leave your sex behind,
 With you none can compare;
 For who but you, from street to street,
 Wou'd run about a vote to get,
 Thrice, thrice bewitching fair!
 Each day you visit every shop,
 Into each house your head you pop,
 Nor do you act the prude;
 For ev'ry man salutes your Grace,
 Some kiss your hand, and some your face,
 And some are rather rude.
 The girl condemn'd to walk the streets,
 And pick each blackguard up she meets,
 And get him in her clutches;
 Has lost her trade—for they despise
 Her wanton airs, her leering eyes—
 Now they can kiss a Duchefs.

A N E W S O N G.

To to the tune of—Amo Amas.

WE love the King.
 And we will sing
 God blefs great George for ever;
 He fights our cause,
 And keeps our laws,
 God blefs his heart for ever.

C H O R U S.

Fox, with his bill, may go to Hell,
 With Portland, Byng, and Surrey;
 Fitzpatrick too, and Powys, who
 Turn'd his vote in a hurry.

We

HOOD AND WRAY

435

We are all for Pitt,
For he is fit
To keep his present station;
He'll ne'er oppress,
But he will bless
This great and honest nation.
Fox, with his bill, &c.

Let's vote for those,
Who did oppose
The India bill and slav'ry;
They've honest zeal
For Briton's weal,
They hate all rogues and knav'ry.
Fox, with his bill, &c.

Fox, North, and Byng,
In a rope should swing,
For they're the curse of the nation;
With a profligate pack,
And Burke at their back,
They've caus'd their own damnation.
Fox, with his bill, &c.

E P I G R A M.

WITH fools, of old, I play'd my part,
Quoth Britain, fore affrighted;
But, now, behold the Fox's art,
To Charles and James, united.

REYNARD'S BRUSH TRIUMPHANT in *Henrietta-Street*

WHAT a bustle is here renew'd every day,
What cracking of crowns for Fox and for Wray,
Jack tars, and stout chairmen, fall back, Sirs, I pray,
Make room for the ladies lov'd member, huzza!

His brush is all colours, black, brown, yellow, red,
Some hold it in hand, and some place it on head,
To this favourite member, all else must give way;
He pleases the fair sex, and must have the day.

One's *Hood*-wink'd, and nothing the other can say,
Nor do, but in serving to stir up a fray,
But, silence; they're coming, fall back there, nay, hush!
Sweet creatures! how pleas'd they all seem with the brush!

Old *Blackbeard* is steady, and thinks himself snug,
On the ladies relying, as bug in a rug;
Aye, let him alone, he's not given to blush,
But smiles at the fair ones, who shake his long brush.

HOOD AND WRAY,

A S O N G.

To the Tune of—*I kiss'd and I prattled with twenty fair Maids.*

I FRISK'D and I rattl'd for twenty long years,
Before that I steady could be;
But of all the mad pranks that ever I play'd,
Coalition was worst for me.

*The curst India bill, too, did me much ill,
Oh! that was the ruin of me!*

The India Directors, like tyrants, all rose,
Determin'd to die, or be free;
And yet tho' their Chairman I led by the nose,
The rest prov'd too many for me.

'Twas the curst India bill, &c.

I to the Electors of Westminster said,
That I their member would be;
Yet tho' I dar'd vamp, a receipt on a stamp,
They instantly gave unto me.

The curst India bill, &c.

I rambled, I gambled, I bullied and swore,
But no one attended to me;
For, say what I can, Sir Cecil's the man,

The Man of the People I see.

'Twas the curst India bill, &c.

Now where shall I go, or what shall I do,
And what will become of poor me;
From the *West* I must vere, to the *East* I can't steer,
In the *North* there's a *Pitt* like the sea;
Then I and *Sam House* will go to the *South*,
As *Garrat's* a borough for me.

TYRIE'S GHOST: A PARODY.

[*Hic niger est hunc tu Anglicane caveto.*]

'TWAS at that silent, solemn hour,
When dupes from dice retreat,
In glided Tyrie's grimly ghost,
And stood at Charles's feet.

His face was black as Charles's shirt,
Which bore a fortnight's stain;
A halter dangled from his neck,
His ancles drag'd a chain.

So may each rebel face appear
Whom F— and France deceive;
Such is the form ev'n F— should wear,
Might law its due receive.

“ Behold

" Behold (he cried) 'tis Tyrie calls,
 " Come from his gallows grave;
 " Now let your fear confess the man
 " *That* fear refus'd to save.
 " Bethink thee, Charly, of thy guilt,
 " Thy word and broken oath,
 " And own at least that fate unkind
 " Which did not take us both.
 " Why did you promise life and *place*,
 " And feed my last with hope?
 " Why did you swear to save my neck,
 " Yet leave it to the rope?
 " But hark, the sweep has warn'd me hence!
 " A long and late adieu!
 " Come see, false man, how low he lies
 " Who died a dupe to you!"
 The milkman bawl'd, the Welkin lour'd,
 And smoke obscur'd the morn;
 Black Charley quak'd in every limb,
 And forth he rov'd forlorn.
 But ere he reach'd St. James's Place,
 A Bow-street gang appear'd;
 Then more malignant met his brow,
 And blacker look'd his beard.
 And thrice he call'd on Tyrie's name,
 And thrice he curst full fore!
 Then rais'd a pistol to his cheek,
 And word spake never more.

C. S. F.

*In the Year 1741, the following Lines, said to be written by Mr. NUGENT
were addressed to the Independent Country Gentlemen.*

OH! ever cheated, never taught;
 Oh! often sold, tho' never bought;
 Condemn'd in ceaseless pother,
 Now to pull down, and now to raise,
 With senseless hate, and senseless praise,
 One villain, then another!
 So the dull *Badger*, from his birth,
 Works for the wily *Fox* on earth,
 In hopes of living warmer:
 Stunk out by one, again he grubs;
 Another comes, with all his cubs,
 More stinking than the former.

The

HOOD AND WRAY.

The DEGRADED WREATH.

WHO will hence the Foe drub?
 What new tree, leaf, or shrub,
 Shall distinguish the brave when they quarrel?
 What bedeck this poor pate?
 Fame, alas! comes too late,
 When trulls, tinkers, and link-boys wear Laurel.

W. L.

A GENERAL TOAST.

Sung at a late Meeting of Mr. —'s Friends.

HERE's to the patriot, of patriots the first,
 Who still in his principles hearty,
 With qualms of damn'd conscience has never been curst,
 But would plunder the world for his party.
 Let the toast pass, I proclaim him an ass,
 Who is not a friend to a visage of brass.

Here's to her Grace, who for sake of the cause,
 Condescends thro' each alley to roam, Sir,
 While her husband, contented, sits nibbling his claws,
 And quietly dozing at home, Sir.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the patriot of every degree,
 Who a friend to cheats, gamblers, and rooks is,
 And thinks that no country can flourish be,
 'Till govern'd by Statesmen from Brookes's.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to all those, who our foe to annoy,
 (Secret Influence's shameful promoter)
 Are laudably bent its effects to destroy,
 Thirty guineas to give for a voter.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the noble and brave garretters,
 Who form of our party the strength, Sir,
 For those who in swearing dare venture their ears,
 Will for liberty go any length, Sir,
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to our glorious *corps de reserve*,
 Men who won't about perjury snivel,
 But when once engag'd, from their promise ne'er swerve,
 And laughs at death, hell, and the devil.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the chairmen, who freemen themselves,
 For *freedom* have taken such pains, Sir,
 As through a dislike to some obstinate elves,
 Most justly to knock out their brains, Sir.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

So

So here's to all friends who have lent their support,
 Men with shirts to their backs, or without, Sir;
 Tho' some may have shone in King *Addington's Court*,
 Yet all are unbiass'd, no doubt, Sir.
 Let the toast pass, I proclaim him an ass,
 Who is not a friend to a visage of brass.

TROILUS.

The PARADOX of the TIMES.

SEE modest D*ch*ff*s, no longer nice
 In Virtue's honour, haunt the sinks of Vice;
 In Freedom's cause the guilty bribe convey,
 And perjurd wretches piously betray.
 See Fox alone (as G—d—n dares assure us)
 Our laws, religion, property secure us;
 That Fox, who faith and law alike derides,
 And to subvert, the midnight spoil divides.
 Dispensing priests explain away the laws,
 To deal their Papist votes to G—d—n's cause.
 G—d—n, whose savage nature still the same,
 Still marks his victims to the sword and flame.
 In vain these opposites their force combine,
 In vain their monstrous Coalition join;
 A wider, warmer indignation glows,
 And Pitt still guards the Crown on George's brows.

Addressed to the ELECTORS of WESTMINSTER.

THE TRUE STATE OF THE CASE.

Dux famina facti.

VIRO.

HAIL matchless chief! undaunted in debate,
 Pursue thy blow, and scorn a mean retreat.
 Hail chief! how well thou dost thy task perform,
 Bestride the whirlwind, and direct the storm.
 No flaming angel sent by heav'n in ire,
 E'er urg'd the vengeance with more glowing fire:
 Seduc'd by D—n, and the Paphian crew,
 What cannot Venus and the Graces do?—
 See! at thy feet to greet their idol god,
 The slaves of Westminster obsequious nod;
 See! to the pagod youth and age both run,
 Pleas'd with their ruin, proud to be undone.
 Not Israel's sons with more abandon'd will
 Bow'd to the golden calf on Horeb's Hill.

O! fatal

O! fatal beauty, oh! bewitching snare,
 See kingdoms fall to compliment the fair.
 Old Priam thus, tho' well he saw the fall,
 Of the devoted town, and heaven built wall,
 O'ercome with Helen's captivating charms*,
 Cry'd, let her stay, and take the chance of arms;
 The hoary sages all contented bend,
 Let Helen stay, and arms her cause defend.
 'Tis Beauty's mandate, Cupid's firm decree,
 Tho' Britain perish, Charles shall Member be.
 D——n, not F—x, obtains the glorious prize,
 Not public merit, but resifless eyes:
 Oh! hadst thou liv'd in those tempestuous times,
 When Charles was murder'd for imputed crimes,
 How had thy soul with patriot ardour glow'd,
 What deluges of speech from thee had flow'd?
 How had thy soul its native worth display'd,
 A rebel Parliament's black schemes to aid?
 Old Bradshaw would have shook thee by the hand,
 And Lisle and Ludlow smooch'd thy ruff'd band:
 Cromwell himself had sworn, beholding thee,
 Behold a worthy successor to me,
 Like mine expands his vast capacious soul,
 Too big for King or kingdom to controul;
 Hugh Peters would have cry'd, behold! a youth,
 Mirror of Wisdom, paragon of Truth,
 By Nature form'd to make Britannia great,
 And cleanse the Augean stable of the State.
 Blest, happy days, when Merit dar'd aspire,
 When every bosom glow'd with patriot fire,
 When Liberty with clear unclouded rays,
 Shone undiminish'd with a Monarch's blaze;
 When free-born Conscience so sublimely soar'd,
 And God or Devil at her will ador'd:
 But know, proud man, the canting day is o'er,
 The politician saint can charm no more,
 Behind the affected patriot's borrow'd mien
 A wily State Tartuffe is lurking seen,
 Thro' the thin film of ill-disguising art
 Peers up the rancour of a factious heart:
 What hath been, may be, faction seiz'd the helm;
 See! proud Democracy usurp the realm,
 Both King and Constitution felt the blow;
 What scenes of rapine, and what days of woe!
 Rouze Britons! rouze! despise all splendid knaves,
 Nor be to King, or patriot chiefs, tame slaves;
 Give to the three estates the balance due,
 And keep the point of Liberty in view.

CAUSIDICUS.

* Old Homer pays the greatest compliment imaginable to Beauty, when he represents the sages of Troy, seduced by the irresistible charms of Beauty in distress, advising the detention of Helen against their better judgments, against the predictions of Oracles, and against the evidence of their senses.

A full

A full and particular Account of the wonderful and surprising APPARITION of a GHOST, that appeared to the Widow of a certain Peace Officer, who was killed in the Riot at Covent Garden: Giving a faithful Relation of what the Ghost said, and how his Body would not rest in his Grave till the Murderer should be found out and punished.

S H E.

AMIDST the livid lightning's dreadful glare,
While the loud thunder rolls through troubled air,
At midnight hour, no rest my bosom knows;
Nor could I, in calm hours, take sweet repose;
For I have lost the partner of my bed,
And dreadful thoughts rend my distracted head.
—Ha! what is that, that skims before my eyes?
Whence can this strange imagination rise?
My couch shakes under me!—cold sweats invade
My trembling limbs, and mists my eyesight shade.

G H O S T.

'Tis not imagination!—All is true,
The spirit of your husband dead you view;
Who, in the midst of thunders, takes his way,
To tell at night what is forbid by day.

S H E.

Oh! I was fainting! but that voice well known
Recalls my spirits.—Yes, 'tis he I own;
My much-lov'd husband, whom this night I see,
Return'd with anxious care to visit me:
But, gentle spirit, say, what wouldst thou have,
What brings the hither from thy peaceful grave,
Where I with decent funeral saw thee laid,
And thy friends wept and mourn'd to soothe thy shade?

G H O S T.

Alas! the grave on me bestows no peace;
Though from the toils of mortal life I cease;
For still my ghost is troubled with the thought
Of crimes unpunish'd, which my death have wrought.
For know that murder'd man knows no repose,
While murd'ers live, and none their guilt disclose,
'Tis this that brings me from my grave so soon,
To "visit thus the glimpses of the moon."

S H E.

If this be so, curst is their cause indeed,
For sure none yet have trac'd the bloody deed;
A bloody deed it was, and guilty strife,
That cost thee thus, alas! thy precious life.
Of politics and party much is said;
Of candidates they make a great parade;—
Of State affairs and liberty they prate,
Till fatal blows succeed to strong debate.

But can all this—which is an empty breath,
 Atone for one good man's untimely death?
 Or can their acts, their speeches call again
 The hapless victim in their quarrel slain?
 Ah! no; for ever gone and lost he lies,
 And never shall be seen by mortal eyes;
 Except his troubled ghost (as now) appears,
 To fill us with perplexing doubts and fears,
 "Making night hideous,"—but proceed I pray,
 Tell me what farther I should do or say.

G H O S T.

I come not to upbraid thee;—for in life,
 To me thou ever wast a loving wife;
 And since my death hast wept with unfeign'd grief;
 But 'tis not that can give my shade relief.

S H E.

Say then, at once, what course does yet remain,
 Since all I hitherto have done is vain;
 For be assur'd, without distrust or fear,
 I even to the end will persevere.

G H O S T.

I hope thou wilt; and therefore am I come,
 Upon this message, from my silent tomb;
 'Tis not to blame what is already done,
 Thy faith and truth can be surpass'd by none;
 But 'tis to urge thee to proceed, nor care
 For idle threats dispers'd in empty air,
 Nor yet be footh'd by any; but remain
 As fix'd as fate, and due redress obtain.

S H E.

This I will do;—witness the conscious night!
 And those dread fires which make the skies so bright:
 I will not rest till those who work'd thy fall,
 I to the bar of awful justice call.

G H O S T.

'Tis all I ask;—nor couldst thou grant me more,
 Although my death an age thou shouldst deplore;
 For this once don, the murder brought to light,
 No more my troubled shade shall walk by night;
 Thy breast besides its wonted peace shall know,
 Which now is overcharg'd with mortal woe.
 —This and no more—farewel!—for dawning day,
 And crowing cocks, now summon me away.
 Trace to the last the author of this deed,
 And, persevering, you will sure succeed.

[Ghost vanishes.

SHE

S H E.

My word is given!—my promise I will keep,
 And thou, lov'd husband, shalt in quiet sleep;
 Justice shall stop the murd'ers in their way,
 And "*blood for blood*" their horrid act repay*.

The RECANTATION,

A MODERN EPISTLE.

FROM F—tz—y's bleak farm to St. James's lov'd square,
 With a penitent pen may a rival repair;
 For dear Mrs. H—t, bright pattern to you
 On act of contrition is certainly due;
 Since in language most foul, and in colours most black,
 Did I stain your full face, and abuse your broad back;
 For strangely of late have we alter'd our stiles.
 E'en Duchesses blend with the slang of St. Giles;—
 But indeed 'twas a party distraction and riot,
 A furor upon me which Spouse could not quiet;
 For Spouse, tho' he boasts of his order and key,
 By G—d, has no order to influence me;
 But the folly now past, if my pardon you grant,
 On the word of a woman, my creed I'll recant:—
 No more shall my coach to the Hustings convey
 Three chimney-sweep plumpers, the pride of May-day;
 Or when there's an end of the Poll, and the fun,
 When the Hustings are burnt, and the dinners are done;
 When the farce of the out-lying voters is o'er:
 In a word, when the *dead* shall be *living* no more;
 When Carlo Khan's *chairing* and *lighting* take place,
 And a ball shall be given his triumph to grace;
 Tho' strong invitation my steps should pursue,
 To join in the dance, and to mix with the *Crowe*†;
 Tho' the uniform throne, blue and buff, shall adorn,
 Where connubial plenty may lift up her horn:
 Where the order of F—t o'er all order prevails,
 And the union of brushes prevents telling tales;
 I swear I'll despise the impertinent stuff;
 For no F—xite, by G—d, shall behold me in buff.
 Come then, my dear friends, let us cordially join,
 Round the *Poll* that we love let our interests entwine;
 Tho' the wags say, Sir Cecil can do us no good,
 And hint that our beauties look best with a *Hood*;
 In spite of their malice, their jeits, and their satire,
 The world must acknowledge your worth and good-nature;

* The Poet who appears here in *petticoats*, we wish to remind our Readers felt the Muses' inspiration, previous to the trial of the rioters, and as the verdict of justice was given from the Old Bailey, and not from Parnassus, the return of "*blood for blood*" from the Jury does not appear on the record. Vide the Trial.

† Mrs. C—we intends to give a ball in honour of Mr. F—x's victory, where all the company are to be dressed in blue and buff.

For chearfulness ever your dwelling furrounds
 Your table with mirth and good humour abounds;
 Politeness and Taste your protection implore,
 And kind Hospitality sits at your door.

A Gentleman in COVENT GARDEN remarked, as Mr. FOX went by him, that the Appearance of the poor Fellow reminded him of Lines in POPES Prologue to CATO, which might be parodied in the following way:

BUT when grim Carlo's dismal figure pass'd
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast—
 The triumph ceas'd, scorn flash'd from ev'ry eye,
 And Charles, dejected, pass'd unheeded by.

I M P R O M P T U,

To the Compiler of a List of the late House of Commons, in which the Friends of Mr. PITT are distinguished by Stars, and those of Mr. FOX by Daggers.

WITH prices shewn by figures wrote,
 Tradesmen their wares expose;
 So by apt signs dost thou denote,
 Who are our friends and foes.
 Thy stars point out the shining few,
 Who took Britannia's part;
 The daggers mark the trait'rous crew,
 Who would have pierc'd her heart.

QUIBUS.

HOBARD *versus* DEVON:

Or, the true State of the Contest between BLUE and GREEN.

Addressed to the D— of D—.

TRUE Blue, we are told, was staunch colour of old,
 It was worn by Queen Bess, and by Harry the Bold;
 In James's weak dotage, True Blue felt a stain,
 It was tinged with yellow, the puritan grain.
 In the days of his son, lo! True Blue was run down,
 When the blue mix'd with yellow demolish'd the Crown;
 What a pother was then in the mob-ridden state,
 How bravely did Cromwell vault into his seat.
 A colour so changing can never be true,
 Old Hudibras wore it, and call'd it True Blue.

'Twas

'Twas the ribbon of Faction, the badge of a r——,
 'Twas then as 'tis now, alas ! too much in vogue.
 Oh ! Devon, thy judgment in colours is clear,
 Then reject the false blue, and adopt the sincere :
 Deluded by Friendship, no more go astray,
 Thy Carlo give up, and assist honest Wray.
 With Hobard in green, like an angel appear,
 'Tis the vestment of Flora, the dress of the year :
 'Tis the beautiful garment that clotheth the May,
 'Tis the robe of the young, of the blithe, and the gay.
 Let old age in yellow be decently seen,
 It suits with old age, 'tis the colour of spleen.
 But let Devon in green like the season appear,
 'Tis Nature's sweet rayment, 'tis Beauty's compeer :
 Then Devon shall be, what was Devon before.
 All old men shall praise her, all young ones adore.
 The Heavens, 'tis granted, sometimes dress in blue ;
 What hath Devon or Hobart with Heaven to do ?
 Ye can both make a Heaven of Earth when ye please,
 By a look, or a smile, or a thousand soft WAYS.

CAUSIDICUS.

SONG *transposed from one in the Morning Herald, to the tune of "Let the toast pass," by two Ladies.*

TO Reynard's defeat let us tune a new song,
 Tho' much it may stir up his gall, Sir,
 For we hope and believe that it will not be long,
 Before his pride meets with a fall, Sir.

C H O R U S.

Then let us all say, God bless Hood and Wray,
 And may Reynard and bribery never have sway.

To Hood, Wray, and freedom, we give our support,
 'Tis sure ev'ry honest man's duty ;
 To the King and to virtue 'tis paying our court,
 Tho' forc'd to declare against beauty.

C H O R U S.

Then let us all say, &c.

Fair Devon, 'tis true, all hearts must approve,
 And the Waldegrave, tho' not in this cause, Sir ;
 The Duchefs to vie with the sweet Queen of Love,
 Should not forget modesty's laws, Sir.

C H O R U S.

Then let us all say, &c.

Mrs.

HOOD AND WRAY.

Mrs. Hobart's abuse, the vulgar may strike,
 Tho' in our ears it sounds very foul, Sir :
 Yet no doubt such fine language, each carman will like,
 Of a Lady compar'd to an owl, Sir.

CHORUS.

Then let us all say, &c.

With envy, poor Fox, sees how over the town,
 Drawn along in a fine gilded chariot ;
 N——'s Duke rattles up street and down,
 To canvass for Hood, Wray, and merit.

CHORUS.

Then let us all say, &c.

That N——s is gracious to all that he meets,
 I will not pretend to dispute, Sir :
 But of leaving of beggars to starve in the streets ;
 I think Charley ought to be mute, Sir.

CHORUS.

Then let us all say, &c.

Thus of freedom and rights, Fox Electors would chouse,
 And make slaves and tools of the town, Sir :
 But should this r——e get in the Parliament House,
 He'll soon drive us out of our own, Sir.

CHORUS.

Then let us all say, God blefs Hood and Wray,
 And the Devil take Fox and his party away.

*The late Election at Covent Garden, we doubt not the Public will readily allow, produced great Variety of Incident both Tragic and Comic.—Those who had Curiosity and Perseverance enough to attend at the Hustings during the Forty Days Contest, must have seen many Things to regret, many to approve, and many, very many, to provoke Risibility; but our Readers will perceive the Scene of Action has not been entirely confined to Covent Garden.—Heaven as well as Earth has been moved on this celebrated Occasion, and the Muses teased out of Inspirations both curious and singular—Parnassus has not been less a Scene of Confusion than “the Place of Cabbages”—The whole immortal Nine have been solicited for their Votes and Interest, and have granted Favours to both sides indiscriminately. Which side have been admitted to the happiest Intimacy, we, as Editors, will not determine—let the Offspring speak for itself. What follows, is on Mr. Fox’s side of the Question; those marked thus *, have not till now met the public Eye.—Critics go to work, we will not controvert your Decisions!*

* ODE inscribed to the Honourable C. J. F O X.

SAY Fox how comes it that you claim
 A fresh applause from Envy’s spite,
 Whose voice and libel gives you fame,
 As *shades* in paint improve the *light*.
 The vapour thus which strives to shrowd,
 When *broken* but improves the day;
 Lends beauty in each straggling cloud,
 And gives to SOL a brighter ray!
 Had the great orb along the air
 Mov’d with one *clear* and *constant* light,
 The beams he shed had look’d less fair,
 The flame he pour’d had seem’d less bright.
 If then Corruption wings her dart
 Thy peace to wound, or honour stain:
 Survey thy own calm guiltless heart,
 And tell the shaft it flies in vain.
 Already GREAT—thy glory shows
 Each god-like gift and merit thine;
 The desp’rate *malice* of thy foes,
 But makes that glory brighter shine.
 Thus from its flame the tortur’d gold
 New worth and lustre does acquire,
 Which often tried we still behold
 Rising more valued from the fire.

What

What fate more envied canst thou chuse ?
 What future shaft or danger fear ?
 Since every effort to accuse
 But plants thee in each heart more dear ?
 If for your zeal in Britain's cause
 The envy of her sons you live ;
 Be happy in your own applause,
 The best, the noblest, Heav'n can give.
 Oft in yourself with smiles retire,
 And your own breast with joy attend,
 There Freedom nurse, and there admire,
 What forms the Statesman and the friend.
 You and the Palm deprest are one,
 Her branches shooting up the skies,
 Which from the friendly weight alone,
 Does wider spread and faster rise.
 When lanc'd at thee, keen Envy's dart
 Is like the *Pelian* jav'lin found,
 Whose healing point reliev'd the smart,
 Which just before transfix'd the wound.
 Let Rage, or Folly, then deplore
 Those schemes the good and wise admire,
 Whilst tyrants dread thy councils more
 Than *Gallia's* sons a *Rodney's* fire !
 Could ONE thy fate or fall ordain,
 Or greatly triumph in thy doom,
Monarchial sway would soon obtain,
 And Britain fall as once did Rome !
 If Albion's impious sons should move,
 A Fox to murmur at his fate,
 O place, great Charles ! thy country's love
 Against a *Faction's* scorn or hate.
 Tho' malice should thy life defame,
 And Kings yet cease not to oppress,
 With the mad few who curse or blame,
 Oh ! think of those who praise and bleis.
 To Pitt, that Child of State intrigue,
 Belongs each baser love of rule,
 With tyrants has he sign'd the league,
 And lives in their corrupted school.
 Tho' *Thuzlow's* darken'd forehead frown,
 In aid of this apostate boy,
 Do thou, oh Charles ! still watch the Crown,
 Nor let it England's rights destroy.

Thy

Thy wisdom we as CATO's prize,
 To guard the freedom of the state;
 And should *another* Cæsar rise,
 With FOX will rest his country's fate!

Oh! then be *firm* in Britain's cause,
 The people's rights still keep in view,
 In *Magna Charta* see our laws,
 To this *Palladium* e'er be true!

Here drink at FREEDOM's choicest spring,
 Here bid thy soul its powers expand!
 Then make a wondering Senate ring,
 With periods fram'd to save the land.

See to their midnight cells thy foes,
 Trembling to view the light repair;
 Whilst thou a noon-day sun hast chose,
 To show each action still more fair.

There dire remorse and conscious shame,
 With every wretched terror near;
 Each bosom *frets*—whilst CHARLES's name
 Adds to those pangs they feel or fear.

What wreath shall Britain then provide,
 The patriot brow of FOX to grace.
 Close by what great deliverer's side,
 The trophy raise, or statue place?

Yet the carv'd stone, to *others* kind,
 Shall *ne'er* express, tho' touch'd with art,
 The firmness of *thy* noble mind,
 Or goodness of thy *gen'rous* heart.

One bliss, howe'er, you must disclaim,
 Which your own virtue does destroy;
 To hope from heav'n a future fame,
 More fair than that you now enjoy.

Beyond the reach of fortune's power,
 A FOX's peace is wisely cast;
 Pleas'd with himself, his *present* hour,
 Can *scarcely* a gladness from the last.

That peace is *thine*! whose thought can view,
 Completed in thy *patriot* breast;
 Those schemes, thy *love* and *wisdom* drew,
 To make thy country *feared* and *blest*.

An ELEGY, written in St. STEPHEN'S'S. A PARODY.

GAZETTES now toll the melancholy knell,
 Of Statesmen fallen from their high degree;
 Whitehead disdains to ring their passing bell,
 And leaves the task to Printers and to me.
 Now fades Ambition's landscape on the sight,
 Mock-patriot faces marks of sadness hold,
 Dire Disappointment hides his head in night,
 But Faction wakes to pen Addresses bold.

In yonder stately rook'ry (Brookes's fane)
 Nothing is heard but rout and wild uproar;
 Th' affrighted rooks forsake their wonted reign,
Tables are turn'd, and hazard is no more.

Beneath this dome, where dwells St. Stephen's shade,
 And benches rise in many a verdant bed,
 No seats are occupied, no motions made,
 The quondam 'Treas'ry Members all are fled.

The early call of incense-breathing tools,
 The Council's summons thund'ring at their door;
 The Levee's courtly pomp (the pride of fools)
 Shall rouse them from their privacy no more.

For them no more shall Council dinners smoke,
 Or City feasts display their sumptuous fare;
 No needy hangers-on retail each joke,
 No parasites the flatt'ring smile prepare.

Some time they reap'd the harvest of the seats,
 Full many an act they plann'd, debated well;
 Their chariots rattled thro' Augusta's streets,
 And loud they laugh'd, whilst public credit fell.

Yet let not future Statesmen mock their toil,
 Their strange connection, and their means obscure;
 Nor grandeur look with a disdainful smile,
 Because, beside their faults, these men were poor.

Not all the wealth that either India brings,
 Not all those arts which sell Corruption tries,
 Can buy the best prerogative of Kings,
 To listen to an injur'd people's cries.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the blame,
 That mem'ry, o'er their fall, no trophies raise;
 Those men had better die without a name,
 Who merit infamy instead of praise.

Perhaps, amidst this band, have sunk in night,
 Some hearts once pregnant with celestial fire,
 Hands that might well have done their country right,
 Or wak'd to extacy the Muse's lyre.

But

But Science, tho' she led their early youth,
 Beheld her power to politics give way;
 Accurst Self-interest hid the face of truth,
 And party zeal assum'd unrivall'd sway.
 Perhaps some Calvin, in whose restless brain
 Things call'd Reform Bills lurk'd, (a specious brood)
 Perhaps some Catiline might' head their train,
 Some Cromwell yet unstain'd with legal blood.
 The votes of venal Senates to command,
 To break the Constitution's strongest ties;
 To seize the sacred charters of the land,
 And on the ruins of her commerce rise:
 Their lot forbade, nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their views tow'rd India, but their plots unplan'd,
 Forbad to chain their Sovereign on his throne,
 And ride triumphant o'er th' insulted land.
 Far from their Monarch's sight, the Senate's strife,
 These madd'ning Patriots now shall learn to stay
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, unlamented, stray.

ADDRESS to the free uninfluenced and independent ELECTORS of WESTMINSTER.

WHILE worthless bards—their private foes, or friends,
 Commend, or satirize for private ends;
 And prostitute the Muse with servile rhimes,
 To flatter villains at these worst of times:
 When from the Court fair patriot Virtue's fled,
 And foul Corruption rears her hydra-head;
 When youthful folly grasps the British helm,
 And wounded Freedom slowly quits the realm;
 When from the Throne a dark o'erwhelming tide
 Of secret influence spreads destruction wide:
 When venal freemen sell their votes for gold,
 And in return themselves are bought and sold;
 When senators their country's rights betray,
 And reverend pastors sell their flocks for pay;
 When, shame to tell! unmov'd, in open light,
 A licens'd spoiler* proves that force is right;
 When thread-bare merit's forc'd to shun the day,
 And slighted genius† falls to want, a prey.
 What voice, what bard inflamed with gen'rous fire,
 Or swells the strain, or strikes the sacred lyre,
 To warn his country, point the hour of fate,
 And show the means to save the sinking state.
 All! all are mute!—deserted Britain mourns;
 I raise my voice; my throbbing bosom burns.

* Vide, A late Attorney-General's speech in Ireland.

† Vide, Account of the death of T. Chatterton, Author of Rowley's Poems.

O blind to reason, dead to sense of shame,
 Ye self-destroyers, lost to virtuous fame!
 Who urg'd by fear, by gold, or folly led,
 With votes adverse your country's cause have fled,
 To raise a Judas, who his friend betray'd,
 And public good with private ill repay'd;
 Think ye, that man (I wrong him with the name,
 To human feelings dead, of man the shame)
 False to his friend, can prove to ye more just,
 And sacred hold his delegated trust?
 Think ye, that hard deceitful heart can feel
 A love of honour, or his country's weal?

The hoary warrior worn by scars and time,
 Who spent for ye his blood and youthful prime;
 Who dauntless rush'd to meet his country's foes,
 In life's late eve may claim a soft repose—
 His country grants it—takes him to her breast,
 And Chelsea bade to rise to yield him rest.
 Yet this must fall, to sooth the man ye raise,
 The veterans starve—his savage soul to please,
 To want and cold the aged fires be driven,
 With feeble steps, and eyes imploring Heaven.
 To wander friendless o'er their native land,
 Their country's shame, a sad complaining band.
 For this their wives and offspring lowly bend,
 To curse his days with an untimely end;
 For this the good, the wise, the fair detest
 The heart unfeeling and the faithless breast.

Yet (here suppose) he holds his country dear;
 How can the tool of power, the slave of fear,
 Hold forth a lawless statesman's ends to gain,
 Support his will, or Britain's rights maintain?
 His voice must yield, compell'd by royal sway,
 To wrest your rights and liberties away.
 Then late! too late! your fatal choice ye'll mourn,
 And fierce resentment in your bosoms burn.
 Ye happier men whose votes untold remain,
 To ye I call, nor be my call in vain;
 Ere yet fair freedom quits her native isle,
 While on these shores she ling'ring deigns to smile,
 Arouse in time, with speed arrest her flight;
 Once gone!—Corruption pours eternal night.
 Even now oppression stalking o'er the land,
 Clanks her fell chains, and rears her iron hand!
 While desolation views each lofty dome,
 And grimly smiling points her future home.
 Defeat her hopes; Oh fly in time to save
 Yourselves! your all! your country from the grave!
 Lo! where with love of sacred freedom fired
 Devonians move, by gazing throngs admired!

Around

Around they press; her words conviction move,
 And teach at once the way to truth and love;
 From her fair breast all lesser thoughts are flown,
 Her country's cares disturb her, not her own;
 With me she calls, and graceful leads the way;
 Fair Freedom joins—"haste, haste! no longer stay;"
 Your country's champion nobly aids the cause,
 Fly then to crown him with your just applause;
 Friends! Freemen! Britons! all your strength be tried
 To quell Oppression, stem Corruption's tide;
 Let shouting plaudits fill resounding air,
 And Fox and Virtue sit in Freedom's chair.

W. P. CAREY.

The following BALLAD was lately handed about in Manuscript at the West End of the Town.

*The WESTMINSTER MEETING; or, The BACK STAIRS SCOUR'D.
 An EXCELLENT NEW SONG.*

To the Tune of—*Mrs. Arne, Mrs. Arne, it gives me consarn.*

SIR Cecil, Sir Cecil,
 You've manag'd all this ill,
 To be driv'n with disgrace from the chair;
 Though your friends, it is true,
 Would have stole it for you—
 Which proceeding was not very fair.
 Sir Cecil,
 Which proceeding was not very fair.
 Lord Mahon, Lord Mahon,
 Though you came very soon,
 And acted much like an old stager;
 If Pitt had been there,
 He'd have seen in despair
 The defeat of his doughty Drum-major.
 Lord Mahon,
 The defeat of his doughty Drum-major.
 Mountmorres, Mountmorres,
 Whom nobody for is,
 And for whom we none of us care;
 From Dublin you came,
 —It had been much the same
 If your Lordship had stay'd where you were.
 Lord Mountmorres,
 If your Lordship had stay'd where you were.
 Joe Mawbey, Joe Mawbey,
 Your throat sure must raw be,
 In striving to make yourself heard,

But

But it pleas'd not the *pigs*,
 Or the Westminster Whigs,
 That your Knighthood should utter a word,
 Joe Mawbey,
 That your Knighthood should utter a word.

Doctor Jebb, Doctor Jebb,
 You are at a low ebb,
 When to arts such as these you descend,
 Your coachman to pay,
 For to make away
 With *Charley*, who once was your friend.
 Doctor Jebb,
 With *Charley*, who once was your friend.

Brand Hollis, Brand Hollis,
 Why join in these follies,
 The cause of the people why quit?
 To give your support
 To the tools of the Court,
 To Jenkinson, Temple, and Pitt!
 Brand Hollis,
 To Jenkinson, Temple, and Pitt!

Jack Churchill, Jack Churchill,
 The town sure you search ill!
 Your mob has disgrac'd all your brags;
 When next you draw out
 Your hospital rout,
 Do prithee afford them clean rags.
 Jack Churchill,
 Do prithee afford them clean rags.

Mr. Frost, Mr. Frost,
 We thought you'd been lost!
 What a *loss* 'twould have been to the nation!
 If like Shelburne disgusted,
 Or by nobody trusted,
 You'd mimic'd that Peer's *private station*.
 Mr. Frost,
 You'd mimic'd that Peer's *private station*.

Captain Keith, Captain Keith,
 Keep your tongue 'twixt your teeth,
 Left bed-chamber tricks you betray;
 And if teeth you want more,
 Why my bold Commodore,
 You may borrow of Lord Galloway.
 Captain Keith,
 You may borrow of Lord Galloway.

Lord Ongley, Lord Ongley,
 You spoke mighty strongly,
 What you *are* though all people admire!

But

But I'll let you depart,
 For I believe in my heart,
 You had rather they wouldn't enquire.
 Lord Ongley,
 You had rather they wouldn't enquire.
 Mr. Flood, Mr. Flood,—
 O *tunder* and blood!
 And was the great orator there?
 Indeed and he was,
 And to help *the Duke's cause*,
 No doubt he came by the *back stair*.
 Mr. Flood,
 No doubt he came by the *back stair*.
 Johnny Wilkes, Johnny Wilkes,
 Thou boldest of bilks,
 What a different song you now sing!
 For your dear *forty-five*,
 'Tis *prerogative*!
 And your blasphemy—*God save the King!*
 Johnny Wilkes,
 And your blasphemy—*God save the King!*
 Sir Cecil, Sir Cecil,
 Now don't take all this ill,
 But when next in the Hall you're before us,
 Let this ballad be sung,
 By Lord Lungs to the throng,
 And do you and your gang bear the chorus,
 Sir Cecil,
 And do you and your gang bear the chorus.

The APPARITION; or, CHATHAM'S GHOST.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
 And all were fast asleep,
 In glided *Chatbam's* grimly ghost,
 And stood at *William's* feet.
 His face was like a wint'ry morn,
 Clad in a snowy cloud,
 His body thin, on crutches borne,
 Drefs'd in a fable shroud.
 His piercing eyes, which still retain'd
 The fire they here possess'd,
 With indignation seem'd to glow,
 And all he felt express'd.
 Amaz'd his son the ghost beheld,
 His frame convuls'd with fear;
 With stedfast look, and accent stern,
 When thus began the Peer:—

" My

" My son, I come from the still tomb,
 " To tell you what I feel,
 " At seeing that your deeds of late
 " Destroy your country's weal.
 " The lessons which in early youth
 " I taught your opening mind,
 " Were surely all forgot, when once
 " With *Jenkinson* you join'd,
 " His patron train'd in cunning low,
 " Taught in the Scottish school,
 " Persuaded me to take a part,
 " When he bore all the rule.
 " But when I found I had been dup'd,
 " Which to my shame was true,
 " I instantly resign'd my place,
 " And from the Court withdrew.
 " You too are dup'd, my *Billy* dear,
 " You have been made the tool
 " Of Secret Influence, tho' none
 " E'er thought you such a fool.
 " You said you lov'd the Commons' rights,
 " Why then those rights destroy?
 " Or wanton with them, as they were
 " Fit playthings for a boy?
 " Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,
 " The Constitution hurt;
 " By thee the Commons set at nought,
 " Their privilege, thy sport.
 " To give my restless spirit ease,
 " One way is left alone,
 " Resign your place, forsake the clan,
 " Then shall I cease to moan.
 " But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence,
 " A long and last adieu!
 " Think how exalted was our name,
 " Till now disgrac'd by you.
 The morn appear'd, the sun was up
 And show'd his *glittering* head,
 Pale *William* shook in every limb,
 And raving left his bed.
 He hy'd him to the Royal House,
 And up the Back Stairs went,
 Resolv'd to prove how much he was
 On *Chatham's* words intent.
 And thrice he call'd his Sov'reign's name,
 And thrice the K—— replied—
 " Leave me not *Pitt*,"—but he was firm,
 Resign'd his place, and—cried.

S O N G.

S O N G.

" 'Twas when the seas were roaring,"

'T WAS when the land was roaring,
 With feuds of every kind,
 Young Billy lay deploring,
 On Sh—lb—ne's breast reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the courtly mansions
 He cast a wishful look :
 His head was full of pensions,
 And posts in the Red Book.
 How could they say all prudence
 And cunning must be vain,
 While such a secret influence
 Does yet at Court remain ?
 No eye that influence reaches,
 Which lurks in Jenky's mind ;
 To cheat th' unwary wretches,
 Who think their Master kind.
 Nine months ago my Earl-y
 The Seals to Court did bring,
 How could'it thou, vent'rous Charley,
 How could'it thou trust the —— ?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel Jenky,
 To be my foe profess'd ;
 Ah ! what's thy meanness, think ye,
 To that within my breast ?
 Should G——ge that coast be bent on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow ;
 If F—x the job was sent on.
 He would not serve him so.
 All melancholy lying,
 Thus wait'd young P—t the great ;
 His bosom ach'd with fighting,
 His pulse in tumult beat,
 When from behind the curtain,
 Pale Jenky's form appears ;
 And cry'd, thy rise is certain,
 By me, up the Back Stairs.

E P I G R A M.

PRAY how did *Charley* speak last night ?
 Was he all burning, strong, and bright,
 As Tully or the Greek ?
 The next time, friend, you would ask this,
 Know that the shorter method is,
 To ask—Did *Charley* speak ?

P A N E G Y R I C A L E P I G R A M S

Upon Sir CECIL WRAY's candid Account of Mr. Fox's ill Reception from his Electors.

IF Fox was ill heard the more is the pity !
But tell me when this happen'd pray ?
Why, when he propos'd to Westminster city,
—That they should chuse *Sir Cecil Wray**.

A N O T H E R, on the same, by the Electors of Westminster.

TO Fox, Sir Cecil says, small praise is due,
By G—d, Sir Cecil, what you say is true ;
—For 'tis to *him* that we're oblig'd for you.

A N O T H E R, on the same.

GOOD Lord, how kind you are to me,
Quoth Cecil to the firm and free,
At the Alehouse Committee they held in December ;
A *grateful heart* is all I boast,
I beg a bumper to my toast,
—' *Confusion to him who made me your Member.*'

A N O T H E R.

WHEN simple Fox, in an unwary hour,
Made Wray his colleague, all confess'd he blunder'd ;
Yet bear no malice, Fox ! but when in power,
Nobly promote him to the *Chiltern Hundred*.

A N O T H E R.

THAT Fox is an impostor, thus,
Sir Cecil, you may prove is true,
He grossly has impos'd on us,
By having spoken well of you.

A N O T H E R.

You fain would make the world conjecture,
That Fox aspires to be Protector ;
But here the world will doubt ye ;
O ! were it but as little true,
That he had e'er *protected* you !
We now had been without ye.

A N O T H E R.

IF Fox was voted to the chair,
It was because his friends were there ;
As soon as ever they were gone,
Sir Cecil had it ten to one.
'Tis true that Fox's friends were strongest,
But then Sir Cecil's *staid* the longest ;
From whence it doth most clearly follow,
That *he* (Sir Cecil) *bad* it hollow.

* When Mr. Fox propos'd Sir Cecil Wray in the Court of Requests for his colleague, against the opinion of Mr. Churchill, Dr. Jebb, Mr. Hollis, and others, (*now acting with the Court*) there was great disapprobation shewn by the Meeting.

ANOTHER,

ANOTHER, on Sir Cecil Wray's saying, that Mr. Fox ran away.

SIR Cecil's boast all law of nature mocks,
Who will believe, a *Goose* could drive a *Fox*?

A N O T H E R.

WE *Courtiers* have the *Blackguards* now!
Exclaim the *Ministers* with pride.
I see no proof of it, I vow—
Except the *Writers* on their side.

ANOTHER, occasioned by some late Resolutions respecting Parliamentary Reform.

"WHAT diseases (cries Jebb) in the Commons prevail?
"They're the vitals of England; and if they should fail,
"Let the foul *Primæ Vitæ* be scour'd; circulation
"Will then go on to the health of the nation."
But, if we may judge from some late resolutions,
As you treat your poor patients of bad constitutions,
When you vomit and bleed, bolus, potion, and pill 'em,
Undertaking to *cure* 'em, dear Doctor, you'll *kill* 'em.

An Excellent NEW SONG,

To the Tune of,—*The Children in the Wood.*

YE Britons all come mourn with me,
Your boasted freedom gone;
Ah! see your darling liberty
Stabb'd by a Chatham's son!
Long time his noble father strove
To bid our glory live;
He valued more a people's love,
Than all a Court could give.
Our rights and laws great Chatham made
The first of public cares;
No *Secret Influence* he obey'd,
He mounted no *Back Stairs*.
No arts could win him to conspire
The Commons to destroy;
O! had the spirit of the Sire
Descended to the Boy!
Nor let his virtues lull to sleep
Suspicion, 'till the time
When slaves, the dire mistake you weep,
That thought *his youth no crime*.
Ye Britons, rouse, at Freedom's call
Your delegates defend,
Nor silent see the people fall
With Fox, the people's friend

The shackles of *Prerogative*,
 In Freedom's cause defy,
 Rather than bear like *dogs* to live,
 Like *LIONS* let us die.

The LAY VICAR; or, BILLY's CREED.

IN good old George's golden days,
 When Liberty no harm meant,
 A furious Whig my father was,
 And so he gain'd preferment;
 Unto the world he daily told,
 That Freedom was our Charter,
 The name of PITT should ne'er be sold,
 He swore, our rights to barter.

C H O R U S.

This was the law he did maintain
 Unto his dying day, Sir,
 But little knew he of his son,
 When all this he did say Sir.

'Tis true at first 'gainst Bute I talk'd,
 And swore he'd make us low lie;
 In Fox's footsteps then I walk'd,
 But found he walk'd too slowly.
 I soon perceiv'd a shorter road,
 To place which he despis'd,
 And up the Back Stairs nimbly trod,
 By J——n advis'd.

C H O R U S.

And this is law I will declare,
 Unto my dying day, Sir,
 Of all the roads a good Back Stair,
 To place, is the best way, Sir.

When Rockingham did rule the roast,
 Our Country's pride and glory,
 A Whiggish Creed I then did boast,
 And scorn'd the name of Troy.
 —D——s a tool of Pow'r I call'd,
 And T—— the King's slave, Sir;
 At Secret Influence I bawl'd,
 A Whig most big and brave, Sir.

C H O R U S.

This was the law I then maintain'd,
 And thus I oft would pray, Sir.
 From such bad men, kind heav'n defend
 My country, night and day, Sir.

But

But now the times are alter'd quite,
 So human matters change will,
 For T——w now is WASHED WHITE,
 And J——n's an Angel.
 No miracle in this you'll find,
 When once the cause is known, Sir;
 —A heav'nly light came o'er my mind,
 From a *dark lantern* thrown, Sir.

C H O R U S.

And this is law, I e'er will sing,
 Unto my dying day, Sir,
A lantern is a useful thing,
 To Court to *light* the way, Sir.
 Next Shelburne now came into place,
 And treachery was fashion;
 But even him I did surpass,
 In neat dissimulation.
 All principles I found would fit
 Full well my dispositioun;
 So I became a Jesuit,
 To beat the Coalition.

C H O R U S.

And this is law I will maintain
 Unto my dying day, Sir;
 It matters not what is the plan,
 By which in place you stay, Sir.
 Yet, spite of all that we could do,
 The Whigs again succeeded;
 And I with them had joined too,
 As change I never heeded.
 But T—— *whisper'd* in my ear,
 What did my choice determine;
 And R——n did stoutly swear,
 He'd answer for the *vermin*.

C H O R U S.

And this is law, I ever shall
 Declare to dying day, Sir;
A Rat's an useful animal,
 To *nibble* rights away, Sir.
 And now once more the day's our own,
 And we're more safe than ever;
 A league we've formed with the Crown,
 Which Whigs can ne'er dissolve.
 The Commons being now no more,
 No cause is left of plague, Sir,
 And if the Fox should tire us sore,
 For him we've got a BAG, Sir.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

And this is law, each Doctor knows,
 Tho' I do nothing say, Sir,
 That *Capficum's* an useful dose,
 To take the breath away, Sir.

But should I mention all the arts
 Of ministerial trick, Sir,
 'Twould much surprize your honest hearts,
 And make JOHN BULL quite sick, Sir.
 So now I have my hist'ry told,
 And eke my creed beloved ;
 'Tis simply this—" my place to hold,
 " Unless by force removed."

C H O R U S.

This is the law of W—— P——,
 Unto his dying day, Sir,
 His office he will never quit,
 So long as he can stay, Sir,

S O N G.

Sung at the Westminster Meeting.

YE Britons who wish still in *freedom* to live,
 And to old *Magna Charta* your sanction will give,
 Your birthright with firmness *resolve* to maintain,
 Nor yield to those slaves call'd "*prerogative men*."
 The Throne still support as your *ancestors* did,
 But beware of the wretch that behind it lies hid ;
 Be harmless—yet cautious—watch closely the *Crown*,
 Preserve it from evil, and *Back Stairs* pull down.
 Like *Fox*, your great leader, *Corruption* despise ;
 Let the wisdom of *North* still enlighten your eyes,
 To *Portland* be constant, the *Commons* uphold,
 Nor sell your dear country for *titles* or *gold*.
 Should *Robinson* tempt you, or *Temple* persuade,
 (These smugglers of State who still work in the shade)
 To *Jack* cry out *Rat*—and to *Temple* cry *snake* ;
 They'll flinch at your satire, and curse their mistake.
 On Pitt's fly evasions, who calmly can look ?
 Still holding in office, by hook or by crook,
 Determin'd, as *Minister Royal*, to stay,
 Whilst the rights of the people he'd take quite away.
 Then *Englishmen* rouse, and as *Patriots* unite :
 Your Senate support in its contest for *right* ;
 As *Britons* be loyal, and rush on the *foe* ;
 Crush the *snake* in the *grass*, and *salvation* bestow.

J. H.

The

The N O S T R U M.

TO Kings who aspire to an absolute reign,
 If such can be found in France, England, or Spain,
 This ballad a nostrum prescribes for their cares,
'Tis nothing but building a pair of Back Stairs.
 Tho' fears and objections around them they see,
 Tho' the people are stout, and the Commons are free,
 Tho' Camden refuses, and Shelburne despairs,
 Yet still there's a way—and 'tis up the Back Stairs.
 In youth we observe, and all boys are the same,
 The greater the pleasure, the slyer the game;
 And the maxim is certain, for Humour declares,
 Pitt rode on the bannisters up the Back Stairs.
 Whilst this Council so secret is form'd to surprize,
 All as able as Dorset, as Chesterfield wife;
 Lord Brudenell approves, and Lord Salisbury swears,
 That great is the honour to mount the Back Stairs.
 Thus not on a monarch, his measures, or friends,
 The government now on the builder depends;
 And the architect only the nation impairs,
 By cunningly placing a pair of Back Stairs.
 Not nice in materials, to him all are good,
 Or of stone, or of stucco, or marble, or wood;
 But wide enough only's the chief of his cares,
 For Lord Temple to squeeze himself up the Back Stairs.

To Mr. PITT, on his continuing in Office for the GOOD of the Nation.

YOU always are boasting of honour and candour,
 Yet false is your speech, and deceitful your looks;
 To apply the old proverb to you is no slander,
 " 'Tis Heaven sends meat, but the Devil sends cooks."

AIRS in the BEGGARS OPERA.

THUS when little Billy sees a Rat,
 With a place or a pension taken,

Da Capo.

With pleasure his heart goes pit a pat,
 And he thinks he may save his bacon:
 Lack-a day! what pity that the brat
 Should be so much mistaken!

Da Capo.

BILLY

BILLY to JACK the RATCATCHER.

" DEAR Jacky, your servant, my good Satan, adieu!
 Remember our maxim,—to do, and undo;
 Keep Discord alive, and pray stir up Contention;
 'Mong the dearest of friends sow the seeds of Dissention;
 Keep the populace blinded with shadows and forms;
 Sink the stocks, raise the debt, and make daily alarms!
 Let the spirit of Cain universally spread!
 And Darknefs turn *sexton*, to bury the dead!"

On Mr. PITT's Disposition of the Place of CLERK OF THE PELLs.

THE gallant, generous Pitt, of late,
 (Thus we're in triumph told)
 Presented to th' exhausted State,
 Although himself lack'd gold,
 Three thousand pounds a year.
 Oh, ho,
 Say you so?
 I vow to God that's *qucer*.
 Pity a tale so very fine
 Should prove in fact untrue;
 Duty impell'd the youth divine
 To give it, where most due:
 He gave it to his bounteous KING.
 Oh, ho,
 Did he so?
 That's quite another *thing*.

A N E W S O N G.

By Lord M—NTM—s on Mr. P—'s Election at Cambridge.

To the Tune of—Sweet Willy-O.

THE pride of all Cambridge was sweet Willy-O!
 The first on the poll,
 He the Dons did cajole,
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy-O!
 He talk'd it so rarely, did sweet Willy-O!
 Convincing each *Rat*,
 With arguments pat,
 No Member e'er talk'd like the sweet Willy-O!

St.

St. Stephen's obey'd him, the sweet Willy-O!

Men of war, men of wood,
Sir Cecil, Lord Hood,

Whenever he spoke follow'd sweet Willy-O!

He would be a Grocer, the sweet Willy-O!
When arm'd for the table

With *Mabon* and his rabble,

What custards were eat by the sweet Willy-O!

He charm'd them while dining, the sweet Willy-O!

And when he had din'd,

The Grocers repin'd,

To part with their all in their sweet Willy-O!

*Favourite SONGS out of different Operas, sung by people of the first rank on the late
Change of Ministry.*

The K—G.

THOUGH they think me such a ninny,

Thus to let them rule the roast,

I'll bet any one a guinea,

They have scor'd without their host,

For if I don't show them in lieu of it,

A trick that is fairly worth two of it,

Why then let me pass—for a fool and an ass.

[*Maid of the Mill.*

P— of W—S.

Be by your friends advis'd,

Too harsh too hasty dad;

Maugre your bolts and *wife* head,

The world will think you *mad*. [Midas.

Lord B—TE, Mr. J—N—N, &c. &c.

When mortals lull their cares to sleep,

And demons howl below,

Our S—r—gn calls us from the deep;

Arise, ye sons of *woe*;

Ever busy, ever killing—all our *horrid tasks* fulfilling,

Which draw from mortal breasts the groan,

And make their torments like *our own*. [Cymon.

Lord T—PLE.

Hope and *fear* alternate rising,

Strive for empire o'er my heart;

Every peril now despising;

Now at every breath I start. [*Lionel and Clarissa.*

IX/11 A

Lord N—TH, Mr. F—X.

We should rejoice when *good Kings bleed.* [Macbeth.

Mr. P—TT.

Get away raw head and *bloody bones*,
Here is a *child* that don't fear ye,
For *I* am up, up, up; but *you* are down, down, down. [Swift.

Lord S—DN—Y to the Marquis of C—N.

Sweetest of pretty feet, for *dancing intended*,
Accept of a *place* that was always *commended.* [Summers Amusement.

Mr. FL—D.

I left my country and my friends
To play upon my guitar,
Which goes *twang.* [Critic.

The BENCH of B—.

Four-and-twenty Parsons—all of a row;
And there was "Lord have mercy upon us all,"
And, d—n ye, knock 'em up against the wall. [Four-and-twenty Fiddlers.

PEPPER ARDEN.

My *passion* in vain I attempt to dissemble. [Maid of the Mill.

Sir JOSEPH M—W—Y.

Johnny Pringle had a little pig. [Weston's Song.

EAST INDIA PROPRIETORS.

When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage.
Left the *Courtiers* offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries that is levelled at *me.* [Beggar's Opera.

DUET by the INNS and OUTS.

Ins. This is a day of Jubilee,
Outs. Cajolery;
Ins. A day we never saw before so full of mirth,
Outs. And drollery.
Ins. This is a day, their Majesties may boast of it:
Outs. But since it never can come o'er,
'Tis fit they make the *most* of it.

A. M. A. M.

A M A X I M.

OLD Adage says, "the man who digs a *Pit*
 "For others, shall himself fall into it."
 Pshaw! cries a modern wit, those musty rules,
 Instill'd by Grannams, and enforc'd by schools,
 Have nought to do with these more polish'd times,
 When moral virtue's deem'd the worst of crimes.
 Oh, no! 'tis *vice versa* in these days,
 For, instead of *digging*, lo! a *Pit* we'll raise.
 Aye! aye! cry'd Mentor, who was standing by,
 He's rais'd, 'tis true, and rais'd by far too high;
 But let not the *youth* despise the maxim just,
 That "none in Kings or Princes put their trust;"
 Let him remember Phaeton's fate of old,
 Nor strive to *guide* those reins he cannot hold,
 Lest, by ambition fir'd, too high he soar,
 Receive a *crush*, and fall to *rise no more*;
 For British hearts, like Phœbus' couriers strong,
 Will ne'er submit to him who governs wrong,
 But *champ* and *foam* until they break their reins,
 And *bury* him *headlong* from his high domains.

CLEMENTINA.

E P I G R A M

On Sir CECIL WRAY's *proposing a Tax upon Maid Servants, after having married his own.*

WHEN Cecil first the plan laid down,
 POOR SERVANTS GIRLS to curse,
 —He look'd at home, and took his own,
For better and for worse.

Q.

E P I G R A M

On the objection to the Age of the Right Hon. WILL P—TT, Esq.

AS G—GE is sagacious, determined, and cool,
 What matters the age of his *Primo State t—t*;
 His choice shows his wisdom, his prudence his skill,
 And he long has been wishing to have his own WILL!

'TIS pity we're so *Pitt*-ified.
 Bereft of common-sense—
 A Colt, not *broke in*, to bestride,
 O'er-leaping bound and fence.
An Election Squibber,
At your service.

The GROCER'S DELIGHT; or, a SUGAR PLUMB for Master BILLY.

To the Tune of—The ROAST BEEF of OLD ENGLAND.

WHEN good George the Second did sit on the throne,
A Pitt we could boast, and a Pitt of our own,
A true Whig was he to the very back-bone,
Oh, the true Whigs of Old England,
And Oh, the old English true Whigs.

He went to the City to dine with the Mayor,
The King and the Queen, and the courtiers were there,
The people huzza'd him, which made the King stare.
Oh, the true Whigs, &c.

The feast of the Grocers is not the same thing,
His son, Master Billy, is all for the King,
And therefore a different song we must sing.
Oh, the back stairs of St. James's,
And Oh, the St. James's back-stairs.

Billy bluster'd and vapour'd, and gave himself airs,
He spoke for the people, and swore he was theirs,
Till Jenkinson usher'd him up the back stairs.
Oh, the back-stairs, &c.

Dundas is his counsel, and Thurlow his guide,
The lords of the bed-chamber with him divide,
The bishops, God mend 'em, are all of his side.
Oh, the back-stairs, &c.

He holds his head high, and he talks very big,
For the Commons of England he don't care a fig;
But the House of Lords swear he's an excellent Whig.
Oh, the poor Whigs of Old England!
And Oh, the poor Old English Whigs!

Since the fortunate days of King William the Third,
When Nassau to Stuart was wisely prefer'd,
Such doctrines as these are, sure never were heard,
By the staunch Whigs of Old England,
By the Old English staunch Whigs.

Then as Billy stands up for Prerogative strong,
If the Father was right, sure the Son must be wrong,
So let every Englishman join in my song,
Success to the Whigs of Old England!
Success to the Old English Whigs!

S O N G.

To the Tune of—Ballynamona Oro.

TO Th—l—w and G—w—r many praises belong,
But William's the burthen and theme of my song;

Great

Great *William* the *Fourth*, who most surely is come,
To deliver us all from our boasted freedom.

Sing Ballynamona Oro,
Such an able reformer is he.

O, Miracle *Billy*, you're rightly call'd *Will*!
For your will's all the law that is left to us still:
But when *resignation* is part of the plot,
Then suddenly *Will*, he is chang'd to *will not*.

Ballyn. &c.

For *Treasure* he must be.

When he speaks from the *Throne*, in our gracious *K—*'s name,
I'll defy all the world to tell what is his aim;
And when the good *Commons* attend his reply.
If to promise he seems, he'll be sure to deny.

Ballyn. &c.

Such an Oracle he can be.

Should a very good tax raise a popular cry,
Then he'll shuffle, assent, and yet seem to deny;
And while honest *Ca'ndish* and *Fox* lend their name,
In silence he'll vote, and let them bear the blame.

Ballyn. &c.

Who so upright or downright as he?

Let *M—rt—n* the starling now chatter no more,
For the true *Coalition's* Starvation and *Gow—r*;
With prerogative *Billy*, and *S—dn—y* so stout,
With the rats and the trimmers, a d—mn—ble rout.

Ballyn. &c.

What a Government we shall see!

When *D—n* and *H—n*, and such asses as these,
Speak for peerages, pensions, or what else you please;
Then he'll cry, my good friends, pri'thee never repine,
For I am your *Priest*, and your conscience is mine.

Ballyn. &c.

And your Father Confessor I'll be.

Of *Herc'les* the infant, so stout and so bold,
How he strangled two snakes in his cradle we're told;
But just out of your cradle, more prowess you'd shew,
Could you *F—x* and *N—th*, those fell Hydras, subdue.

Ballyn. &c.

O! what a fine child would you be.

But your hellebore powder from hell sure was sent,
For none but *Old Nick* such a snuff could invent;
Yet beware what you do, and take warning by times,
Or the nation will surely take huff at such crimes.

Ballyn. &c.

Then no more such devices let's see.

Now,

Now, God bless our good King, on whom all must depend,
 For our laws and our rights, which he's bound to defend;
 Or else, Master *Billy*, too plainly you've shown,
 As you've bully'd the Commons, you'll laugh at the Crown.

Ballyn. &c.

And our Sovereign you will be.

An Excellent NEW SONG, *called*

THE OLD SERJEANTS LAMENTATION; or, The GROANS of a WOODEN LEG.

NOW ponder well, *Sir Cecil Wray*,
 Oh! be not too severe;
 Nor take an OLD MAN's bread away,
 To save One Pound per year.

While we've fought much, with fire and sword,
 At length to gain a wall,
 Your Honour, with a single word,
 Can make our castle fall.

But tho' you never were in fight,
 Sure that's no reason why
 You should, with all your pow'r and might,
 Poor crippled souls decry.

Remember that a soldier brave,
 As you're confess'd to be,
 May, ere you die, occasion have
 Some battle for to see.

And you, good Sir, do likewise know
 The cause of our distress;
 As you indeed are in our woe
 A sharer more or less.

For if you are not doom'd to trudge
 On leg of TIMBER made,
 Yet of such hardships you may judge,
 Who have a WOODEN HEAD.

And tho' no hand or arm you scant,
 Which is our piteous case,
 Yet sure he must SOME member want,
 Who'd tax a SERVANT LASS!

If we are driven from these walls,
 And from the Commons you,
 The self-same lot us both befalls,
 —A dismal jail to view!

But 'tis not in our griefs alone,
 That you a portion bear,
 In *courage* also you are known
 To have an equal share.

'Tis

'Tis true, we've often met with glee,
The *foes* of Old England ;
Yet you are brave as any He,
Against her *friends* to stand.

And if, to serve the man we love,
We'd lose our dear hearts blood,
Yet you an equal spirit prove,
'Gainst *those* that do you good.

Since thus you all the state do know
Of maimed souls and poor,
Look with compassion on our woe,
Nor turn us out of door.

Our aged hearts shake with alarms,
Tho' some resistance preach—
But what is all our pow'r of arms,
To your great pow'rs of speech ?

Oh ! think not that poor soldiers dare
'Gainst you in contest rise ;
For well we know, great Sir, you are
As *brave* as you are *wise*.

We know our noble KING's your friend—
The LORDS are on your side—
The COMMONS being at an end,
You must our lot decide.

Then shorten not the feeble days
Of those who've few to live ;
—Let him complain, the cost who pays,
Not you—who nothing give.

COME HASTE to the HUSTINGS.

A NEW SONG.

To the tune of—*Rural Felicity*.

COME haste to the Hustings all honest Electors,
No menace, no brib'ry shall keep us away :
Of FREEDOM and FOX be for every protectors,
We scorn to desert them like Sir Cecil Wray.

The true English soul
No arts can controul ;
False friends we despise, tho' they're smil'd on at Court :
Come, vote boldly for liberty !
FREEDOM and FOX we'll for ever support.

CHORUS.

The true English soul, &c.

Sir

F O X.

Sir Cecil's the foe of all true English spirit,
 He'd starve the old soldier, and tax the young maid;
 For he hates that true honour should now be thought merit,
 And swears all our debts on our girls should be laid.
 Since thus then he's trimming
 Old men and young women,
 Let no honest heart to his standard resort:
 Come, vote boldly for liberty!
 FREEDOM and FOX we'll for ever support.

C H O R U S.

Since thus then he's trimming, &c.

'Tis rumour'd this Knight to be sure is but silly,
 And so these oppressions himself might devise;
 But who could instruct him so well as boy Billy,
 Young girls to distress, and old men to despise?
 Like master like man,
 Believe me, their plan
 Is to injure the brave, and to mar the true sport,
 Come, then, vote for our liberty!
 FREEDOM and FOX we'll for ever support.

C H O R U S.

Like master like man, &c.

Then haste to the Hustings, all honest Electors,
 The votes of true Whigs shall the Tories dismay;
 Of our girls and our soldiers be ever protectors,
 In spite of the Devil, young Pitt, and old Wray.
 Come, nobly defend
 The people's try'd friend,
 The champion that guards them to *Liberty Fort*.
 Come, vote boldly for liberty!
 FREEDOM and FOX we'll for ever support.

C H O R U S.

Come, nobly defend, &c.

F O X W I T H A P L U M P E R.

A N E W S O N G.

To the Tune of—*The Maid of the Mill for me.*

TWO Members for Westminster, boys, we must chuse,
 And to chuse we have Candidates three;
 There's Hood and there's Wray, whom we well could excuse,
 And Fox, who's the man for me.
 Aye Fox is the man, Charles Fox is the man,
 Charles Fox with a plumper for me.

Lord

Lord Hood is a gallant commander. What then?
 We've commanders as gallant as he,
 To speak, not to fight, we want Parliament men;
 And Fox is the man for me.
 Aye Fox, &c.

Sir Cecil is true to his King, we are told,
 First true to his friend let him be;
 For Fox and Sir Cecil we then might have pell'd,
 Now Fox is the man for me.
 Aye Fox, &c. &c.

If Fox, after being in office, is poor,
 That he'll not rob his country I see;
 But, *in* place and *out*, we may trust him I'm sure,
 Then Fox is the man for me.
 Aye, Fox, &c. &c.

He's bold, but he's open, he's honest, as wise,
 And again will make Englishmen free;
 Then huzza! while Old England and freedom I prize,
 Charles Fox, is the man for me.
 Aye Fox is the man, Charles Fox is the man,
 Charles Fox with a plumper for me.

The OLD CHELSEA PENSIONER to Sir CECIL WRAY.

A NEW SONG.

AND will you turn us out of doors,
 In age, to want, a prey;
 When cold winds blow, and tempest roars,
 O! hard Sir Cecil Wray?

This house our haven is and port,
 After a stormy sea;
 Then shall it be cast down in sport,
 By hard Sir Cecil Wray?

We've fought our country's battles well,
 And now our locks are grey,
 'Tis hard we mayn't our dangers tell
 Here, safe from Cecil Wray.

'Twill break our hearts these scenes to leave,
 But soldiers must obey,
 Yet in my conscience I believe
 You're mad, Sir Cecil Wray.

For who will see us poor and lame,
 Expos'd on the highway,
 And not with curses load the name
 Of thee, Sir Cecil Wray?

You ought to try to be belov'd
On the Election day ;
But you aside will far be shov'd,
O ! foolish Cecil Wray.

This bench on which I sit and write,
These trees thro' which I stray,
Are all old friends, and dear to fight ;
O ! part us not, Sir Wray.

These walls can talk of Minden's plain,
Of England's proudest day ;
I think I hear these walls complain
Of thee, Sir Cecil Wray.

If thou art bent the poor to harm,
Attack the young and gay
Girls both in health and beauty warm ;
But we are old, Sir Wray.

Tho' those with mops and dish-clouts dare
To pelt thee on thy way,
Yet P— shall praise, who hates the fair,
Thy tax, Sir Cecil Wray.

The Dukes of DEVONSHIRE in Blue—VERSUS Mrs. HOBART in Green.

A NEW BALLAD.

SINCE England was England, I never yet knew
A colour so lasting, so trusty as Blue ;
Court Ladies wear Green, but the popular voice
Is in favour of Blue, the Devonshire choice.

When a Lady her Garter first dropt in a ring,
The lovely bright Blue won the heart of a King :
He gave it his Knights, and he bade them all wear
A Garter the same as had fall'n from his Fair.

All Green is a changeable colour, we know ;
Ev'n the course of the seasons this clearly must show.
Thus the Daughter of *Freedom* disdains to be seen
In a colour so transient, so fading as Green.

Then put off that verdure, dear Hobart, 'tis clear
It looks not on you like the Spring of the year ;
The Earth a green livery wears, it is true,
But the Heavens are clad, with our Devonshire, BLUE.

F.

Tune,

Tune.—*Sweet Willy O!*

THE first of all Statesmen is sweet Charly O!
 The first of all Statesmen is sweet Charly O!
 With a true honest heart
 He will act the just part,
 No shuffling you'll find in my sweet Charly O!
 A brave gallant lad is my sweet Charly O!
 A brave gallant lad is my sweet Charly O!
 Not a wench in the place
 But admires his black face,
 For a sharp roguish eye has my sweet Charly O!
 The firmest of friends is my sweet Charly O!
 The firmest of friends is my sweet Charly O!
 With his girl and his friend,
 The last guinea he'll spend,
 No churl, or back-stairs man, is sweet Charly O!
 The Man of the People is sweet Charly O!
 The Man of the People is sweet Charly O!
 With heart and with voice
 Freely make him your choice,
 For the truest of patriots is sweet Charly O!
 The rights of the Commons is sweet Charly O!
 The rights of the Commons is sweet Charly O!
 No maid to perplex.
 Or old pensioners vex,
 But guard and protect them will sweet Charly O!

The FAVOURITE of LIBERTY.

WHAT a noise and a bustle prevails through the town,
 That Ladies of rank should *canvass* for voices;
 But their merit and beauty each railer must own,
 While FREEDOM the heart of a *Briton* rejoices.
 Fill a bumper my host, I'll give you a toast,
 The Favourite of Liberty every one knows;
 Fill it up to the top, and drink every drop,
 Here's, *Devon's* fair *Duchess* wherever she goes.
 Your high-sounding titles, that Kings can create,
 Derive all their lustre and weight from the donor,
 But her Grace can despise all this mock'ry of state,
 And stoops, void of pride, each Elector to honour.
 She dignifies life with the rank of a wife,
 Unmov'd by the slander of *Printers* and *Beaux*;
 A foe to deceit, with good-nature replete:
 Here's, *Devon's* fair *Duchess* wherever she goes.

Though the beauties of *Britain*, in *Henrietta-street*,
 In honour of *Fox* each day hold their levee,
 How faint is their splendor, but soon how complete,
 When the *Duchess* arrives, and adds charms to the bevy :
 Her affable smiles, each spectator beguiles,
 At her presence each bosom with *Liberty* glows ;
 Nothing nature can boast, can rival the toast,
 Of, *Devon's* fair *Duchess* wherever she goes.

Venus, lately, the Loves and the Graces conven'd
 To chuse a directress, their custom and duty ;
 But not one could be found, like her Grace so esteem'd,
 For good sense, condescension, wit, virtue, and beauty :
 This mortal so rare then was plac'd in the chair,
 Her, with pleasure, the charming assembly enclose,
 And the goddess in glee, this toast gave with three,
 Here's, *Devon's* fair *Duchess* wherever she goes.

Both *Germans* and *Russians* to glory lay claim,
 And each a Sov'reign renowned make most of ;
 Since to them it's such honour, to us it's the same
 To have, in her *Grace*, a protectress to boast of.
 Then away, O ye fair ! and, like *Devonshire*, dare
 The invaders of Freedom, with ardour, oppose :
 An example so bright, all the world must deem right,
 Here's, her *Grace*, in a bumper, wherever she goes.

W. A. S.

EPIGRAM on the *Duchess* of DEVONSHIRE.

Written in consequence of her Grace's Canvas in support of Mr. FOX.

ARRAY'D in matchless beauty, *Devon's* fair ?
 In *Fox's* favour takes a zealous part ?
 But, Oh ! where'er the pilferer comes—beware !
 She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM. *Question and Answer.*

Q. REFORM the Parliament ! pray tell me how ?
 A. Make men a-new : No other way I know.

DIALOGUE between NED and NELL.

“ FOR *Pitt* so young,” cries Ned, “ just twenty-five,”
 “ Why don't the women make a fuss ?”
 “ A fuss for him !” quoth Nell ; “ why, man alive,
 “ He never sure stands up for us.”

Str

Sir CECIL'S DELIGHT: Or, *The DOWNFAL of CHELSEA.*To the tune of—*Derry down.*

WHEN Sir Cecil thought fit for the good of the nation,
 With his sixpenny savings to plan reformation,
 That a *Fox* founded Chelsea, no sooner he read,
 But down it should go, the bold Baronet said.
 Pull it down, down, down, pull it down.

He said and he swore 'twas a scandalous thing,
 Such an idle expence on the country to bring;
 Forty Pounds at the most, a *whole* Hessian would cost,
 Here's fifty a year, if a *limb* be but lost.
 Pull it down, down, down, pull it down.

Beside (cries Sir Cecil) I pity not those,
 Who run in the way of hard knocks and dry blows,
 The fools, from all danger of suffering free,
 Might serve all their lives were they soldiers *like me*.
 Pull it down, down, down, pull it down.

By tenderness too for the weakness of age,
 In this *tender* work I am mov'd to engage,
 The rooms are too lofty, too spacious and cold:
 A snug birth in a workhouse were best for the old.
 Pull it down, down, down, pull it down.

But may *he*, who such pitiful savings to make,
 From the vet'rans poor pittance a portion would take;
 Learn from *you*, on our Hustings if still he appears,
He has pull'd an old house, boys, *about his own ears*.
 Pull him down, down, down, pull him down.

And may *he*, may our *Fox*, whose good ancestor gave
 His wealth and his lands in reward of the brave,
 Like the Hospital stand, and from you find support,
 While *Sir Cecil*, in vain, cries with *Pitt* and the *Court*,
 Pull 'em down, down, down, pull 'em down.

The WESTMINSTER RE-ELECTION: Or, The FRIEND we can TRUST.

A NEW SONG.

IF Freedom's a jewel of value immense,
 Who'd sell it that has but a scruple of sense?
 Don't we see how the Monarch of France domineers,
 And treats all like slaves, both his Commons and Peers?
 'Tis our duty as Britons our rights to defend:
 And let Fox be our champion, for he's a try'd friend.

If sycophant Lords would, to flatter the King,
 With to make him a tyrant, they ought sure to swing;
 But what pow'r have they to transfer to the Throne,
 The rights of the Commons, if they do their own?
 'Tis our duty as Britons our rights to defend,
 And let Fox be our champion, for he's a try'd friend.
 If patriot virtue should now not succeed,
 Nor receive its reward in the hour of need,
 Britannia no longer her Freedom will boast;
 When once it is gone, it for ever is lost.
 'Tis our duty as Britons our rights to defend,
 And let Fox be our champion, for he's a try'd friend.
 As what here is chaunted is meant for your good,
 Beware, ye Electors, of Wray and of Hood:
 May the King long enjoy his prerogative royal!
 But we'll have the privilege e'er to be loyal.
 'Tis our duty as Britons our rights to defend,
 And let Fox be our member, for he's a try'd friend.

S C E N E—*The Small Beer Cellar.*

Sir See Silly W——y solus.

ALL other men seek light and chearful day,
 But darkness I, to chace my grief away.
 To thee, great Satan, for *success* I cry,
 Oh! grant your *favourite's* wish, or else I die.
 (*Belzebub rises from beneath the earth.*)
 Arise! behold! sent from the shades below,
 I from the D——I come, a friend you know;
 Infernals never heard, he bade me say,
 Such zeal as for his service you display;
 His *Highbness* too joins his applause among
 The pleas'd, astonish'd, and admiring throng;
 And to reward such admirable merit,
 Declares a *seat* in Hell you shall inherit:
 His royal word, once pass'd, you may depend
 Will never alter—*only* when you mend.
Ingratitude has yet untasted pleasures,
 Go on, be firm, success shall crown your measures.

W. A. S.

A N E W S O N G.

To the Tune of—*Green Sleeves.*

SINCE women of fashion govern the State,
 And you, *Mrs. Hobart*, have sure the most weight,
 I wonder you've no better candidate,
 Than Sir Cecil Wray.

For

For tho' he opposes the stamping of notes,
 'Tis in order to tax all your petticoats,
 Then how can *a woman* solicit our votes
 For Sir Cecil Wray?

Indeed, Mrs. Hobart, 'twould cost you some tears,
 If all the Electors should give themselves airs,
 And to girls, such as *you*, prefer the Back Stairs,
 Like Sir Cecil Wray.

It only befits the friends of the Court,
 Lord *Sackville* and *Pitt*, and Lord *Camelfort*,
 And men of their taste to give their support
 To Sir Cecil Wray.

What! though from the Garden he's taken a wife,
 And endures the worst evils of family strife,
 'Tis only to cover the rest of the life
 Of Sir Cecil Wray.

But had he to women been ever a friend,
 Nor by taxing them try'd our old taxes to mend,
 Yet so *stingy* he is, that none can contend
 For Sir Cecil Wray.

The gallant Lord Hood to his country is dear,
 His voters, like Charly's, make excellent cheer,
 But who has been able to taste *the small beer*
 Of Sir Cecil Wray.

Then come ev'ry free, ev'ry generous soul,
 That loves a fine girl and a full flowing bowl,
 Come here in a body, and all of you poll
 'Gainst Sir Cecil Wray.

In vain all the arts of the Court are let loose,
 The Electors of Westminster never will choose
 To run down a Fox, and set up a *Goose*,
 Like Sir Cecil Wray.

A N E W S O N G.

To the tune of—*Ye Warwickshire Lads and ye Lasses*.

YE Westminster lads and ye lasses,
 Come see at our Hustings what passes;
 Ye lads bring your lasses, and revel away,
 Eat and drink what you will, you have nothing to pay;
 Nothing to pay!
 Then be gay!
 Eat and drink what you will, you have nothing to pay.

But see our three Candidates coming,
 Hear silly Sir Cecil hum-drumming;
 Our burthens to ease, and grant Government aids,
 He'll tax our young girls, and he'll starve our old blades,
 Starve our old blades!
 Tax our maids!

He'll tax our young girls, and he'll starve our old blades.
 And if this from our load should not ease us;
 He'll promise yet further to please us,
 For, unless his wile project by Fox is withstood,
 Down Greenwich may go, with consent of Lord Hood!
 Gallant Lord Hood,
 Oh, how good!

Down Greenwich may go, with consent of Lord Hood!
 His silence Lord Hood would be breaking,
 But his talent, he knows, is not speaking;
 Yet he hopes that our Westminster boys he may hum,
 To give their support to an Orator Mum!
 Orator Mum!

All must come,
 To give their support to an Orator Mum!
 His principles Fox need not tell us,
 In our cause he has ever been zealous;
 Then your zeal in the cause at our Hustings display;
 FOX AND FREEDOM FOR EVER, with plumpers, huzza!
 Plumpers, huzza!
 Vote away,
 FOX AND FREEDOM FOR EVER, with plumpers, huzza!

The COURT CANVASS of MADAM BLUBBER.

Yo the tune of—*The first Time at the Looking Glass.*

A CERTAIN Lady, I won't name,
 Must take an active part, Sir,
 To show that DEVON's beauteous dame,
 Should not engage each heart, Sir;
 She canvas'd all, both great and small,
 And thunder'd at each door, Sir,
 She rumag'd every shop and stall,
The Duchess was still before, Sir.

Sam Marrow-bones had shut up shop,
 And just had light his pipe, Sir,
 When in the lady needs must pop,
 Exceeding plump and ripe, Sir;
 God zounds, says he, how late you be,
 For votes you come to bore me,
 But let us feel, are you beef or veal,
The Duchess has been before ye.

A Fish-

A Fishmonger she next address'd,
 With many a soothing tale, Sir,
 And for his vote most warmly press'd,
 But all would not prevail, Sir
 The finest cod's-head sure in town,
 Of oysters send two score too
 Extremely, Madam, like your own,
The Duchess was here before you.

A Grocer next, to make amends,
 The dame with smiles accosted,
 You Grocers all to Pitt are friends,
 Of her connexion boasted;
 For plums and raisins, Ma'am, said he,
 I'm willing for to score you,
 In politics we sha'n't agree,
The Duchess was here before you.

Sly Obediah was at prayers,
 With many pious folk, Sir,
 His pretty maid on the *Back Stairs*,
 She found, and thus bespoke her:
 "This ribband take, all interest make,
 "Your master will adore you,
 "For Hood and Wray, press kifs and pray,"
Now Dutcheſs I'm once before you.

A stable keeper to engage,
 She then her talents try'd, Sir,
 He fell into a monstrous rage,
 And all her smiles defy'd, Sir;
 Are you a moon, or Court balloon?
 Get out you female Tory,
 Tho' Courts prevail, I'll not turn tail,
The Duchess was here before you.

However Courtiers take offence,
 And Cits and Prudes may join Sir,
 Beauty will ever influence,
 The free and generous mind, Sir,
 Fair DEVON, like the rising sun,
 Proceeds in her full glory,
 Whilst Madam's duller orb must own,
The Dutcheſs moves ſtill before her.

A N E W S O N G.

In praise of Sir Chelsea Tax Girl, Knight of the Key, and Lord High Keeper of the Small Beer Cellar.

COME Electors, pray come quickly,
 To the Hustings now draw near,
 When for Cecil you have voted,
 You shall taste of his small beer.

3 Q

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Oh! the glorious small beer Knight,
None more careful sure than he,
Girls persuade the men to vote,
That well taxed you may be.

Tho' Sir Cecil can't make speeches,
Pleasing to a critic's ear,
Sure that man will guard your rights,
Who so well does guard small beer.

C H O R U S.

Oh! the glorious small beer Knight, &c.

View him at his post so noble
Centry o'er the cellar stand,
Key secur'd safe in his pocket,
Who does then appear more grand.

C H O R U S.

Oh! the glorious small beer Knight, &c.

Chelsea he shall surely pull down,
Where lame soldiers now do dwell,
For nought they do but eat and guzzle,
That Sir Cecil will you tell.

C H O R U S.

Oh! the glorious small beer Knight, &c.

Girls by hard work drest so gayly,
Heels so smart and light as air,
From their wages shall a tax pay,
Wooden shoes they then must wear.

C H O R U S.

Oh! the glorious small beer Knight, &c.

Dr. *Churchill* is our Chairman,
His great parts are not a riddle,
None more clever in his station,
At poking glisters up bum-fiddle.

C H O R U S.

Oh! the small beer Knight and Doctor,
A choicer pair you'll seldom see,
Girls persuade the men to vote,
And well *glister'd* you shall be.

Jackson is our beast of burthen,
Head of lead, and face of brass,
Fit to carry small beer barrels,
So we'll stile him *Cecil's ass*.

C H O R U S.

Oh! the glorious small beer Knight, &c.

IMPROMPTU

IMPROMPTU *on her Grace of DEVONSHIRE.*

WHILST Devonshire's Duchess for Fox takes a part;
 Whilst she asks for your *vote*, she engages your *heart*;
 Can beauty alone such influence sway?
 Can the fairest of fair make all mortals obey?—
 Oh, no! for her empire is over the mind,
 And *beauty* with *reason* in her is combin'd.

*On seeing the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE, Lady DUNCANNON, &c. canvassing
 for Mr. FOX.*

SURE Heav'n approves of Fox's cause,
 (Tho' slaves at Court abhor him)
 To vote for Fox, then, who can pause,
 Since *Angels* canvass for him!

E P I G R A M.

*On seeing Lady BEAUCHAMP, Lady CARLISLE, and Lady DERBY, in their
 Carriages, on Mr. FOX's Side of the Hustings.*

THE gentle Beauchamp, and the fair Carlisle,
 Around their favour'd FOX expecting wait;
 And Derby's lip suspends the ready smile,
 To ask "the Poll?" and "what is Charles's fate?"
 But say ye *belles*, whose beauty all admit,
 Do you in politics dispute the prize;
 Or do ye near the Hustings proudly sit,
 To take the *suffrage* of admiring eyes?

E X T E M P O R E,

On passing from the Westminster Election on Wednesday.

TRUE Sons of LIBERTY! and Daughters too,
 Wou'd ye the Champions of your Goddess view,
 To Covent Garden tread your steps, and *there*,
 Behold them both—in FOX and DEVON's FAIR:
 While Fox, with eloquence, supports her cause,
 Devon's bright charms command most loud applause;
 But ah! chaste *Liberty*! too much I fear,
 Thy drooping head foretels thy exit *near*.
 Nor *his* vast eloquence, that's reach'd the Poll,
 Nor *her* bright eye, that penetrates the soul,
 Can, to *Jad* Albion's weal, thy health retrieve,
 While waves yon *baleful* flag, PREROGATIVE.

W. S.

Canvassing all the T O N, a New S O N G.

WHILST grave Politicians dispute *pro* and *con*,
 Now to *canvas* we see is become quite the *ton* :
 When each *fair* craves a *plumper* with lilly white hand,
 What man can refuse by such *angels* to *stand*.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

'Tis true, *Hoodwinked*—No *alls* object to the scheme,
 And cry out, *O lack!* what a monstrous shame,
 That *Ladies of rank* should their persons disgrace,
 What?—To *crave* the *assistance* of men face to face.
 Derry down, &c.

But these long headed *asses* who rail at the *fair*,
 Forget what they owe to their wisdom and care,
 For the happiest days that e'er *Englishmen* saw,
 Were the days of *Queen Bess* and her *petticoat law*.
 Derry down, &c.

Then away with your scoffing poor hireling crew,
 Go erase *Chelsea's walls*, that's a *job* fit for you ;
 And take with you this *lesson*, deny it who can,
 The wretch who *bates maidens* cannot be a *man*.
 Derry down, &c.

Back the man that's supported by *Beauty* and *Sense*,
 Nor elect *Judas Cecil*, on any pretence ;
 Forbid it, ye Gods, 'twould the *nation disgrace*,
 To put a *mere goose* in the *great Fox's* place.
 Derry down, &c.

But should you the chamion of *Freedom* refuse,
 And run your necks head-long in *Slavery's nooze*.
 Mark my words, you'll *repent* it, alas!—when too *late*,
 And be left in the *lurch*, for to curse your hard fate,
 Derry down, &c.

But *Reason* now triumphs, *Court minions* discard,
 And *Fox* with fair *Freedom*, shall be your reward ;
 Then stand forth in his *cause* and for lucre ne'er flinch,
 But like *Britons* be *firm*, now its come to the pinch,
 Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

To the tune of—*Come now, all ye social powers.*

SONS of *Freedom*, who would shine,
 Bright in future story,
 Hasten to the work divine,
 To guard your *country's glory*.

Come

Come each independent soul,
 Come assert your *freedom* ;
 Poll for *Fox*, for *Freedom* poll ;
Court Minions ! never heed 'em.

We'll not, like *Sir Cecil Wray*,
 Desert our friend in danger ;
 We'll not *Liberty* betray
 Nor for *Court favour* change her.
 Come each, &c.

What ! tho' *Hood*, too, takes their part,
 And forms a base alliance ?—
 We to each subtle secret art
 Will boldly bid defiance.
 Come each, &c.

Let then *Hood*, collegu'd with *Wray*,
 Use ev'ry fly endeavour :
 We will not our friend betray
 But stand by *Fox* for ever.
 Come each independent soul,
 Come assert your *freedom* ;
 Poll for *Fox*, for *Freedom* poll,
Court Minions ! never heed 'em.

A N E W S O N G.

To the Tune of—*Mrs. Arne, Mrs. Arne.*

MY Lord Hood, my Lord Hood,
 Your service was good,
 When you conquer'd the French *Ville de Paris* ;
 But now you're in view,
Ville de Westminster too,
 May each broadside you fire miscarry.
 Lord Hood,
 May each broadside your fire miscarry.
Oh, Judas ! Oh, Judas !
 Were you but as good as
 Your fam'd predecessor of yore :
 You would rue ill got pelf,
 And like him hang yourself,
 And we of your crimes hear no more.
 Oh, Judas !
 And we, &c.

O, ye maids, haste away,
 To view *Judas Wray*,
 The man who would tax e'en your *brush* !
 Ye Chelsea men too
 O come to the view,
 Of him who'd starve you and not blush.
 O, ye maids !
 Who'd tax you, starve them, and not blush !
Lord North and *Charles Fox*,
 Coalition us shocks ;
 And yet 'tis no singular thing ;
 For strange are of late,
 Coalitions of state—
 What think you of *Wilkes* and the *King* ?
 Lord North,
 What think you of *Wilkes* and the *King* ?
Newcastle ! Newcastle !
 'Twou'd surely be as well,
 Would you not with us interfere,
 No scoundrel, or *Jackson*,
 Shall e'er lay a tax on
Maids' brushes, and lock up *small-beer* !
 Newcastle.
 Maids' brushes, &c.
 Mr. *Pitt*, Mr. *Pitt*,
 You'll be damnably bit,
 In the Crown and the popular strife !
 Since the fair you despise,
 You appear in their eyes,
 Like *Joseph* with *Potiphar's* wife.
 Mr. *Pitt*,
 Like *Joseph* with *Potiphar's* wife.
 Then let us all join
 In a cause so divine ;
 For FREEDOM and FOX are the same !
 And the DUCHESS of DEVON,
 A Saint be in Heaven !
 Who on earth gives his CAUSE and HIM fame !

 PLUMPERS to CHARLY.

A NEW SONG.

Tune—*Over the Water to Charly.*

COME, all who think Liberty well worth your care,
 And mean to live honest and fairly ;
 Come, hasten, in crouds to the Hustings repair,
 And there give your plumpers to *Charly*.

I et

Let *Courtiers* and *sycophants* do all they can,
 'Mongst them we find *honestly* rarely ;
 But *Fox*, upon trial, we've found a *true* man,
 So let's give our plumpers to *Charly*.
 Though *Hood* and Sir *Cecil* against him combine,
 To them we give credit but sparely ;
 If we judge men by actions, we sure must incline
 To give all our plumpers to *Charly*.
 He's able, he's honest, he's bold, and he's free,
 He ever acts open and fairly ;
 To the *cause* of his *country* devoted is he,
 So we'll give our plumpers to *Charly*.
 To *Back Stairs Prerogative* he'll never bend,
 Not for *King* or for *Lords* act unfairly,
 But the *rights of the people* with firmness defend ;
 Who, then, deserves Plumpers, but *Charly* ?
 Let's cheerfully, then, to the Hustings repair,
 In face of the nation, and fairly
 Proclaim that the *guardian of freedom's* our care,
 And give all our plumpers to *Charly*.

 L I B E R T Y - H A L L.

WHEN Britons, triumphant, commanded the waves.
 Victorious, undaunted, they scorn'd to be slaves ;
 But staunch to fair Freedom, they rose at her call,
 And flew to her standard in *Liberty-Hall*.

Fol de rol, &c.

Of old our forefathers corruption withstood ;
 The Charter of Freedom they bought with their blood ;
 Shall we, their descendants, degenerate fall ?
 He that does may he die—out of *Liberty-Hall* !

Long life to the King, he's assur'd of our aid,
 If—*Honour* and *Wisdom* his Councils pervade ;
 Nor frowns nor neglect can true patriots appall,
 For they're the main pillars of *Liberty-Hall*.

Consistent in office, determined as fate,
 Unbias'd to guide the affairs of the State ;
 No Secret Influence their minds can enthral,
 Nor alter their system in *Liberty-Hall*.

Our great Constitution in wisdom was fram'd,
 The *King*, *Lords*, and *COMMONS*, its guardians were nam'd ;
 May each keep the *line*, or exist not at all,
 Nor back-stairs advisers taint *Liberty-Hall*.

The cause we'll maintain, the great fabric support,
 In spite of the schemes and intrigues of the Court ;

Then

Then firmly united we'll stand one and all,
 By the *Man of the People* in *Liberty-Hall*.
 Rouze! rouze! sons of Freedom, nor let it be said,
 That we by prerogative tools shall be led;
 In *Liberty-Hall*, boys, we'll give them hard knocks,
 Then turn out Sir Cecil, and chair the staunch FOX.
Fol de rol, &c.

S T A N Z A S i n S E A S O N.

LET others tell of *Billy Pitt*,
 Or sing the victories of *Wray*;
 Such themes such geniuses may fit;
 'Tis *Beauty's* cause inspires my lay.
 When *Temple* mounted the Back Stairs,
 And youth supply'd the place of knowledge,
 When Lord *Mahon* assum'd strange airs,
 And *Billy* went once more to college;
 With plumbs the *Grocers* fed the cause,
 And *Wilkes* cry'd out for our undoing:
 Who then for freedom and the laws,
 Who then could save us from our ruin?
 Fox pour'd the flood of eloquence,
 And *Ca'ndish* lent his spotless name;
 There too was *Powys'* manly sense,
 And there was *Erskine's* genuine flame.
 It would not do! *Black Thurlow's* frown,
 And *Billy's* prudence gain'd the prize:
 'Twas *Beauty* must redeem the crown,
 And *Fox* must reign thro' *Devon's* eyes.
 She saw, she conquer'd: *Wray* shrunk back;
 Court mandates we no more obey;
 Majorities no more they pack,
 And *Fox* and *Freedom* win the day!
 Who can deny when beauty sues?
 And where's the tongue can blame her Grace;
 Not timid slavery can refuse:
 Her life's as spotless as her face.
 Let *Pitt* and *Wray* dislike the fair,
 Decry our *Devon's* matchless merit;
 A braver, kinder soul we wear,
 And love her *beauty*, love her *spirit*.
 Let distant times and ages know,
 When *Temple* would have made us slaves,
 'Tis thus we ward the fatal blow,
 'Tis *Fox* that beats—'tis *Devon* saves!

An O D E.

DOCTOR Hurd, Doctor Hurd,
 'Tis a shame, on my word,
 At *this time* there should be such a riot!
 Let the *pious King* know
 He had much better go
 To Windsor and hunt, or be quiet.
 Religion is gone,
 And the Lord knows where flown;
 Yet who can the Bishops upbraid?
 Though no one at all
 Now attends at St. Paul,
 Yet the Dean's daily worship is *paid*.
 At *this time*, *Cecil Wray*,
 Judas kiss'd to betray,
 And you his example now follow:
 Believe me, this part,
 Will win your King's heart,
 And you'll soon be his *magnus Apollo*!
 My *Billy*!—my *Billy*!
 Though now you're so silly,
 To think you've the sense of the nation,
 Yet take care lest ye bring
 Ruin e'en on your King,
 When the people demand reparation.
 Ye *Ministry*! know, Sirs,
 Balthazzar had *Grocers*,
 And Princes at his famous dinner!
 And in spite of your canting,
 You're *WEIGH'D*, and *found WANTING*,
 And soon will be punish'd each finner!
 All hail, my *Lord Somers*!
 Among the new-comers,
 From darkness to regions of light!
 'Tis true you're a Lord!
 But for once take my word,
 A *Black Moor* can ne'er be wash'd white.
 O, my King!—if a man
 Should advise such a plan,
 As the ruin and fall of *Charles Fox*,
 No ghost from his hell,
 Have you need of to tell,
 That you'll split on *Prerogative Rocks*!
 Then, Oh! take in time,
 Advice couch'd in rhyme;
 (For my rhyme does not flow without reason);
 Since till such measures end,
 To be a King's friend,
 Is almost to be guilty of *treason*!

3. R

A NEW

A N E W S O N G.

Tune—*The bounds are all out.*

COME all ye *Electors*, resolv'd to be free,
 In spite of a Pitt or a Wray,
 Exert all your force and for *Liberty* be,
 To *Freedom* and *Fox* give the day,
 My brave boys,
 To *Freedom*, &c.

Let *Temple*, or *Jack* the old rat-catcher, work,
 In hopes all our rights to destroy;
 In vain do they bribe and set traps in the dark,
 If *Fox* we but keep as ally,
 My brave boys,
 If *Fox*, &c.

This *Man of the People*, their patriot and friend,
 In place uncorrupted and true,
 Who ever for *Freedom* did boldly contend,
 And *Liberty* chose him for you,
 My brave boys,
 And *Liberty*, &c.

For you, ye *Electors*, ye *Westminster men*,
 The goddess saw clear it was good,
 That a *Fox* in the *senate* should sit to maintain,
 Those rights you have bought with your blood,
 My brave boys,
 Those rights, &c.

In aid of his country, he dar'd to oppose
Prerogative's arrogant stride;
 And bold in the cabinet, frown'd upon those
 Who *Tyranny* took on their side,
 My brave boys,
 Who *Tyranny*, &c.

For this fell *Oppression* in damnable rage,
 To seek his *Destruction* did fly;
 And this to accomplish the fiend did engage;
 A *Temple* to sting and destroy,
 My brave boys,
 A *Temple*, &c.

This *snake in the grass* as the devil in spite,
 To *Majesty* stole in the dark;
 There in hour accurs'd—as an angel of light,
 He spoke and completed the work,
 My brave boys,
 He spoke, &c.

Now

Now ye who as *freemen* inherit the land,
 And feel what your liberties are,
 Will ye tamely submit to these slaves at command,
 These Lords who sneak up a *Back Stair*?
 My brave boys,
 These Lords, &c.

Let *Pitt* and *Sir Cecil* such measures support,
 With them well the doctrine will suit;
Stars, Garters, and Sticks, are fine things at a Court,
 And for these some will cringe to a *Bute*,
 My brave boys,
 And for these, &c.

But *Fox* a bright *sun* is above such mean things,
 He shines with a *lustre* his own;
 In *Liberty's car* he gives light e'en to Kings,
 And *Tyranny* flies at his frown,
 My brave boys,
 And *Tyranny*, &c.

Then fill up a *bumper*, let's drink to his cause,
 And to it *libations* we'll give:
 May *Fox* represent us and still guard our laws,
 For *Westminster* still may HE live,
 My brave boys,
 For *Westminster*, &c.

VICTORY! FREEDOM! and FOX.

To the tune of—*God save the King.*

BRITONS, let's all unite
 In defence of our *right*
 And *liberty*:
 From us we'll distant drive
Scare crow Prerogative,
 Nor ever, whilst alive,
 Cease to be free.

Time-servers, wond'ring, shall
 View us determin'd all,
 Spite of the *Court*;
 Spite of their wily tricks,
 And *Back Stair politics*,
Fox is the man we fix
 On to support.

We, like *Sir Judas Wray*,
 Will not our friend betray,
 But, orthodox
 In aid of *liberty*,
 Let the whole nation see,
 True and staunch we will be
 Ever to *Fox*.

Void of all treachery,
 To guard our *liberty*,
 Foremost stands *Fox* :
 Let, then, be this our cry—
 Conquer, or let us die,
 Huzza ! boys, VICTORY !
 FREEDOM ! and FOX !

A N E W S O N G.

IN seventeen hundred and eighty and four,
 The secret cabal of the Crown, Sir,
 Resolv'd upon measures unheard of before,
 The fence of our rights to break down, Sir ;
 Then *Pitt* was the man, that *Bute* and his clan,
 Selected for private instruction,
 'Tho' supple, tho' fair, of his cunning beware,
 Like *Sir Cecil* he's fit for his function.
 Full fraught with hypocrisy, up the Back Stairs
 He nimbly tript on the toe, Sir,
 Instructed, then bellow'd on India affairs,
 To freedom a manifest foe, Sir ;
 With *Temple* and *Thurlow*, that impudent fellow
 And silly *Mabon* his relation,
 He vow'd he'd support the schemes of the Court,
 And fairly * *Sir Cecil* the nation.
 Our free constitution, for ages admir'd,
 He boldly attack'd, front and rear, Sir ;
 The stripling, with baleful ambition inspir'd,
 The Commons oppos'd without fear, Sir.
Sir Cecil, our Candidate, join'd in the league,
 Our liberties to overthrow, Sir ;
 Ingratitude fits him for *Back Stairs intrigue*,
 To the depth of deception he'll go, Sir.
 But no more shall such craft or well-manag'd disguise,
 How specious so e'er the pretence, Sir ;
 Our judgments ensnare or dazzle our eyes,
 Nor humbug us out of our sense, Sir.
 United and join'd, in freedom combin'd,
 We'll parry their thrusts so clever,
 And all with one voice make a hearty free choice,
 Of LIBERTY'S CHAMPION for ever !
 Huzza ! then, bold Britons, and ne'er be afraid,
 That LIBERTY lacks her supporters,
 The Whigs of Old England, with *Fox* at their head,
 Shall baffle the schemes of the courtiers,
Sir Cecil shall then sculk home to his den,
 Despis'd by all classes whatever.
 Then thus we agree, our votes shall be free,
 For LIBERTY'S CHAMPION for ever !

* Alluding to his treachery to Mr. Fox and the Friends of Liberty, who brought him in as Representative for this city.

N^o COURT CANDIDATES! N^o PANDERS!

COME, haste to the Hustings, each honest Elector,
 No longer be Hood-wink'd by Sir Cecil Wray;
 But give your free suffrage to Fox, a protector,
 Who ne'er did the standard of Freedom betray

Though foes he has many,
 He ne'er was the zany,
 To give up his country, you all must agree:

Then see,
 Future felicity,
 The blossoms appearing on Liberty Tree.

Though P—— and his junto his virtues explore,
 Yet aim at, in secret, his downfall, is plain;
 Their reason is this:—they fear him in pow'r,
 And heartily wish he may ne'er rise again:

But, Electors, be stout,
 Let not Wray keep him out,
 For the champion of freedom he constant will be:
 Still see,
 Future felicity,

The blossoms appearing on Liberty Tree.

Then haste to the Hustings, each candid Elector,
 Nor heed what their infamous party can say;
 'Twill redound to your honour, to be the protector
 Of patriots who scorn the deceits of a Wray:

Though promise he make you,
 He'll surely forsake you,
 Like vile Judas of old, for a trifling fee:

Yet see,
 Future felicity,
 The blossoms appearing on Liberty Tree.

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of—*How happy the Soldier.*

HOW happy's the man who's the ladies delight,
 They all trudge to serve him by day and by night;
 So freely they part with their kisses and gold,
 And they freely will spend to see him well poll'd,
 To his Rou-de dou.

He cares not a marmodea how the world goes,
 He has numbers of friends but very few foes;
 He laughs at all folly, and thinks it is droll,
 When he sees them all flocking away to the poll,
 To their Rou-de dou.

The

The people's his glory, his joy, and delight,
 He neglects all his pleasure to see them put right;
 And Ladies and Duchesses, both young and old,
 They tuck up their tatters to see him well poll'd,
 To their Rou-de-dou.

There's honest *Sam House*, looks so smirkin and gay,
 To think that his friend will sure gain the day;
 He brings many Electors, and is, on the whole,
 A staunch friend to the cause of *Charles Fox* and the poll,
 To his Rou-de-dou.

There's *Devonshire's Duchess*, all beauty and grace,
 Each morning so early she shews her sweet face;
 Tho' ever so envious you must her extoll,
 Then rouse up your spirits, and come to the poll,
 With your Rou-de-dou.

Sir Cecil, they say, is a man of renown,
 But the maids he would tax, and asylums pull down;
 The maids shall be free, so fill up the bowl,
 And drink good success to *Charles Fox* and his poll.
 To his Rou-de-dou.

The FEMALE PATRIOT: Or, The DEVONSHIRE DUCHESS

Tune—*Roast beef of Old England.*

THE Duchess exemplar' of all that is fair,
 Who Tyranny hates, and to oppose it does dare,
 Proclaim to the Ladies, *be freedom your care*;
 Oh! the brave girls of Old England,
 And Oh! the Old English brave girls.

As Courtiers fain now would Old England enslave,
 Step forth ye fair maidens your country to save,
 Smile, smile but on *Fox*, and the men will be brave.
 Oh! the brave girls of Old England,
 And Oh! the Old English brave girls.

Historians and Poets, and Patriots of old,
 High deeds and achievements of glory have told,
 By Sydney and Hampden, and by Ladies as bold.
 Oh! the brave girls of Old England,
 And Oh! the Old English brave girls.

Yet had the sweet girls in those days been inclin'd,
 T' have seal'd with soft kisses, the bonds of mankind,
 Fair Freedom had perish'd with Virtue conjoin'd.
 Oh! the brave girls of Old England,
 And Oh! the Old English brave girls.

Go forth then ye ladies, and freemen inspire,
 Let breast knots of azure call up British fire,
 Her Grace's example who does not admire.
 Oh ! the brave girls of Old England,
 And Oh ! the Old English brave girls.

F R E E D O M's A D D R E S S

To the Independent E L E C T O R S of W E S T M I N S T E R .

YE Electors so true to your honour attend,
 And vote now for Fox, he's to freedom a friend,
 Your rights he'll protect, and he'll guard as his own,
 And ne'er to corruption be brib'd by the throne.

C H O R U S.

So let Fox be your choice,
 He's fair liberty's friend,
 He always was ready,
 True boys, and steady,
 To vote England's good,
 And her rights to defend.

At Corruption he tries for to lay the broad axe,
 To lighten our burthens, prevent a new tax;
 Much good we had reap'd by his labour and cares,
 Had not cursed Corruption crept up the Back Stairs.

C H O R U S.

So let Fox be your choice, &c.
 He ne'er will in bribes England's wealth throw away;
 He ne'er for curs'd gold will his country betray;
 Tho' not burthen'd with wealth, like the motly Court tribe,
 The more to be prais'd for refusing a bribe.

C H O R U S.

So let Fox be your choice, &c.
 Wou'd he have consented your rights to betray,
 A Minister still he had been till this day;
 For poor England's good was his labour and cares,
 So his place he did lose by a pair of Back Stairs !

C H O R U S.

So let Fox be your choice, &c.
 Sir Cecil a plan he has got in his head,
 To starve the old foldiers, deprive them of bread,
 They must beg in the streets, to the workhouse must go,
 Fox ne'er did contrive for brave fellows such woe.

C H O R U S.

So let Fox be your choice, &c.

Each

Each pretty young girl that works hard for her bread,
 Sir Cecil would tax, lay a fine on her head;
 The old he wou'd starve, the young turn out of doors,
 Then our soldiers must beg, and our daughters be whores.

C H O R U S.

So let Fox be your choice, &c.

See Devonshire's Duchess so beauteous appear,
 Assertress of freedom, her sons for to cheer,
 To support your just rights to the Hustings repair,
 And Liberty's Son shall be plac'd in the chair.

C H O R U S.

So let Fox be your choice, &c.

The CHAMPION of FREEDOM.

Tune—*The Foes of Old England, France, Holland, and Spain.*

THE *Foes of Old England*, contriving of late,
 And secretly plotting to ruin the State,
Prerogative's banner, insidious, unfurl'd,
 And at *Freedom*, fair *Freedom*, their vengeance they hurld:
Britannia then rose from her white rocky throne,
 In a bright azure robe she magnificent shone;
 She call'd her attendants, and bade them repair
 With speed to the Senate, her *Champion* was there.

“He's loyal, he's noble, he's chosen by me,

“My *rights* to protect, and my sons to keep free.”

Arouz'd at the message, brave *Fox* rear'd his head,
 “Yes! I'll be the *Champion of Freedom*,” he said;
 “The *Cause of the People* I'll ever maintain;
 “Devoted to that, I will breathe ev'ry vein;
 “Like *Hampden*, like *Sydney*, with firmness oppose
 “Each art and contrivance of *Liberty's* foes.”

Th' attendants reported the words that he said,

And great were the plaudits *Britannia* then paid.

“He's loyal, he's noble, he's chosen by me,

“My *rights* to protect, and my sons to keep free.”

The *secret conspirators*, feeling his rage,
 No longer with openness dare to engage,
 But, dreading his talents much more than a sword,
 Shrink back in dismay from his powerful word.
Integrity sways him; nor *favour* nor *place*
 Can e'er make him change or his country disgrace;
 But, firm and determin'd in *Liberty's* cause,
 With courage he guards all our *rights* and our *laws*.

“He's loyal, he's noble, he's chosen to be

“The *Champion of Britain*, whilst *Britain* is free.”

Though

Though *Envy*, *Detraction*, and *Jealousy* rage,
 Still *Fox* shines the *glory* and *pride* of his age :
Success and fair *Fame* all his counsels attend ;
 His *Prince's* best *subject*, his *country's* best *friend*.
 Then let us, unanimous, join to support
 The man who is honest, in spite of the *Court* ;
 And, as *freemen* deserving in *freedom* to live,
 Our hearts, hands, and voices, to *Fox* let us give.
 " He's loyal, he's noble, he's chosen to be
 " The *Champion* of *Britain*, whilst *Britain* is free."

The attempts of ribaldry against the Duchess of Devonshire are so truly wretched, that one cannot help mixing a degree of pity with the indignation we naturally feel against the writers.—The following Apostrophe, from some lines addressed to her Grace about four years since, are at this season very applicable:—

" O! BOW, ye transgressors, in penitence bend ;
 " Against such perfection, what sin to offend !
 " Yet see—in the brightness which darts from her eyes,
 " With beauty's mild lustre her clemency flies !
 " That smile, just display'd, to the soul has express'd
 " The happy composure that reigns in her breast !"

S O N N E T.

By T. WARWICK, LL. B.

TO paint the morn diffus'd on yonder cheek,
 And catch the noon-beam issuing from that eye,
 Or with that form to make the marble vie,
 Such let a Reynolds or a Wilton seek :
 Powerless, what'er she feel, their force to speak,
 The wond'ring Muse shall wait in silence by,
 Till either art, with a desponding sigh,
 Resign the steel, and own the pencil weak.
 But should Heaven will some forming hand divine
 To bid one finish'd piece at length outshine
 The worship'd star of Medicean fame,
 Still may the poet with reflected pride,
 By beauty less than virtue dignify'd,
 In social strains a CAVENDISH proclaim.

S T A N Z A S to a L A D Y.

WITH A PRESENT OF A FOX'S BRUSH.

RIBBANDS, till now, have e'er prevail'd,
 To show each female's free Election,
 The *brush*, on front of hat reveal'd,
 Evinces now the heart's direction.
 Farewell the loom, this *plume* employ,
 Which nature's finer hand has wove;
 And may the emblematic toy
 Successful as your wishes prove.

To her Grace of D——.

WITH beauteous twins, sweet looks inspiring love,
 And charms, which might the hearts of Cyclops move:
 When great Latona, good and fair like you,
 Her thirst to quench, to the clear waters drew.
 A rustic band, not fit on earth to dwell,
 With savage rage the goddesses did repel;
 But Jove, incens'd, prone to avenge the wrong,
 In fens to croak, quick doom'd the impious throng.
 So when of late, to serve an injur'd friend,
 From your bright sphere you vouchsaf'd to descend,
 Nor blush'd to ask a boon with that sweet voice,
 Which ever makes the suppliant rejoice,
 Monsters, 'tis said, surely the most abject,
 Did offer insult, where they ow'd respect!
 How comes it, then, the gods their ire suppress'd,
 Why from *man's form* such miscreants not divest?
 The reason's plain, since 'tis an obvious truth,
Each guilty wretch is far below the brute.

T*****X.

A L Y R I C L O V E E P I S T L E,

*(Found in a CONVENT at PARIS.)*Tune—*Ob! my kitten, my kitten.*

OH! my P——y, my P——y,
 And oh! my P——y, my dear-a,
 Such a fine husband as I
 You can't find far or near-a.
 Though the taxes go up, up, up,
 And the funds all go down, down, down-a,
 And the rats they run backward and forward,
 And my head it runs round, round, round-a.

Tho

Tho' Sir Cecil begins to look queer,
 And once more thinks of turning his coat,
 Since he's got no more guards in his rear,
 And his sailors, alas ! cannot vote.
 And tho' taxes, &c.

Yet soon on my foes I shall thunder—
 The Whigs shall all shrink from my rage,
 And the people shall view us with wonder,
 When our Cabinets all come of age.
 Tho' the taxes, &c.

I can talk of my candour and truth,
 With Jack W——s and D——s at my heels ;
 'Twas the least of the tricks of my youth,
 To make T—— purloin his own seals.
 Tho' the taxes, &c.

For the B——ps I've canting and pray'rs
 For the people I've nonsense and beer ;
 Oh ! when I climb'd up the *Back Stairs*,
 I took the right sow by the ear.
 Tho' the taxes, &c.

Then haste to become a fine bride,
 From the gloom of a Convent emerging ;
 In me you may safely confide,
 For I, like yourself, am a virgin !
 Now the taxes, &c.

I M P R O M P T U,

By one of the new L—ds of the T——y, being his first attempt at poetry.

Tune,—*Little Jack Horner.*

WHILE little W—ll P—tt,
 Sat picking a bit,
 The Grocers stood staring by ;
 He put in his thumb,
 And pull'd out a plumb,
 Oh ! what a good boy was I !

A S O N G.

Tune—*Get ye gone raw head and bloody bones*

OH Sir Cecil, Sir Cecil,
 And oh Sir Cecil, my deary,
 What a sad thing it is,
 That *Charly* will not fear ye ;

Tho' supported by *Pitt*,
 And all from *Buckingham-house*;
 Yet *Pitt* and *Jack Churchill* together,
 Is nothing to *honest Sam House*.
 Fal, de ral, &c.

You started with *Hood*, the Bombaster,
 That man of self-reputation,
 Determin'd at once to pull down
Charles Fox the support of the nation.
 With a mob of sailors from *Wapping*,
 With *Jackson*, the scrub of the Duke,
 But *Paddy* soon sent them a packing
 With cudgels of *Liberty Oak*.
 Fal, de ral, &c.

You poll'd both horse-guards and foot;
 The scullions and pimps of the Court;
 Every stall from the mews sent a vote;
 Oh! was not this very fine sport:
 E'en *Jack Wilkes*, that wicked blasphemer,
 And Justice their benches forlook,
 All running with *Bond* at their head,
 By command of *Northumberland's* Duke,
 Fal, de ral, &c.

While *Devon's* bright Duchefs supports us,
 The *Waldegraves* and all the fair tribe;
 We have nothing to fear from Dame *H——t*,
 For faith she has nothing to bribe,
 Her cheeks are blown up like a *Bacchus*,
 Encrusted with plaister and paint,
 Her breath is high scented with garlick;
 Oh! ye Gods, how her stinks make me faint.
 Fal, de ral, &c.

Here's a health to the fair *British* dames,
 Who so nobly *Charles Fox* have supported.
 He is now at the head of the poll,
 And Sir *Cecil* is fairly outvoted;
 Let *Portland* the Minister be,
 And so all the Tories be bit,
 Huzza! for the MAN of the PEOPLE,
 And down with prerogative *Pitt*.
 Fal, de ral, &c.

The TRIUMPH of FREEDOM.

To the Tune of—*Cease, rude Boreas, blustering Railer*.

HARK! the joyful news is come, boys,
 Now the day is all our own:
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drum, boys!
 Spread the tidings through the town,

Wray

Wray submits to Freedom's thunder,
Secret Influence gives way ;
 Let it strike the world with wonder !
 Fox, my lads, now wins the day.

Then let Fox's name resound, boys,
 Loud his victory proclaim :
 Freedom's Sons all England round, boys,
 All revere his honour'd name.

All submit to Freedom's thunder,
 Freedom's Sons will ne'er give way,
 Till the Courtiers all knock under,
 And to freedom yield the day.

Fill the Glafs ; I'll give the toast, boys !
 Hang the wretch, whose secret views
 Point against our country's boast, boys,
 Fox, the man that freemen choofe.

All shall yield to Freedom's thunder ;
 Traitors, like Sir *Judas Wray*,
 Ever forc'd to truckle under,
 Shall to freedom yield the day.

To the PATRIOTIC CHURCHILL!!!!

THE Committee's so grip'd at a certain *Hotel*,
 That 'tis thought there will soon be no *Jalap* to sell :
 And if they don't quickly decamp from that station,
 'Tis judg'd it will end in a *mortification* !

Then good Master *Churchill*, come down from your *chair*,
 For your infamy swells by continuing there !
 Your *raving* and *ranting*, will never prevail ;
 You are too far behind, to catch Fox by the *tail*.

Your triumph was *short*, and your *laurels* are *faded*,
 Your forces are spent, and your *tarriers* *jaded* :
Reynard he is too old, and too wise to be caught,
 By *prerogative* hounds which a *junto* has bought.

Our *Westminster*, *London*, and *Norwich* *successes*,
 Are a glorious *comment* on your boasted *Addreses* ;
 The returns of these cities must dreadfully sting,
 A *young Pitt*, an *old Bute*, and an *obstinate K——*.

PADDY's

PADDY'S FAREWELL to Sir CECIL.

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of—*Shelin a Gary*.

SIR Cecil be aisy, I won't be unshivil,
 Now the Man of the Pagle is chose in your stead;
 From swate Covent Garden you're flung to the Divil,
 By Jafus, Sir Cecil, you've bodder'd your head.
 Fa ra lal, &c.

To be sure much avail to you all your fine spaiches,
 'Tis nought but palaver, my honey, my dear,
 While all Charly's voters stick to him like laiches,
 A friend to our liberties and our *small beer*.
 Fa ra lal, &c.

Lord Pompey Mountmorres! what brought you from Dublin?
 Your arrand at Wistmister no crater knows!
 Sure you try'd once before here the town to make troubl'in,
 Ah now! make no disturbance—but pace and repose!
 Fa ra lal, &c.

The Ladies so swate and so pritty in London,
 Bedizen'd with ribbands like any fine Jay,
 They'll consent (will they so?) that the town shall be undone,
 By choosin' a Mimbir like Sir Cecil Wray.
 Fa ra lal, &c.

They says Moder Hobart she loves a shelelagh,
 An Irish shelelagh that's fit for the fair;
 Oh! tunder aud ouns! what the Divil could ail her,
 To vote for a baist that creaps up the *Back Stair*?
 Fa ra lal, &c.

'Tis strange that so ould she would be so mistaken,
 Her years should have learnt her more cunning than that,
 Hellish like, when the pretty *young maids* he's forsaken,
 He'll put up at last with a fusty ould cat.
 Fa ra lal, &c.

Ah now! pray let no jontleman prissent take this ill,
 By my truth, Rat shall niver use unshivil wards;
 But my varse sure must plaife, which the name of Sir Cecil
 Hands down to oblivion's latest recards.
 Fa ra lal, &c.

If myshelf with the tongue of a Prophet is gifted,
 Oh! I sees in a twinkling the Knight's latter ind!
 Tow'rds the varge of his life dev'lish high he'll be lifted
 And after his death, never fear, he'll descind.
 Fa ra lal, &c.

SONG

F O X.

503

S O N G.

Tune—*Come then all ye social powers.*

COME each free-born Briton, come
Exercife your *Charter*;
Strike each *lordly* tyrant dumb,
Who would your *freedom's* barter.

C H O R U S.

To FOX our votes we'll freely give,
True friends he'll ever find us;
Whilst *Wray*, who lives but to *deceive*,
We'll kick and cast behind us.

See the *Judas*, how he droops!
Tho' *Kings* and *Lords* befriend him
Home let him go to sup his soups,
And may *Starvation* end him!

C H O R U S.

To FOX our votes we'll freely give
True friends he'll ever find us
Whilst *Wray*, who lives but to *deceive*,
We'll kick and cast behind us.

To *Hood* we nothing do object,
He fought to save the nation;
And still we wish him to protect
His well-earn'd reputation.

C H O R U S.

But this his Lordship cannot keep,
Unless he quits his *crony*;
For those who herd with scabbed sheep,
Must catch *infection-ee*.

See *Northumbria's* crambing Lord,
Go sneaking to the Court, Sir,
Where he to *Cæsar* gives his word,
That *Wray* he will support, Sir.

C H O R U S.

But, O my Duke, you're sadly out,
In all your expectations;
Much you've put yourself about,
For nought but keen vexations.

Since notwithstanding all your weight,
Your *Bailiff* and his men, Sir.
Great FOX we nobly reinstate,
We vote him in again, Sir.

C H O R U S.

To him our suffrages we'll give,
'Tis FOX again we'll *chair*, Sir;
Your Grace shall ne'er make us deceive
The man who acts so fair, Sir.

Astonished

Astonished *Newcastle* stares,
 To find his plans miscarry;
 At *Jackson* now he stamps and swears,
 And damns him to *Old Harry*.

C H O R U S.

But who the devil cares, good *Duke*,
 For you or for your *Peerage*;
Britons will their *Kings* rebuke,
 If *Butes* fit in the *steeage*.

Poor *Churchill* now on drugs may dine,
 They'll keep him from the vapours;
 The thief is sick as any swine
 Of his *Election capers*.

C H O R U S.

Let *Wray* and him on *spiders* live,
 With *beer* that's *small* and *flat*, Sir;
 Ought else *Sir Cecil* ne'er will give
 To make his servants fat, Sir.

Then sing to FOX, that *jelly dog*,
 Who ever will be giving
 Beef and pudding, ale and grog,
 Or some such *damn'd good living*.

C H O R U S.

In bumpers full come drink his health,
 'Tis *noble* to support him;
 He's *honest* tho' he *has not wealth*,
 And thus I do report him.

Fair DEVONSHIRE be next our toast,
 That *best* of human creatures,
 Of ENGLAND'S FAIR, the pride and boast!
 For *virtue*, *form*, and *features*.

C H O R U S.

To her the song exalted raise!
 Be it like her divine *Sirs*!
 Each BRITON join to sing her praise!
 'Twill *sanctify* our *wine* *Sirs*!

'Tho' *slander*, *malice*, *envy* strive,
 To wound this boast of nature;
 Her *innocence* shall e'er survive,
 And *virtue* e'er await her.

C H O R U S.

Th' envenom'd shaft in vain shall fly,
 Fair *virtue* will protect her;
 The *shield* of TRUTH shall blunt each *lie*,
 And foil each base *detractor*.

J. H.
 A NEW

F O X.

505

A N E W S O N G.

Tune—*See the conquering Hero comes.*

SEE your *fav'rite Hero* comes,
Sound your fifes and beat your drums,
Slaves may make despotic strides,
But manly worth triumphant rides.

In this great and glorious fight,
Justice soon shall set us right,
Venal souls and *treacherous* hearts,
Soon shall meet their just deserts.

To redress an injured land
By your *Champion* firmly stand,
Truth will in the end decree,
“*Fox* is crown'd with *victory*.”

View yon hireling miscreant throng,
Led by a *Coachman's* silver thong,
But *Freedom's* Sons will *Fox* support,
Against a *silly tool of Court*.

Huzza ! *Fox* and LIBERTY !
No JUDAS ! No JACKSON !

A NEW SONG *on the WESTMINSTER ELECTION, in praise of SAM HOUSE's
assiduous Canvass, &c.*

To the Tune of—*Hark the Sound of the Drum.*

SEE the friends of brave *Fox*, to the Hustings now flocks,
Noble hearts thus united so clever ;
'Tis with joy now we say, it's all over with *Wray*,
Fox and Liberty, now boys, for ever, for ever, for ever !
Fox and Liberty, now boys, for ever !

See the brave *Sammy House*, he's as still as a mouse,
And does canvass with prudence so clever ;
See what shoals with him flocks, to poll for brave *Fox*,
Give thanks to *Sam House*, boys, for ever, for ever, for ever !
Give thanks to *Sam House*, boys, for ever !

Brave bald-headed *Sam*, all must own is the man,
Who does canvass for brave *Fox* so clever ;
His aversion, I say, is to *small beer and Wray* !
May his bald head be honour'd for ever, for ever, for ever !
May his bald head be honour'd for ever !

Like *Cæsar* so bold, he will not be controul'd,
Fox will surely esteem him for ever ;
Which is due of course unto brave *Sammy House*,
For his head shall be crown'd like a *Cæsar*, a *Cæsar*, a *Cæsar*.
For his head shall be crown'd like a *Cæsar*.

3 T

Sam's

Sam's goodness is known all over the town,
 Tho' an oddity, still he is clever;
 It's for his honest heart, where drefs has no part,
 Fox will thank Sam, and love him for ever, for ever, for ever!
 Fox will thank Sam, and love him for ever!

The Editors of this Work return most grateful thanks to the Gentleman who transmitted to them the following pointed composition. We perfectly agree with our obliging correspondent in his opinion, respecting the Authorship: It carries with it in every line indubitable marks of its legitimacy. None but the witty writer of the celebrated BABY and NURSE SONG could have composed the one we here present to the public, as a correct and undoubted original. The only copy ever given out of the Author's hand, is at present in our possession.

S O N G.

*BILLY: TOO YOUNG TO DRIVE US.

IF life's a rough journey as moralists tell,
 Englishmen sure made the best on't:
 On this spot of the earth, they bade liberty dwell,
 While slavery holds all the rest on't;
 They thought the best solace for labour and care,
 Was a state independent and free, Sir;
 And, this thought, tho' a curse that no tyrant can bear,
 Is the *blessing* of you and of me, Sir.
 Then while through this whirlabout journey we reel,
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel—
 Billy's too young to drive us.

The car of Britannia we all must allow,
 Is ready to crack with its load, Sir;
 And wanting the hand of experience, will now
 Most surely break down on the road, Sir;
 Then must we poor passengers quietly wait,
 To be crush'd by this mischievous spark, Sir;
 Who drives a *damn'd* job in the carriage of state,
 And got up like a thief in the dark, Sir.
 Then while through this whirlabout, &c. &c.

They say that his judgment is mellow and pure,
 And his principles virtue's own type, Sir,
 I believe, from my soul, he's a son of a w——e,
 And his judgment more rotten than ripe, Sir.
 For, all that he boasts of, what is it in truth?
 But that mad with ambition and pride, Sir,
 He's the vices of age, for the follies of youth,
 And a *damn'd* deal of cunning beside, Sir.
 Then while through this whirlabout, &c. &c.

The

The squires, whose reason ne'er reaches a span,
 Are all with this prodigy struck, Sir;
 And cry, "it's a crime not to vote for a man,
 "Who's as chaste as a baby at suck, Sir;"
 But pray let me ask, had his virtue prevail'd,
 What soul would to heaven come near, Sir?
 Not one—for the whole generation had fail'd,
 And God's creatures had never been here, Sir.
 Then while through this whirlabout, &c. &c.

It's true, he's a pretty good gift of the gab,
 And was taught by his dad on a stool, Sir;
 But tho' at a speech he's a bit of a dab,
 In the state he's a bit of a tool, Sir;
 For Billy's pure love for his country was such,
 He agreed to become the cat's paw, Sir;
 And sits at the helm, while its turn'd by the touch
 Of a reprobate fiend of the law, Sir.
 Then while through this whirlabout, &c. &c.

The' reason united a North and a Fox,
 The world of this junction complain, Sir;
 But what's that to *his* who join'd with a pox,
 To the cabinet pimp of the thane, Sir;
 Who sold to a highflying Jacobite gang,
 The credit of Chatham's great name, Sir;
 That, pleas'd, we might hear a young puppet harangue,
While F—nk—ns—n plays the old game, Sir.
 Then while through this whirlabout, &c. &c.

They say his fine parts are a mighty good prop
 To push up Britannia's affairs, Sir;
 But we all of us know, tho' he *stands* at her top,
 Her bottom will die in despair, Sir;
 Then with freemen who on a fair bottom would tread,
 Here's a toast that I'm sure will prevail, Sir;
 BRITANNIA! and *may he ne'er stand at her head,*
Who never can stand at her tail, Sir!
 Then while through this whirlabout, &c. &c.

A N E W S O N G.

Tune—*Rule, Britannia.*

HARK! I hear a well known voice,
 Say, Britain shall be great and free,
 Her fame shall rise, her sons rejoice,
 And present times recorded be.
 Hail! fair goddess, 'tis Britons sing of thee,
 Thou guardian of our Liberty

3 T 2

Deign

Deign to accept the homage due,
 For interference in a cause,
 When sinking low we look to you,
 To send us one to guard our laws.
 Hail ! &c.

Thy gracious favours we receive,
 Thy choice of Fox we will hold dear ;
 For Liberty he'll never leave,
 For thine's the cause he does hold dear.
 Hail ! fav'rite, hail ! for ever may'st thou be
 Protector of our Liberty.

Let Faction reign and Discord rule,
 Thou still shalt rise and blossom fair,
 While every servile courtly tool,
 Is wither'd with thy rip'ning air.
 Hail ! choice of Freedom, for ever may'st thou be
 The champion of, &c.

Britons, assist the glorious cause,
 Exert and shew you still are brave ;
 'Tis Freedom's call protects your laws
 And shews the world you are not slaves.
 Hail ! choice of Freedom, &c.

A N E W S O N G.

Tune—*Hearts of Oak.*

COME cheer up, my lads, 'tis to Freedom we steer ;
 No tyrant dictators shall manage us here ;
 No more shall they send vile dependents on Court,
 The birth-right of Britons they ne'er will support :
 United by *Freedom*, in *freedom* remain ;
 See ! *Fox* still is ready,
 To our cause ever steady ;
 Huzza ! we'll elect him again, and again.

Since first we adopted THE FOX as our choice,
 To injure the nation he ne'er lent his voice :
 His unshaken heart, stout, manly, and bold,
 Could ne'er be corrupted our cause to have fold :
 United by *Freedom*, &c.

Nor struggling, nor anxious for power, or place ;
 Nor pension, nor promise, his soul can disgrace ;
 By firmness and principle, form'd to withstand
 The monster Corruption, that threatens the land :
 United by *Freedom*, &c.

Our

Our laws he'll defend, and our rights he'll protect,
Nor vote as a *Back Stairs* Cabal shall direct;
The *Commons* once more shall their honour regain,
And *Liberty's triumph* efface ev'ry stain.

United by *Freedom*, &c.

Let the tall lanky knight now skulk home to his den,
Despis'd by all orders and classes of men;
I'd prefer the bold villain that takes the highway,
To the slave who his friend, or his trust, would betray.

Such wretches are foes to fair *Freedom* and *Fame*,

But *Fox* still is ready,

To our cause ever steady;

Huzza! we'll elect him again, and again!

A N E W S O N G,

Tune,—*Let the Toast pass, &c.*

TO Sir Cecil's defeat let us tune a new song,
'Tho' much it may stir up his gall, Sir,
For it plainly appears that it cannot be long,
Before his pride meets with a fall, Sir.

Then may each of us say,

May the devil take Wray,

And Charly and Liberty carry the day.

Into every stall and in every cell,

Sir Cecil keeps thrusting his nose, Sir,

But the Westminster folks say the devil in hell,

Is as welcome wherever he goes, Sir.

Then let, &c.

To FOX and to Freedom we give our support,

Every Englishman feels it his duty,

When their cause is attack'd by the pow'r of the Court,

And defended by Virtue and Beauty.

Then let, &c.

Fair *Devon*' all good English hearts must approve;

And the *Waldegraves* (God bless their sweet faces)

The Duchess she looks like the sweet queen of love,

And they like the three sister graces.

Then let, &c.

But behold Mrs. Ho—t with *mouth* like a dike,

And bloated cheeks daub'd very foul, Sir,

To one of the fair sex in truth she's as like,

As Venus is like to an owl, Sir.

Then let, &c.

Such a mass of fat blubber to canvass our votes,

'Tis indeed a most impudent freak, Sir,

Why her flesh hangs as loose as our ragged great coats,

And her face it is like a beef steak, Sir,

Then let, &c.

Much

Much rather than come in the same pair of sheets,
 With such a coarse huge piece of lumber,
 By G—d I'd consent to lie in the streets,
 All night in the month of December.
 Then let, &c.

But who is that Doctor kicks up such a dust,
 And for HOOD and WRAY roars like a Stentor?
 Sure the *great* Lord Mahon has not lungs more robust,
 And can hardly be much eloquenter.
 Then let, &c.

Would you think it, my boys, it's C—h—ll the Quack,
 The chymist and apothecary,
 Who now, like Sir Cecil, on FOX turns his back,
 And becomes his avow'd adversary.
 Then let, &c.

The stone that to gold turns all things at will,
 It is well known that chymists will crave, Sir,
 But gold it is plain can with easier skill,
 The chymist turn into a knave, Sir.
 Then let, &c.

But see how superbly all over the town,
 Drawn along in a fine gilded chariot,
 N———'s Duke rattles up street and down,
 A bribing for Judas Iscariot.
 Then let, &c.

Old Hugh is most gracious to all that he meets,
 And tips ev'ry lodger a wink, Sir,
 Tho' he leaves fifty beggars to starve in the streets,
 A bad vote gets a guinea to drink, Sir.
 Then let, &c.

To the will of the Court we are told to consent,
 And never to do as we please, Sir,
 If we vote against FOX we're forgiven our rent,
 Or else we must forfeit our lease, Sir,
 Then let, &c.

Thus of freedom and rights poor Electors they chouse,
 Such slaves and such fools we are grown, Sir,
 We must vote a Rogue into the Parliament House,
 Or else be turn'd out of our own, Sir.
 Then let, &c.

LIBERTY

LIBERTY ELECTED; *or*, FOX *in* TRIUMPH.

NOW Liberty's Champion in triumph he comes,
 Exalted, applauded, what shouts of the throng;
 Huzza! huzza! to brave Fox now huzza!
 It enlivens the heart of each true British soul,
 So chair him all day, and at night quaff a bowl,
 And toast Freedom and Fox in a bumper,
 A bumper to Charly, huzza!

Such a strong opposition there never was known,
 A hungry cur, always will snarl for the bone;
 Huzza! huzza! &c.
 To scrutinize now they are begging, I hear,
 To support the poor Knight that locks up the small beer.
 So Freedom and Fox in a bumper,
 A bumper to Charly, huzza!

Charm'd with Fox's merit, then Victory flew down,
 Our hero, the favourite of freedom, to crown.
 Huzza! huzza! &c.
 Surrounded with laurel, with seat ever green,
 And wreaths of fine flowers, our champion is seen.
 So Freedom and Fox in a bumper,
 A bumper to Charly, huzza!

Thus the victor in triumph he hastens along,
 Each window is crowded, and multitudes throng.
 Huzza! huzza! &c.
 You'd think that the air it would rend with applause,
 Since Charly with honour has got through the cause.
 Then Freedom and Fox in a bumper,
 A bumper to Charly, huzza!

Not one in the Senate so able to fit,
 As that man who has eloquence, honour, and wit.
 Huzza! huzza! &c.
 Fox he is the man, and we'll on him depend,
 He'll not starve an old soldier to serve his own end;
 Then Freedom and Fox in a bumper,
 A bumper to Charly, huzza!

To Mr. C. J. FOX.—By a FRENCHMAN.

OH puisse tu, le Ciceron de l'Angleterre,
 Par Westminster être élu de nouveau:
 Vu ton patriotisme et si noble et si fier,
 Le vray Anglois attend d'eux ce cadeau.

*The DUCHESS ACQUITTED: Or, The TRUE CAUSE of the MAJORITY on the
WESTMINSTER ELECTION.*

SOME strive to wound the virtuous name
Of De—n——re's, Dun——n's fame,
Those beauteous, peerless pair;
And all the toiling earnest throng,
Let's celebrate in tuneful song,
The brunette and the fair.

When charms conspire, and join their aid,
What mortal man is not afraid?
Who can unmov'd remain?
What heart is safe, whose vote secure,
When urg'd by the resistless pow'r
Of Venus and her train?

Let Slander, with her haggard eye,
No more blaspheme with hideous cry
Th' indefatigable dame.
'Twas Venus in disguise, 'tis said,
These efforts thro' the town display'd,
And her's alone the blame.

Than beauty's force and mighty pow'r,
Than charms exerted ev'ry hour,
What greater cause of fear?
Firm resolution melts away,
At beauty's so superior sway,
And Falshood seems as fair.

The heart that still retain'd love's fire,
Unchill'd by age, warm with desire,
Could not resist their sway;
'Twas this rais'd Fox's numbers higher,
This did the tardy votes inspire—
Ah! poor Sir Cecil Wray!

Some say false arts and base chicane;
Some Spitalfields accuse in vain;
Who could have such withstood?
Ev'n Wray himself, if so carefs'd,
The mighty influence had confes'd,
It own'd had been by Hood.

Let no one dare, with lips profane,
Fair De—n——re or others stain;
The influence is divine.
The fault, if any, let them place
To Venus, her seductive grace,
And her redoubted shrine.

FOX

F O X and L I B E R T Y.

Tune—*Come, ye lads who wish to shine.*

COME, ye sons of Freedom, come,
Repair unto the banner,
Where Liberty erects her head,
And points the path of Honour.
“*Chuse my fav’rite FOX,*” she cries,
“*The Champion of Old Albion:*
“*He always will protect our rights,*
“*Against the Court’s intrusion.*”

Boldly push, the cause maintain,
Nor heed the threats of power,
For spirits firm and hearts of oak,
Will dare each adverse hour.

Then for FOX, my lads, huzza! &c.

What tho’ new Peers like mushrooms rise,
T’attend Corruption’s summons,
And *Wilkes* supports Prerogative,
To trample on the *Commons*.

Yet, steady, we’ll for FOX huzza! &c.

Shall *Judas*, who betrays his friend,
E’er tax the fair to ruin?
Or gain his midnight back-stairs end,
Our freedom’s fame undoing?

No—still for FOX we will huzza! &c.

Then Britons come, intrepid souls,
Success crowns our endeavour,
For FOX, and LOVE and LIBERTY,
Shall be our theme for ever.

Huzza for FOX, my lads, huzza!

The Champion of Old Albion:

He always will protect our rights,
Against the Courts intrusion.

Te veniente diæ, te decente canebat.

WERE I to write, no man should grace the page,
But her’s—the jewel of the present age;
In every sentence, and in every line,
The virtues of a Devonshire should shine;
That noble heroine, in prime of life,
The tender’st parent, and th’ endearing wife!
With dignity as far as rank requires,
In mercy lib’ral, chaste in her desires;
Her eye ne’er swells with precedence of place,
Nor spurns at seeing others in disgrace;

Free and familiar to all worthy friends,
 Still complaisant, without sinister ends :
 No way affected, or elate by youth,
 Decent when gay, and modest ev'n in truth ;
 Such conduct renders her acquaintance blest ;
 While her lov'd Lord reigns sovereign in her breast,
 With all that's pure to captivate the heart,
 Beauty itself shares not the lowest part.

Though birth and riches in conjunction strove,
 In vain, to inspire or increase his love ;
 Prudence and constancy together join'd,
 To fix its root still deeper in his mind,
 No fancy'd rival with contempt he meets,
 In Chatsworth gardens, or in London streets ;
 With perfect satisfaction ever blest,
 Joyful he rises, or lies down to rest.

By this example, Ladies, learn to live,
 And taste that bliss that you were deign'd to give ;
 Females, no more arraign Eve's fatal fall,
 Daughters, wives, mothers, may be happy all.
 This am I bound in conscience to declare,
 I have no interest to soothe the fair :
 When eighty years announce approaching death,
 'Tis time sincerity should close my breath. *

The humble Petition of Sir CECIL WRAY,

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioner, on mature reflection,
 Most humbly conceives he shall lose his Election,
 And the expence being greater than he's able to bear,
 He fervently prays that you'll all pay a share
 To Bankers, their names in the papers you'll find,
 Who the smallest donations to receive are inclin'd.
 He wou'd not solicit so much for your aid,
 But supplies must be had when a scrutiny's made ;
 Tho' his hopes are but slight to get such scrutineers,
 And set aside numbers so great as appears,
 Yet the money subscrib'd of great use will be found,
 And your Petitioner will pray, as in duty he's bound.

* We have inserted the above stanzas merely for their well-meaning, and believe the writer, at the age of 80, seems to have spoke from his heart. They are certainly inelegant, but a kind of patriarchal honesty and affection runs through the whole of the composition, and seems to say with the Psalmist, "Old and young, praise ye the virtues of a DEVONSHIRE!"

The following curious Specimens of Prose versified (for we cannot give the productions the name of Poetry) are said to have been wrote by Sir Cecil Wray. Impartiality however, obliges us to declare, We do not think such peurile composition could ever have been wrote by that Gentleman; his education having been liberal, and his knowledge of language universally admitted.—With this apology we shall give them to our readers as copied verbatim from the Newspapers.

To CELIA, (now Lady WRAY) on powdering her hair. Extempore.

THY locks, I trow, fair maid,
Don't never want this aid :
Wherefore thy powder spare,
And only *comb* thy hair.

To Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY, proposing a party to go a fishing for White Bait.

Worthy Sir *Joe*, we all are wishing,
You'd come with us a White Bait fishing.

On seeing a Lady Bird fly off CELIA's neck, after having perched on it for many minutes.

—I thought (God blefs my soul !)
Yon lady bird her mole—
I thought—but devil take the thing,
It prov'd my error—took to wing—

A thought on NEW MILK.

Oh ! how charming is new milk !
Sweet as sugar—smooth as filk !

Familiar Verses, addressed to two Young Gentlemen at the Hounslow Academy.

Take notice, roguelings, I prohibit,
Your walking underneath yon gibbet :
Have you not heard, my little ones,
Of *Raw Head and Bloody Bones* ?
How do you know, but that there fellow,
May step down quick, and you up swallow ?

Verses on my own Horse, just after hunting in the manner of Job's Horse.

WITH aged fire, and youthful vigour strung,
My horse's nerves have made his sinews strong ;
The sweat has oil'd his limbs—he's swift of course ;
Oh ! my brave, my fleet, my hunting horse.

On CELIA killing a Flea.

Thou great epitome of little death, all hail !
How blest thy fate beneath my Celia's lovely nail.
No more thou'lt skip from sheet to sheet alive and well,
The fair one's nail and finger toll'd thy passing bell.

N. B. The allusion here to the noise made by the animal's sudden death, is beautifully descriptive of a passing bell. Sir Cecil's knowledge of ancient history appears from the following :—

Cybele loved Atys, Attes, or Attine,
 He was a boy, and took the name of Pine;
 Chaste was his heart—inviolate as mine. }

In her Temple, whoever touch'd garlic ne'er enter'd,
 But Bacchus's rites in that Temple were center'd.
 Atys forgot his vow, and such his fatal fate,
 That by himself he made himself *emasculate*.
 So thus the Goddess, with a love like mine,
 In pity turned the said Atys to a Pine.

N. B. It is a known fact, that the Temple of Cybele was never profaned, that it was opened not by hands, but prayers, and that none were permitted to enter who had tasted garlic. A knowledge of the Heathen Gods gives a Poet command over the most beautiful passages in Profane History.

The following claims the reader's attention. It possesses great merit.

ON POLITICS.

Pitt, thou champion in thy country's virtuous cause,
 Thou brave defender of her rights, her freedom, laws;
 See how the crowd in thee begin to recollect thy fire,
 As Ovid boldly tells us with his fine poetic fire.

——— "*sed enim cognoscit amatas*
 "*Amnis aquas; possitoque viri, quod sumptulerat, ore,*
 "*Veritus in proprias, ut se illi misceat, undas.*"

The River his beloved waters knew,
 And, putting off the assumed shape of man,
 Resumes his own, and in a current ran.

On a BLACK SOW with a Litter of THIRTEEN PIGS.

TO the head of that sow, what a back, chine (a), and tail (b),
 Here, John, bring to Porkey (c) some milk and some meal;
 Desire your mistress, and Patty (d) my cousin,
 To come look at the mother and her baker's (e) dozen.
 How sweet is the smell of the straw in her sty (f)!
 It is a mixture of oaten, of wheaten, and rye.

NOTES.

- (a) The chine is always considered the nicest part of the pork, either roasted or boiled, and is monstrous fine eating when the Norfolk turkeys are in season.
 (b) The tail of a little roasted pig is a nice morsel.
 (c) Porkey was the sow's name.
 (d) Patty is an abbreviation of the Christian name Martha. Patty contains but five letters, and Martha has six.
 (e) A baker's dozen is thirteen.
 (f) Sty is the name of a place where hogs, pigs, and sows are usually kept. I differed with my friend Sir Joseph, who always kept his hogs without any straw, and they lay on the bare pavement.

Call

Call out my Lord Lungs (*g*) and his half-brother Billy
 And the Lady in blue that came down in the dilly ;
 And ask the two men, with the grey powder'd wigs,
 To come out and behold my fine litter of pigs.
 What an eye has this fat little creature indeed !
 But no wonder at that, 'tis the true Chinese (*h*) breed.
 This black one I'll send to Northumberland's (*i*) Duke,
 The white one's bespoke by my dear cousin Suke (*k*) ;
 Another must go to Churchill (*l*), that's settled,
 Or Churchill will be most damnably nettled.
 Number four, five and six, and seven and eight,
 Must be sent up to Wood's (*m*), for the Committee Fete ;
 And the man that is killed (*n*) should certainly dine,
 If he had not been killed, on the pig number nine.
 Eleven and twelve to Chelsea (*o*) I'll send,
 I think to the chaplain, and he'll be my friend.
 Thirteen my dear wife has told me she means
 To drefs here at home, with sage (*p*) chopp'd in the brains ;
 And the belly (*q*), she says, shall be stuffed with sweet things,
 With pruns and currants—a dish fit for Kings ;
 And egg (*r*) sauce we will have, and potatoes (*s*) and butter,
 And we'll eat till neither one word more can we utter.

IMPROMPTU on CLORA'S SINGING.

[Written soon after the Author had been admitted to the honorary Degree of A. M.]

(*t*) WHO's that—that sets my heart a hobbing,
 With note more sweet than *Red breast Robin* !
 If *Clora* !—ah, how mighty cruel,
 To feed (*u*) Love's flame with *vocal fuel* !

PHILOMEL.

N O T E S.

(*g*) My Lord Lungs, so called from the great noise he always makes in the House of Commons. He was once bit by a mad dog called Bullion, at the Mint, and has never been properly in his senses since that time. I love him very much, or I should not have sent him a pig.

(*h*) China is a great place in the Eastern world, where I have never been in. But I have cups and saucers, and tea, and a mandarin, and two fire-screens that were actually made there.

(*i*) Northumberland's Duke, is the Duke of Northumberland. His wife was a very good sort of woman, and wore a fine diamond stomacher at the Castle of Dublin, when the Duke was Lord Lieutenant there.

(*k*) Cousin Suke is the daughter of my father's sister's brother.

(*l*) Churchill, once a vender of medicines, now a manufacturer of votes.

(*m*) Wood's, a place where broth is made of meat and bones ; a charnel house also for dead constables.

(*n*) Killed. The term for a body out of which the life has been taken.

(*o*) Chelsea, a place near Ranelagh, a great burthen to the kingdom, which I mean to have pulled down towards lessening the national debt. By putting down this place, a parcel of useless men will die, and consequently a great saving follow.

(*p*) Sage chopped in the brains is very common, and if the little tongue is put among them, it makes the dish better.

(*q*) Belly is the place which contained the entrails, and, when stuffed with sweet things, is delicious.

(*r*) Egg sauce is common in Ireland with pigs.

(*s*) Potatoes, a vegetable shaped something like a turnip, but more like an apple. They are sold in Covent Garden, and the Irish are very fond of them.

(*t*) The *Erotisi*, and *Oxymoron*, are in the first couplet most happily blended ; how energetic the interrogation ! how illustrative the simple articulifed participle—a *bobbing* ! The ingenious author, it is said, has often lamented that the measure would not admit of the repetition—a *bobbing*, a *bobbing*—the effect of which would certainly have been prodigious !

(*u*) —“ *Feed love's flame with vocal fuel* ! What can be more *appositely opposite*, than the finely conceived conflagrating particles of a true lover's heart being blown into a blaze by the irresistible ventilations of an harmonious pipe ?

BAGA-

B A G A T E L L E.

*On a fair LADY's slipping her Foot into a Garden Canal in the vicinity of
ISLINGTON SPA.*

SEE *Delia* but one false step make,
And pop her foot in yon (x) still lake,
Around her (y) toes, in (z) pretty pride,
The gold and silver fishes glide;
So *Venus*, dipping in the main,
Drew (a) shell and salt fish in her train!

DAMON.

Impromptu on the MURDER of a CONSTABLE.

GRIM visag'd Butcher, why kill this Man of Staff?
Alas! thy death I weep indeed, indeed I do not laugh.

Another on the same.

THY skull to thy brains is now no longer a turret;
Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurrit.

On the Ducheſs of DEVONSHIRE.

O beauteous woman, ornamental laſs,
I love thee much, but I hate thy canvaſs.

TAX on WOMEN SERVANTS.

Ye maidens, rejoice; believe me, on you there's no tax.
Gloria in altiffimis Deo, in Terra Pax.

On the CIRCULATION of the BLOOD.

In days of old, as Scripture fairly shows,
We knew that through the veins red blood flows.

Nota Bene. It appears, from the following texts, that the circulation of the blood was known in the earliest days: "And desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets; or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern." Ecclef. cap. xii. 5th, 6th, and 7th verses.

(x) *Still lake.*—The pseudo critics of the day objected to this *Synecdoche*, as rather too extensively decorative for a cit's garden; but *Dionysius Halicarnassus*, we trust, would have allowed our poet to have introduced the *Pacific Ocean* itself, if he had thought proper, as the more lively *hypotyposis* to dignify his subject.

(y) *"Toes."*—Here, in true simplicity, the English Baronet evidently exceeds the most dignified of the ancients: *Briareus*, for example, painted by the latter with a numerical flow of hands like the *Livory of London* in Common Hall assembled—leaves nothing for the playfulness of fancy to work upon. Not so our bard;—when he delicately speaks of *Delia's toes*, he does not intrusively tell you whether she had *three, four, or five* on the immersed foot; but leaves the anatomical disposition of the lovely toes to the reader's own imagination.

(z) *"Pretty pride!"*—The aliterative beauty of *pretty pride* must strike the most careless peruser.

(a) *"Shell and salt fish."*—This discrimination is deservedly admired by the naturalists, as displaying a piscatory knowledge equal to the first-rate broker in *Billingsgate Market*!—In short, it were needless to particularize the poetical beauties of our illustrious author, who is an ornament to the *British Belles Lettres*, and whose works, when more generally read, cannot fail to be generally admired!!!

A RIDDLE.

A R I D D L E.

What is it that hath a mouth, no hands nor feet,
 And yet can go, and is most swiftly fleet?
 What is it that bears the name like virgin good,
 And lives not in the fields, nor in the wood?
 It is a fish, but what kind of fish, I say?
 It is a MAID, and bears my very name, a WRAY.

Written at SIXTEEN on the River THAMES.

Let the river Isis do what it can,
 The river Tame will run as it ran.

It must be remarked, the *Tame* and the *Isis* joined, produce the appellation of *Tameisis*, now *Thames*.

On the bloody TENTH of MAY.

This is a day to riot dear,
 This is the day for my small beer,
 When Constables attack C. Fox,
 And Constables meet fatal knocks.

* *To CÆLIA, requiring a categorical Answer.*

CÆLIA, cause of *Nolens* woe,
 Tell thy *Volens* aye or no,
 If thou e'er wilt kinder grow.

Must he ever lonely creep?
 Must he never soundly sleep?
 Must he ever ever weep?

Ever ever must he sigh!
 Never never must he die!
 Ever ever wilt thou flie!

Sad, oh sad, is *Nolens* case,
 Much more sad his doleful face,
 Saddest of the human race!

Should it be his lost election,
 That has caus'd this strange defection
 In thy love—Oh curs'd detection!

Of thy baseness! folly! pride!
 Of your having thus denied
 To be ruined *Volens* bride.

But, perhaps his thoughts are wrong,
 You may tell him so e'er long,
 And his days in joy prolong.

Or, alas! his tuneful breath,
 Will be stopt by vengefull death.

* EPIGRAMATIC

*EPIGRAMATIC THOUGHTS.

WHAT is virtue? what is fame?
 Fond ideas, empty air;
 Friendship what? a silly name,
 Gold shall only be my care.

C. W.

Extempore to a PORTER.

PORTER sitting on thy sack,
 Late thy sack has fate on thee;
 Lift it once more on thy back,
 That thy strength the world may see.

Extempore to a PIG walking under a RUIN.

FOOLISH pig! no longer stay,
 O'er thee ruin hangs on high;
 Quickly take thy self away,
 Or thy sudden fate is nigh.

* *To CÆLIA, in excuse for a certain Accident which happened the Author in her Company.*

CÆLIA do not say, O fie!
 In that *wind* my love has spoke,
 Trust me 'twas an erring *figh*,
 Thro' a *nether passage* broke.

* *To the PRINTER of the MORNING POST.*

S I R,

STEPPING, a few days since, into a temple of Cloacina (to whom, since this damned Election commenced, I pay my devotions hourly!) not many miles from the Hustings, I seated myself upon the goddess's altar, reclining my head forward in a pensive mood, to think on the instability of human greatness, the *folly of friendship*, the happiness of a pension, the deceitful promises of a Minister, and the loss of the little share of popularity I enjoyed, (little enough, God knows, at all times, and now lost when most wanted!) I thought on the disgraceful groans, hisses, and curses I suffered each day of my penance on the hustling'd stage, and was stung to the soul by the mortifying reflection. Still, however, I comforted myself in the hope, that, although I might be detested by mankind while living, yet poetic fame, eternal bays, and laurel'd *incense*, should adorn my deathless name. But, immortal Phœbus, what was my surprise and indignation, when, taking up a paper that lay at the foot of the altar, I discovered the following seraphic Ode dishonoured, defaced, and trampled on, by the feet of ignorant stupidity, and, to complete my phrenzy, imbrowned with ———!!! O! O! O! horrible! detestable! filthy! filthy villains! — By the soul of the immortal Pindar! — the lute of the love-desponding Sappho! — the lyre of the wanton and convivial Horace! — the amorous shades of Ovid, Tibullus, Catullus, Gallus, Propertius, and (to descend to later times) the forlorn spectres of the self-destroying Hammond,

mond, and Werter!—In short, by all the oaths and execrations of enraged genius, I swear there never was,

* “ Since chaos, conquer’d, ceas’d to rule the globe,”

such an insult, debasement, or degrading affront, offered to the virgin, all-inspiring, tuneful, and *vast* resounding Nine!—by whose propitious inspiration fired, beneath a gibbet, where my imaged likeness swung †, by fullen winds slow wafted to and fro, while the pale moon shone hideous to my sight, dissolved in tears, I sadly sung this never-dying strain; while ghastly Mars, *relentless*, dropp’d a tear, and Time, *inaignant*, heard the mournful lays. The rage I felt from this affront was such, that I dissolv’d, melted, and thawed, like a fat Alderman lab’ring up hill in the torrid, canine ray—or virgin melting in the arms of vig’rous youth. In short, I was seized with a *lossence* of grief! and the retention of urine, I so long labour’d under, gave way instantaneously!—An inward rumbling presag’d approaching pangs!—The floodgates burst open, and such a copious torrent issued from before and behind, that the vacuum of the altar was filled!—I fear’d for my life! my reason fled! and I bellow’d like a bull sinking under the all-destroying stroke of the butcher. Just then Providence interposed for my rescue.—Rejoice! ye friends of genius as ye read. My friend, my bully-back, my right hand and left—my Æsculapian, leather-lung’d, Stentorian Orator, Churchill, arrived, arm’d with apparatus ordinary and extraordinary, laid to the eye! and painful to the touch! At his voice, Death, terrify’d, fled. With styptic pills he clos’d the fountains up, and led me forth once more to mount the Huttings. To conclude, Mr. Printer, I now honour the world (through the medium of your paper) with a perusal of this sublime, melting, and wonderful composition, *partaking at once*, and uniting in *itself*, the various natures of the ode, epic poem, tragedy, comedy, farce, and pastoral. A piece, Mr. Printer, at the same time saphic and terrific! doric and olympic! lyric, comic, and tragic!—A piece transcending all that has appeared before, or will appear after it!—I must conclude with assuring you,

I am your’s *egregiously, metaphorically, and allegorically,*

SIR CECIL BALDERDASH.

ODE to CELIA.

MY Sir-name is Wray,
And alas! alack of day,
For thee I die away.
Therefore Celia,
Don’t fail ye
To give me your hand:
See muttering,
And fluttering,
And blubbing,
And flobbering,
Before thee I stand:
Day and night,
Fear and fright,
From my sight,

* All my own, Mr. Printer! All original, by G—J!

† Hung in effigy by the populace! Think of that, Sir! Think of that!

Steal my sleep,
 Love's victim falling;
 On thy name calling,
Roaring and bawling,
 Sad vigils I keep.
 Here and there wand'ring,
 By *kennels* meand'ring,
 Death in my ears thund'ring
 His last fatal knell!
 Solemn knell! fatal knell! last passing bell!
 And now,
 I vow,
 I bow
 To his stroke,
 Alas! alas!
 That e'er it came to pass;
 But my heart is like glafs,
 By your cruelty broke.

NOLENS VOLENS.

In addition to the Poetical Pieces of Sir Cecil, which several correspondents have been at the trouble of collecting from different Magazines, another correspondent now lays before the curious a few Originals of his—their claim to originality no one will deny. They are selected from an infinity of similar ones which have been handed about in manuscript among the circle of his acquaintance. These, however, are not his greatest works. The writer of this article has now in his possession some “Verses on a Roll and Treacle,” after the manner of Anacreon;—a very pathetic “Elegy on a Cat who dropped her Kitten into a Copper of hot Water, and who, in attempting to save it, fell in, and was “likewise boiled;”—“An Epitaph on a Locksmith,” an intimate friend of the author’s, and “A Political and Metaphysical Enquiry into the immortality of a Boot Jack,” dedicated without permission to a MAN of Cambridge.

E X T E M P O R E to D E L I A.

On seeing Two CATS playing together.

SEE *Dely, Dely*, charming fair,
 How *Pusseys* play upon that chair.
 Then, *Dely*, change thy name to *Wray*,
 And thou and I will likewise play.

A DIALOGUE concerning a BLADE BONE.

SAYS I one day unto my wife,
 I never saw in all my life
 Such a *blade bone*. Why so, my dear?
 Says she. The matter's very clear,
 Says I, for on it there's no meat
 For any body for to eat.
 Indeed, my dear, says she, 'tis true,
 But wonder not, for you know, you
 Can't eat your cake, and have it too!

}

A COM-

A C O M P A R I S O N.

SURELY a *woman* to a *mackrel* may
 With justice be compar'd, for they
 Are hard to find, and dear when good and sweet,
 When bad, they're cheap, and found in ev'ry street,

On new Seating a Pair of SCARLET PLUSH BREECHES.

THRICE three years, and something more
 Have I these plush breeches wore ;
 Now forc'd, e'er yet the tenth compleated,
 Thro' too much sitting, to be seated !

A T H O U G H T *on an* ELASTIC HAT BAND.

WHENEVER a band like this I see,
 I straight do make a simile :
 An halter, that elastic string,
 It to my mind does always bring.
 And critics sure will this permit,
 One every head, one every neck will fit !

An I D E A *on a* P E C K *of* C O A L S.

I BUY my *coals* by *pecks* that we
 May have 'em *fresh* and *fresh*, d'ye see !

A S O N G,

Addressed to Sir C E C I L W R A Y.

ALL ye Philomaths, who are brave, honest, and true,
 And delight to speak truth, and stand by it ;
 Beware the dull fools, sycophantical souls !
 For they tell you a tale and deny it !
 See how England does sneer, and unmannerly jeer,
 Such rhyming before ne'er was known ;
 Her muse is a jade, and unskill'd in her trade,
 And deserves to be whipt out of town.
 What a comical jest stands a poet confess,
 When his verses are all out of joint ;
 How you, my dear creature, have dish'd up your satire,
 But forgot it, to put in the point.
 By a hobbling trot, to Parnassus you've got,
 And audaciously wait on Apollo ;
 Who perceives you a dunce, and corrects you at once,
 All the porters cry, Halló, boys ! halló !

The bards with their sheers, would have cut off your ears,
 For wanting both judgment and wit;
 But Apollo declar'd, you for once should be spar'd
 As a boon which his Grace does permit.

But if me he'll believe, and I would not deceive,
 Should you venture to rhyme any more;
 By all that is good, by the scourge of a rod,
 You'll be tickled and smarted all o'er.

* JUDAS ISCARIOT's favourite Scrutineering BALLAD.

OF all the *various Mendicants*,
State beggars are the best;
Well hous'd each night with *belly full*,
Secure we go to rest.
 And a begging we will go, will go, will go,
 And a begging we will go.

With *George's picture* in our purse
 'Tis *we* who *flash the bit*,
 And when we want to raise *supplies*,
 We've *plenty* in a *Pitt*.
 And a begging, &c.

Bedeck'd with *lace*, and not with *rags*,
 Thus will we drink and sing,
 " *Success* to Master Billy's schemes!"
 " *God save great George our King!*"
 And a begging, &c.

With *Fox* and *North*, or *Liberty*,
 Pray *what* have *we* to do?
 Those rogues to gain *such friends as ours*,
 Would sell their freedom too.
 And a begging, &c.

Though now the kingdom's *greatly drain'd*,
 And *lacks* the shining ore;
 E'en *pious Georgy* still will *beg*
 His *hundred thousands more*.
 And a begging, &c.

If you would fit in *Parliament*
 To *aid* your country's cause,
 Beg *Pitt* to pay *Election bills*,
 Who on the *Treas'ry* draws.
 And a begging, &c.

Then

Then if he *franks* you to the House,
Most grateful ever be,
And when a vote is *beg'd* of you,
Be sure to give it be *.

And a begging, &c.

But if a *patriot* should oppose
Your int'rest and *succeed*;
A *scrutiny* you then must *beg*,
For 'tis in time of *need*.

And a begging, &c.

† Should taxes *not* productive prove—
Friends *leave* us in the lurch;
Why then we *beg from house to house* ‡,
And have a *brief at church*.

And a begging, &c.

When *wilful* errors they are made,
To serve our *private* ends;
The moment they're *detected*, we
Beg pardon of our friends.

And a begging, &c.

So when the people *us* reject,
And at at our *proffers* frown;
We treat them with *supreme* contempt,
And *beg* our way to town,

And a begging, &c.

If *bad* success attend our schemes,
The matter we *report*,
And, *surest* road to seek amends,
We *beg* a place at *Court*.

And a begging, &c.

Thus *beggars* often *better* live,
Than fair and *honest* men;
So let us *beg in spite of Fox*,
While *Churchill* says *Amen*.

And a begging, &c.

W. A. S.

*In Consequence of the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE having, in Compliment to Mr. FOX
appeared with a LAUREL Trophy in her Hair, it has received a Sort of Consecration.
The following impromptu was written upon a Branch her Grace wore:*

SINCE on the lovely Devon's brow,
This laurel branch has been display'd,
The myrtle shall entwine the bough,
And Love, with thanks, receive the braid!

* This line after the manner of Sir Cecil.

† Alluding to the scarcity of cash in the Treasury at that time.

‡ The Court Candidates, with most pitiful faces, went from house to house begging for money to carry on a scrutiny.

F O X.

To V I R T U E.

HAIL, noble Devon, matchless Dame,
 Thy Virtues are thy shield;
 Thy foes attempt to brand thy name,
 Such foes must quit the field.
 But thou, with fortitude and truth,
 Will Virtue's sceptre sway;
 In sight of all such wretched foes,
 Who shun the face of day.
 Coquets may envy, Prudes despise,
 They cannot stain thy merits;
 Thy noble soul without disguise,
 Superior joys inherits.
 Hail, mighty Dame—though folly sneer,
 Pursue the sprightly chace;
 While innocence in thy career,
 Shall every action grace.

A. Z.

The Fallacy of Addressing refuted, or FOX the Representative of Kirkwall, in Orkney, in direct contradiction of Mr. H— D—'s smuggled Address from that County.

STARVATION prowling in the North,
 To sons of want, and famine came;
 Call'd falshood, and detraction forth;
 The weak to praise; the wise to blame:
 But truth and independence brave,
 With Fox's name return'd the lie;
 The Advocates address can't save,
 Thy name, D—s, from infamy.
 Old Orkneys' sons, renown'd in story,
 Whose Sires obeyed no tyrants voice;
 Reject with scorn the abject Tory,
 Fox and freedom still their choice.

A CHEILD OF GRACE.

E X T E M P O R E.

On the late Riots at COVENT GARDEN.

WHAT strange report is this I hear?
 Sure wonders ne'er will cease,
 Since Constables now war declare,
 And Soldiers keep the peace!

*A NEW

* A N E W S O N G.

OUR Sovereign rode the Prerogative Horse,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 To trample on Freedom,—What could he do worse?
 With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,
 Galloping dreary dun.

But, starting too hasty, his horse stumbled lame;
 Galloping dreary dun,
 On Fox and the Commons, he threw all the blame.
 With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,
 Galloping dreary dun.

The *Pittite* drew near with a simper and grin;
 Galloping dreary dun,
 To resist such a ruler (he cried) is a sin!
 With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,
 Galloping dreary dun.

To please the proud ruler, the way he had found,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 He cring'd, and he flatter'd, and bow'd to the ground.
 Sing haily, gaily, gamboraily,
 Galloping dreary dun.

Foregad I have hit it!—Their courage we'll cool,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 Dissolve both the houses, then absolute ruse.
 With my haily, gaily, gamboraily,
 Galloping dreary dun.

Then Fox at encroachments may grumble and spit,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 In a new House of Commons he never shall fit.
 By my haily, gaily, gamboraily,
 Galloping dreary dun.

Sir Cecil will aid us, and think it no sin;
 Galloping dreary dun,
 Then Fox shall be ousted, and Cecil come in.
 With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,
 Galloping dreary dun.

Tho' Fox has to Cecil been gen'rous and good,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 For a pension, Sir Cecil would spill Fox's blood.
 With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,
 Galloping dreary dun.

For money he'd stab the best friend to the heart;
 Galloping dreary dun,
 For friendship and freedom he cares not a f—t.
 Sing haily, gaily, gamboraily,
 Galloping dreary dun.

No Fox to oppose us, triumphant we'll rule;

Galloping dreary dun,

We'll browbeat the Lords, make the Commons our tool.

With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,

Galloping dreary dun,

The ruler he heard, and approv'd the advice,

Galloping dreary dun,

And eager both Houses dissolv'd in a trice.

With our haily, gaily, gamboraily,

Galloping dreary dun.

To call a new Senate, he issued his writ;

Galloping dreary dun,

But behold he now finds he is trap'd in the *Pit*.

With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,

Galloping dreary dun,

To frighten the Freemen—but mark the event;

Galloping dreary dun,

To the Hustings, the horse, foot, and black-guards were sent

With haily, gaily, gamboraily,

Galloping dreary dun.

In the cause of Sir *Judas*, the venal have poll'd,

Galloping dreary dun,

And the timid compell'd, in his lists have enroll'd.

With haily, gaily, gamboraily,

Galloping dreary dun.

Yet, each *Freeman*, with spirit asserting his right,

Galloping dreary dun,

For Fox gives a *plumper* in Cecil's despight.

With haily, gaily, gamboraily,

Galloping dreary dun.

Too late, poor Sir *Judas* repents of his sin,

Galloping dreary dun,

Thrown out from the house, Fox fairly gets in.

With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,

Galloping dreary dun.

Great Judas, of old, tied his neck in a string,

Galloping dreary dun,

An example for you, to Sir Cecil go swing.

With your haily, gaily, gamboraily,

Galloping dreary dun.

The *immaculate statesman* may also be bit,

Galloping dreary dun,

The Dutch play'd a tragedy, called "*De Wit*."

With haily, gaily, gamboraily,

Galloping dreary dun.

What

What once has been play'd, may be play'd o'er again,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 A word to the wife, should be ne'er spoke in vain.
 With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,
 Galloping dreary dun.

W. P. C.

* *Addressed to the* ELECTORS *of* WESTMINSTER.

YE sons of Freedom, natives of an isle,
 In story deem'd the patriot's happy soil;
 Where public virtue erst was wont to tread,
 Where SYDNEY flourish'd, and where RUSSELL bled:
 For rights Plebeian shed his generous blood,
 And died a martyr to the public good.
 When tyrants rul'd, and, deck'd in regal pride
 Oppression grew, and pour'd her crimson tide;
 The scaffold blushing bore th' ignoble stain,
 And seem'd to weep another NERO's reign.
 Read, oh ye Britons! read the historic page,
 Nor let example perish with the age;
 Extend its influence to a later day,
 And be alive to all it would convey.
 If TYRANTS sting you with their rage anew,
 See Fox your SYDNEY, and your RUSSELL too;
 Great in the Senate, Patriot to the end,
 The peoples' advocate—BRITANNIA's friend.
 O then support him in the common cause!
 He fights your battles, and revere's your laws;
 By *MAGNA CHARTA*, steers his constant track,
 And braves the storm that would fair FREEDOM wreck.
 Then aid his Patriot-worth—with Fox unite,
 To drive *Corruption* vanquish'd from the fight:
 Tell the base *miscreant* lurking in the shade,
 Where serpent-broods, the tainted grass invade;
 Where deadly nightshade spreads her gloomy green,
 And weeds obnoxious poison all the scene.
 Her dwelling here—her TEMPLE here behold,—
 Her PITT corrupted and corrupting gold;
 The bane of Virtue—*EVIL's* constant root,
 That bane of Robinson—that God of Bute:
 Tell her e'en here, surrounded by the train,
 Who fawning praise her for accursed gain,
 That slavish Peers no more shall cautious tread,
 The *flairs* contriv'd to screen the villain's head;
 Where light excluded, or but dimly found,
 The *damn'd detractor* steals along the ground:
 The T——e charg'd with poison to the state,
 The King's *deceiver*, and the nation's *bate*.

Tell her that these, tho' arm'd by SOVEREIGN power,
 Big with resentment in an evil hour,
 Should deal with envious sting, their mischief round;
 And strive to blast the fame a Fox has found:
 Still lives there Britons, warm with honest zeal,
 Who know his worth, and will that worth reveal;
 To nations tell it, and to nations show,
 That FOX and FREEDOM triumphs o'er the FOE.

J. H.

* The A P P E A L.

YE shades illustrious, who from earliest days
 Have rais'd our wonder, and have claim'd our praise;
 Who *join'd* the force of tyrant power to quell,
 For *freedom* conquer'd, or with *freedom* fell:
 Firm in the cause of liberty have stood,
 Secur'd her rights, or seal'd them with your blood;
 'Gainst proud oppression and her guilty crew,
 The sword of *justice*, and of *virtue* drew:
 Scourg'd vile corruption—crush'd the lawless train,
 And gave to England—England's rights again:
 Say, holy shades! did e'er your gen'rous blood
 Roll thro' your sons in a more noble flood
 Than late? when faction with a despot hand,
 Spread wild confusion o'er this hapless land;
 When a vile party, headed by a boy,
 Strove the pure rights of *Britons* to destroy;
 Strove by each art that malice cou'd invent,
 The rights of free election to prevent;
 Call'd from the number of his venal crew,
 A *thing* who ne'er one gen'rous passion knew;
 And strove by arts, would shame us to repeat,
 To force this *reptile* into *honours* seat.
 Then, O ye shades! by your bright names inspir'd,
 Indignant rage our *noble Patriots* fir'd;
 Urg'd them the cause of freedom to espouse,
 And pluck *false honour* from the stripling's brows:
 Shew'd to the world, in powerful faction's spight,
 A Briton dar'd support a Briton's right.
 The tricks of state, both bribes and menace fail'd,
 And *patriot virtue* 'gainst a *Court* prevail'd;
Truth trampled *malice*—*justice* conquer'd *wit*,
 And *Fox* and *Freedom* triumph'd over *Pitt*.

M. F.

The

* *The* C O N S O L A T I O N.

SAYS Hood to Sir Cecil, my wretched colleague,
 My sharer in sorrows—compeer in intrigue;
 Pray tell what new schemes we can bring on the *stocks*,
 The Council to bother, and plague this d——d Fox.
 You see all our measures as yet have prov'd cross,
 Not a project we start but it makes to our loss,
 And *Madan*, from whom all our hopes were rais'd higher,
 Has prov'd me a fool and a damnable liar.
 New Council—new witness, in vain we may bring,
 Since we know in the end, 'twill be just the same thing;
 For a bad vote of his, we have two of our own,
 Then why shou'd we longer thus pester the town.
 All the world must observe, by the nose we are led,
 Thro' us the revenge of a faction is fed;
 Nor honour, nor justice, belong to our cause,
 No hopes from ourselves, no support from the laws.
 Thus Cecil replies,—never mind my dear friend,
 No fame we can lose, *we have none to defend*;
 Then suffer not trifles your patience to vex,
 Our master we serve, and our foe we perplex.
 Thus let us proceed, 'till we're order'd to stop,
 That order obtain'd, we'll the scrutiny *drop*;
 Mean time take this comfort, till prospects are riper,
 Tho' we are the *dancers*, 'tis *Pitt* pays the *piper*.

M. F.

* T O L O R D H O O D.

SAY Hood, what madness seiz'd thy brain,
 When *virtue*, *conscience* spoke in vain,
 To warn thee of thy fate?
 Thy honour gone, thy glory lost,
 Thy every vain endeavour cross'd,
 Grown wise, alas! too late.
 What cou'd induce thee hapless Lord,
 To join with infamy thy word,
 And all advice refuse?
 To leave the paths of honest fame,
 To forfeit every noble name,
 Vile party to espouse?
 A grateful city's cheerful love,
 Eager thy conduct to approve,
 (For who cou'd Hood suspect?)
 Call'd thee with one assenting voice,
 To join thee with their other choice,
 Bright freedom to protect.

3 Y 2

From

From thee, who England's battles fought,
 A steady generous friend they fought,
 Who'd ne'er her rights betray;
 None dreamt, one train'd in glory's school,
 Wou'd change—a ministerial tool,
 And join a *thing* like *Wray*.

Say since that sad ill-fated hour,
 When yielding to the nod of power,
 Thy own free will was lost,
 Has thy poor bosom known a joy?
 Does ought but cares thy mind employ?
 In whirls of passion tost.

Each coming day thy guilts increase,
 Nor yet will daring madness cease,
 Or see its desperate state:
 Folly, at first, our pity breeds,
 Contempt, with infamy, succeeds—
 Such Hood will prove thy fate.

Oh! seize the present offer'd hour,
 Quit the vile instruments of power,
 And be thyself again;
 Then o'er thy guilty errors past,
 Oblivion kind her veil shall cast,
 And honour greet thy name.

NAUTICUS.

ADDRESS from Sir CECIL WRAY to his friends in Westminster, as intended to be spoke by him from the *Hustings* at Covent Garden, on the final close of the poll, for the purpose of raising money, under the idea of carry on a scrutiny, but in fact, to come at ready rhino, that he may pay off the bills of his guzzling Committees.

CHURCHILL, in the Chair.

Gentlemen,

THE poll is clos'd—*determin'd* is my fate,
 To *Fox* I yield, and feel his patriot weight.
 But yet my friends, before you are dismiss'd,
 E'er yet I'm *booted* or that you get *hiss'd*,
 And e'er this *Fox* in conquest mounts the chair!
 (Whilst shouts victorious shake the ambient air!)
 Permit your *Wray* some *wisdom* to dispense,
 And own for once at least, I've *common sense*.—

“ You know, good citizens, what has been done;
 “ The cause to serve, what *risques* have I not run!
 “ With great *Newcastle*, schemes I have devis'd,
 “ That e'en our *chairman*, *Churchill*, has surpris'd.
 “ *Churchill* the wise, the *Mentor* of the times,
 “ *Prince of Committees*—*King* of all their crimes;

“ He,

" He, who can judge of men by nods and shrugs,
 " Can compounds make of *syllables* or *drugs* ;
 " Can these apply in either case, as fit
 " To make men wiser, or to make men *sb—t*.
 " This genius great !—this *Æsculapian* son !
 " Has much approv'd of what your *Wray* has done :
 " *Northumbria's* Duke most active too has been,
 " And wrought his wonders, though he wrought unseen ;
 " Nor have we wanted in a desp'rate hour,
 " The *Jove-like* mandates of *Imperial* pow'r !
 " Each *slave* dependent on a *royal* trade,
 " Has voted for me, and his *fortune* made.
 " More have we done, a vict'ry to insure,
 " Those who refus'd were bid to seek the door.
 " At nought we stuck—for nothing have we car'd,
 " We banish'd *Whitehead* *, nor was *St. John* † spar'd !"

To win your hearts in this *degen'rate* day,
 Have I not shewn how well I can betray !
 Need I declare by whom my *honours* came ?
 Who gave me *public life* and *patriot fame* ?
 Who *first*, to this great city made me *known*,
 And bade my *laurels* flourish with his own !
 His *Patriot-worth* my friends, you all must know,
 The *Court* perceiv'd it, and became his *foe*,
 Whilst fair *Britannia* pointing to her shield,
 Bade FOX and LIBERTY still keep the field !
 This gen'rous man for *you* have I deceiv'd,
 And, *scoundrel-like*, have *infamy* atchiev'd !
 My deeds speak out—each honest man can say,
 There Treach'ry walks—there creeps *apostate Wray* !
 Such is my merit—such I am for you,
 Then praise my works, and " *give a devil his due*,"
Subscribe—subscribe—a Fox to overthrow !
Yourselves make *slaves*, and yield ye to the *foe* !

ISCARIOT.

J. H.

S O N G.

THE poll being clos'd, to the Shakespeare we'll go,
 And hail the brave Fox with a shrill tally ho !
 Poor Cecil, thus baff'd, to *Chelsea* will scout,
 But there, my *dear bonie*, you're surely turn'd out.
 Sing Ballynamono, oro,
 A pension, dear Cecil, for me.

* Mr. Whitehead, Yeoman in the Guards, was dismissed because he voted for Mr. Fox.

† The circumstances attending this Gentleman's dismissal (who would not sacrifice his principles to the tyrannic faction) are in every one's recollection, and will long continue to be execrated !

Dear

Dear Cecil, dear Cecil, of what can you boast?
 For *Fox*, my brave warrior, has ruled the roast.
 This day in full triumph he bears off the belle,
 In three times three bumpers his worth we will tell.

Sing Ballynamono, oro,
 A good merry dinner for me.

Poor Cecil! he wanders a slow fullen pace,
 But he does very right in hiding his face;
 For well he remember's his Maid-servant's Tax,
 And for that he deserves to be tax'd with an ax.

Sing Ballynamono oro,
 No tax on Maid-servants for me.

Poor Sir Cecil is full of the vapours and spleen,
 No more he can boast of *three hundred eighteen*;
 Sir Cecil to Fox was once *very kind*,
 But now Charley Fox has left *him* behind.

Sing Ballynamono, oro,
 No deceivers for Fox or for me.

Let liberty, mirth, and good humour abound,
 Let Fox, our brave Champion with laurels be crown'd;
 In bumpers of claret the toast shall go round,
 While a *Man of the People* is still to be found.

Sing Ballynamono, oro,
 The real cause of freedom for me.

A FOX-CHACING SONG.

Tune of—*Tally ho! or, The Hounds in full cry.*

By Mr. CONWAY.

HE triumphs! he triumphs! *Fox* leads them a chace,
 O'er head-lands, outslips them, the hounds in full cry.
 They've lost him, still scent him, yet slacken apace,
 Tho' Sir *Cecil*, Sir *Cecil*, avow'd he should die.

Hark! the wood-lands and valleys resound Tally-ho!
 He's brush'd 'em, he's brush'd 'em, escap'd 'em, and fled—
 Too vainly pursue him! He's taught them to know—
 That his courage re-doubles! he flies thro' no dread!

Tho' *Hood* (old re-pensioned) unkennel'd his hounds,
 Court-Tarriers unnumber'd, let loose in the chace,
 Rouz'd *Churchill-like Patriots*, with *Fox hunting sounds*,
 To mount for Sir *Cecil*—with copper dy'd face.

Chaste *Devon* can thwart 'em! bold *Reynard* in view!
 Triumphant bounds, o'er their heads in full speed,
 Waves his trophies, just laurels, despising the crew,
Fox! braves and he conquers—the double fac'd breed.

Fill,

Fill, fill up your bumpers, the Graces go round,
Devon, Portland, and Spencer—a triple huzza!
 To *Fox*, our tried chacer, who's brush'd each Court hound,
 With his *tail* well *befprinkl'd*—Huzza! and huzza!

*ELEGY on a LOST ELECTION, by an UNFORTUNATE CANDIDATE.

DÆMONS of hell! and goblins of the night!
 Infuriate fiends! and spectres round me rise!
 Pour clouds and darkness round yon orb of light,
 And shroud his hated beams from mortal eyes.
 Let grizly Death impel his iron car,
 Array'd in terrors, through the dusky gloom!
 Let meagre Famine, and destructive War,
 With plenteous ruin glut th'insatiate tomb!
 Ye Furies, rising from the drear abodes,
 Shed plagues and venom o'er the blasted earth!
 Attend! attend! ye dark infernal gods,
 That curs'd the fatal hour that gave me birth!
 Hurl all your wrath 'gainst that successful head,
 Which late oppos'd me on the hustling'd stage;
 Before whose voice my better genius fled,
 Abash'd by hissing, scorn, and public rage.
 Yet why these curses? Whence this tortur'd mind?
 Why in my ears do foul reproaches ring?
 Ah me! to friendship, virtue, reason blind!
 'Tis conscience, guilty conscience, points the sting.
 Urg'd by some dæmon, and th' insatiate thirst
 Of sordid gold, I sold my friend and fame;
 Deceiv'd!—nought gain'd I by the crime accurs'd,
 But disappointment and eternal shame.
 No more on Fortune's prosp'rous tide afloat,
 No royal brow to smile shall condescend,
 With glitt'ring bribes, to gain my venal vote,
 No more on *me* the Statesman shall attend.
 For lost to me—ah, cruel loss!—that seat,
 From which my voice its consequence obtain'd,
 No more with King or Statesmen have I weight,
 No post lucrative shall by me be gain'd.
 Yet grant one boon, kind Fate; that boon is small—
 Though much deserv'd, yet from the halter shield;
 Nor by th' indignant people let me fall,
 All else into thy hands resign'd I yield.

JUDAS PENITENS.

The

*The FEMALE TRIUMPH: Or, Sir CECIL defeated.**Sung at Mrs. CREWE's FETE.*

YE lasses and lads, come drink and be merry,
 Your voices tune up to the air of down derry,
 For turn coat Sir Cecil is fairly rejected,
 And Fox our best friend is by numbers elected.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

Poor Libery blush'd, and look'd like a fool,
 When soldiers she saw marching up to the poll;
 Since men then, she cry'd, are so base and so blind,
 'Tis from spirited women support I must find.

Derry down, &c.

A woman I'll choose, Freedom's cause to maintain,
 Who knowing her character free from all stain,
 Can malice defy and the country support,
 Against all the bribes and the arts of the Court.

Derry down, &c.

To Devon she flies, where she's sure of redress,
 For she wisely put on the air of distress.
 The Duchess takes fire, calls her coach to the door,
 And as soon as she asks, she has votes by the score.

Derry down, &c.

Youth caught by her beauty, and Age by her merit,
 All ranks and conditions are charm'd with her spirit;
 The cold and luke-warm were all catch'd in the flame,
 And by her persuasion all *Foxites* became.

Derry down, &c.

E'en cobblers she canvass'd, they could not refuse,
 But huzza'd for Fox, and no wooden shoes!
 She canvass'd the taylor, and ask'd for their votes—
 They all gave her plumpers, and cry'd no turn-coats.

Derry down, &c.

To all trades and professions for votes she apply'd,
 And found all true Britons on Liberty's side;
 No wonder for Fox they were found all to be,
 Their champion he is while they wish to be free.

Down down, &c.

Thus Virtue has triumph'd o'er lies black as hell;
 They wou'd have told truths if they had them to tell.
 They blacken'd her name up and down the Back Stairs,
 But in spite of the devil the angel appears.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis England's true int'rest Fox's cause to defend—
 To her rights he is firm—he is Liberty's friend—
 Three humbers then drink, to Fox, Devon, and Crew,
 Three times let us huzza for buff and the blue.

Derry down, &c.

A NEW

A NEW SONG, *entitled*
 MASTER BILLY'S BUDGET: *Or, A Touch on the Times.*

To the Tune of—*A Cobler there was, &c.*

YE boobies of Britain, who lately thought fit
 The care of the State to a child to commit,
 Pray how do you like your young Minister's budget?
 Should he take your last farthing, you never can grudge it.
 Derry down, &c.

A tax on your heads! there'd be justice in that,
 But he only proposes a tax on your hat;
 So let every Englishman throw up his beaver,
 And holla, Prerogative Billy for ever!
 Derry down, &c.

Not being much favour'd with female applauses,
 He takes his revenge on their ribbands and gauzes:
 Then should not each female, Wife, Widow, or Miss,
 To Coventry send Master Billy for this?
 Derry down, &c.

How oft has he told us his views were upright!
 That his actions would all bear the test of the light!
 Yet he sure in the dark must have something to do,
 Who shuts out both day-light and candle-light too.
 Derry down, &c.

John Bull's house is tax'd, so he plays him a trick,
 By cunningly laying a duty on brick;
 Thus John for his dwelling is forc'd to pay twice,
 But Billy hopes John will not smoke the device.
 Derry down, &c.

What little we may have by industry made,
 We must pay for a licence to set up a trade;
 So that ev'ry poor devil must now be tax'd more
 For dealing in goods that paid taxes before.
 Derry down, &c.

The Callico-printers may beg if they please,
 As dry as a sponge he their cotton will squeeze;
 With their tears let them print their own linens, cries he,
 But they never shall make an impression on me.
 Derry down, &c.

The crazy old hackney coach, almost broke down,
 Must now pay ten shillings instead of a crown;
 And to break him down quite, if the first will not do't,
 Ten shillings a piece on his horses to boot.
 Derry down, &c.

The tax upon horses may not be severe,
 But his scheme for collecting it seems very queer;
 Did a school-boy e'er dream of a project so idle?
 A tax on a horse by a stamp on a bridle!

Derry down, &c.

The tax upon sportsmen I hold to be right,
 And only lament that the tax is so light;
 But alas! it is light for this palpable cause,
 That sportsmen themselves are the makers of laws!

Derry down, &c.

He fain would have meddled with coals, but I wot
 For his fingers the Gentleman found them too hot:
 The rich did not like it, and so, to be sure,
 In its place he must find out a tax on the poor.

Derry down, &c.

Then last, that our murmurs may teize him the less,
 By a tax upon paper he'd silence the press:
 So our sorrow by singing can ne'er be relax'd,
 Since a song upon taxes itself must be tax'd.

Derry down, &c.

But now it is time I should finish my song,
 And I wish from my soul that it was not so long,
 Since at length it evinces in trusting to Pitt,
 Good-neighbours, we all have been curstly bit.

Derry down, &c.

Middlesex Journal 1771.

At Almshouses of Pigeons I am told there are flocks
But tis thought the compleatest is our Mr Fox

If he touches a card or rattles a Box
Away fly the guineas of this Mr Fox.

He has more I'm afraid so many hard knocks
That Cash is not plenty with this Mr Fox.

Who always must lose, for the strongest of docks
Can't keep any money for this Mr Fox.

If ye Hawks saw your hearts must be harder than
If you win without Pity from this Mr Fox ^{Rocks.}

In the Morning as sure as he puts on his socks
He eats like a Devil does this Mr Fox

His doors against Tradesmen he suddenly blocks
So Duns an aversion has this Mr Fox.

Is a Member of Parliament too with a Box
Or he'd soon be in Prison would this Mr Fox.

Of Estates the Entails without Henry he docks
So thoughtless a Gambler is this Mr Fox.

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The Kump Chronicle.

No. 1.

COVENT GARDEN, FRIDAY.

[FEB. 26.]

AT a MEETING of Mr. HOBHOUSE's Committee, held at the Sign of the *Cat and Pig*, in Drury Lane, on Thursday, the 25th Instant,

PRESENT,

J. HOBHOUSE, in the Chair,

Sir F. BURDETT, Bart.

Mr. BROOKES, Glassman, of the Strand,

JOHN KETCH, of Newgate,

With several other distinguished Personages.

RESOLVED—That it is now manifest to every one, that the present Election cannot be terminated successfully, without the same means that we had resource to, at the first Election of the *Sly-go* Baronet.

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY—That it is inconsistent with the *Purity of Election*, that Mr. LAMB be allowed to combat the observations daily made by Messrs. BURDETT, HOBHOUSE, and Co.

RESOLVED—That it is *not* inconsistent with our views of the *Purity of Election* to hire two or three hundred idle disorderly persons to attend at the Hustings daily to abuse and insult Mr. LAMB, and to prevent him or any of his Friends from being heard—facts are stubborn things, and it is not fit, at a free election, that the *truth* should be told at all times.

RESOLVED. That 200 of these persons, who poor rates were paid up on Saturday, and who voted on Monday for HOBHOUSE and *Purity of Election*, be *ordered* to attend the Hustings daily, to annoy and insult all those persons who dare to think for themselves and vote for LAMB.

(Signed) J. C. HOBHOUSE, Chairman.

It was moved by JOHN KETCH, (vulgarly called *Jack Catch*), that the thanks of the Meeting be given to the Chairman for his able disinterested and upright conduct in the Chair.

(Signed) SAM. BROOKES, Secretary.

AT A MEETING of the Friends of Messrs. BURDETT and HOBHOUSE, held at the Sign of the "*Two Geese*," in Plumtree-street, St. Giles's,

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, in the Chair.

RESOLVED.—That the old fashioned notion of conducting an Election upon gentlemanly principles, having been abandoned since the first introduction of the worthy Baronet to the Representation of Westminster.

RESOLVED.—That it is expedient, in conformity to this declaration to adopt all such unfair, ungentlemanly, and derogatory means, as the badness of our cause demands.

RESOLVED.—That as the *Corn Bill* is a subject likely to work upon the passions of our Constituents, the lower orders of society, and incline them to every species of riot and disorder, which such an appeal must necessarily subject them to.

RESOLVED.—That large Posting Bills be immediately ordered and distributed, with all the activity the *glorious* cause demands, in which all the Whigs who *opposed* this infamous Bill be introduced, as the only *supporters* of it,—and as Mr. Lamb's principles are known to be *against* the Bill—**Resolved**—That we immediately declare him to be in *heart and soul*, a strenuous friend to its revival, the moment he gets into Parliament.

RESOLVED.—That as Mr. Lamb is known to be *averse* to Monopoly of every description—That he be immediately stigmatized as the most active partizan for the Monopoly of *Beer*. As it is not expedient to leave the Auditors who are paid to attend before the Hustings daily, to the sober exercise of their thoughts—**Resolved**, that twenty Public Houses be opened forthwith, for the purpose of giving Gin and Beer to all such as promise to get *drunk*, and Huzza Burdett and Hobbhouse.

RESOLVED.—That Samuel Brookes be directed to pay for the same, and add it to the *long* account of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.

Signed, F. BURDETT, Chairman.

COVENT GARDEN.

THIRD EDITION.

FRIDAY, 10 O'CLOCK, A.M.

Yesterday, about three o'clock, the *sly-go* Baronet was seen to dismount from a hackney coach at the office of the Morning Chronicle, where he had been *required* to attend, and *personally* ask pardon of Mr. Perry for his gross and ungentlemanly attack upon that gentleman. In getting into the coach his foot slipped, and he fell down with a violent shock; luckily, his *head* came in contact with the ground, and no injury is of course to be apprehended.

WANTED 10,000*l.* on mortgage for five years; and as the object is truly patriotic, and the terms liberal, it is hoped the advertiser will receive it immediately.

N.B. To save trouble, the object is to pay, before Saturday, all the *poor rates* for the lower parts of Westminster, upon condition, that it is so ingeniously managed as to evade the *Bribery Act*, and upon a solemn pledge that every man will vote, drunk or sober, on Monday, for Hobbhouse and *purity* of election. For further particulars, inquire of Sir F. Burdett.—*Mr. Coutts* will not be security for the regular payment of the interest.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

WANTED immediately, 1,500 FREE and INDEPENDENT ELECTORS, or as many as have not already sold their votes to Hobhouse. In the last Election, these friends to *purity* were satisfied with one guinea for voting and false swearing; and the same price will be readily given, by applying to the Secretary, or at the Baronets.

N.B. As Sir F. Burdett will be uncomfortable in his seat at another contest, if Brother Hob is *ousted*, two guineas to each will be given this time, upon the express condition that each man swears *solemnly* he will not *peach*.

WANTED, in addition to the number who are daily engaged, Three Hundred regular bred Blackguards, who entertain the same contempt for a Legitimate Government, and despise Religion as sincerely as Mr. Hobhouse—they must promise to be in front of the Hustings at eight o'clock on Monday morning, and insult every respectable looking man and as far as in his power lies, intimidate every one from Voting in favor of Mr. Lamb—a part of these men will take their position so close to the Poll as to enable them to follow both their trades at one and the same time; but they are cautioned not to *rob* any of Hobhouse's party, but confine themselves entirely to gentlemen.—For further particulars, apply to the Secretary, and for the amount of the bribe between the hours of two and four in the morning.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of Westminster.

GENTLEMEN,

I have waited with the utmost anxiety for this ~~moment~~ *It is now quite clear* that neither of the present Candidates have your support, although I must acknowledge Mr. HOBHOUSE is more in my line. I therefore come forward and solicit your support; and in order to shew how well qualified I am to represent you; and to avoid being tortured, I have not only written down, but (as you see) have printed my Principles.

I promise, First, that there shall be Weekly Parliaments elected every Saturday night, at a quarter-past eleven o'clock precisely: but I do not think the hour of vital, but only of second-rate importance, and I am not such a cockcomb as to insist that a Parliament, elected at twenty minutes, twenty-five minutes, or even half-past eleven, would certainly destroy your liberties.

Secondly, I promise that every individual shall have four votes. This quadruple suffrage appears to me to be absolutely essential to the preservation of your liberties, which are now threatened by the Court Candidate, Mr. HOBHOUSE; who, bravely deserting the principles of liberty and the glorious doctrine of Weekly Parliaments and Quadruple Suffrage, has sold himself to those exploded instruments of Aristocratical Despotism, called Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage.

I shall this afternoon appear on the Hustings; when my worthy and excellent friends, WAT TYLER and JACK CADE, will propose me for your approbation.

Come early to the poll, and let us all hang together.

Your Friend,

JOHN KETCH.

Committee Room, Cold Bath College,
February 25, 1819.

Theatre Extraordinary, Covent Garden.

TO-MORROW EVENING, FEB. 27.—By command of their most arbitrary Majesties, (Messrs. Place, Brooks, &c.) their most obsequious and very humble servant, SIR FRANCIS BUGBEAR, the celebrated Juggler, will Dance an Hornpipe, Swallow a Sword, Eat Fire, and perform such other Feats, as may meet their Royal pleasure—assisted by his Pupil, called

THE LITTLE HOB-GOBLIN,

Who will stand upon his head, imitate the antics of that interesting, little animal, the APE on the Bear's RUMP; and conclude by wonderful TUMBLING.

N.B. Due notice will be given of the last appearance of these Two Performers on the TIGHT ROPE, it will be at no distant day.

Now in the Press, and shortly will appear, "Thoughts on Reform," or, "Politics made Clear;" a Work prepared this Quarter of a Year.

Which, when the Author first began,
He deemed it right to call a *Plan*;
For which by learned critics blamed,
His *Plan* a *Principle* he named;
And humbly now his work would call,
THOUGHTS without *principle* at all.

~~The whole will form, with many trite quotations,~~
VOLUME the SECOND of his "ILLUSTRATIONS."

This Work will prove beyond a doubt,
Though the father is *in* that the son is *out*;
That any travelled pedant may,
Urged on by friends and fools who flatter,
Stand for a city,—spout away,—
But to get in's another matter.

This Book explains, with other things,
The art of doing without Kings;
It proves that every man is equal,
Gives extracts from "the Way to Quiz'em";
And lightly glances at a sequel,
Called "Military Despotism."

It will embrace (to yield variety)
A Lecture upon "Filial Piety."†
Prove to *reform*, or to *restore*,‡
Is to make that *now* which was not *before*.

The whole arranged and edited by me,
JOHN HOBHOUSE, A.S.S. and an M.P.
Who without opposition thought to be.

* *Lucus a non Lucendo.*

† See the elegant expression of "*grubbing up bones*," applied by Mr. H. to the Dutchess d'Angouleme's order for having the remains of the late Queen of France decently interred.

‡ See Sir Francis Burdett's mistake of annual Sessions for annual Parliaments, and his wish to *improve* the constitution, not reform it—by the measure of Universal Suffrage.

